SERGEL'S·INTERNATIONAL·LIBRARY

# The Man from Oshkosh

by JOHN HICKS, LL. D.

LATE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY
OF THE UNITED STATES TO PERU.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT.
OCT 17 1894
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Chicago·
·Charles H. Sergel Company·

Vol. 1, No. 7. New Series. Issued Monthly. Nov. 1894.

No. 7 SERGEL'S INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY. The Man from Oshkosh — Hicks

# THE

# MAN FROM OSHKOSH

## A STORY

IN SEVERAL CHAPTERS AND A PREFACE

BY

JOHN HICKS, LL. D.

LATE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY
OF THE UNITED STATES TO PERU.

4°
Lorgel's
internat. Library

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
OCT 17 1894
CITY OF WASHINGTON

44644-21

CHICAGO
CHARLES H. SERGEL COMPANY
LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.
1894

PZ3
H528M

Copyright 1894 by John Hicks, LL. D.

TO

*MY MOTHER,*

WHOSE BOUNDLESS LOVE HAS BEEN THE

INSPIRATION OF A LIFETIME,

This Little Book

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

## BY WAY OF A PREFACE.

THIS book is not written for a purpose or to bring about a reform. The only justification for its existence is that some years ago I became familiar with the leading incidents that are here touched upon, and so much interested in the individual who figures as the hero, that I felt it my duty to arrange the record as best I could in the form of a narrative. With perhaps one or two features excepted, I will say that if there is anything in the book that appears unusual or exaggerated, it may almost with certainty be put down as fact, while that part which seems natural and commonplace may, with equal safety, be classed as fiction. If the reader derives from it a tithe as much pleasure as I have had from the writing of it, I shall be more than satisfied.

# CONTENTS


| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | IN WHICH JIM IS BORN | 1 |
| II. | HIS EVIL GENIUS TAKES HIM BY THE HAND | 11 |
| III. | AND TURNS HIM INTO AN ANGEL | 29 |
| IV. | A VISION FROM BELOW | 45 |
| V. | THE TRAILING ALBATROSS | 59 |
| VI. | HE SEES HIS FORTUNE TOLD | 66 |
| VII. | AN IMPORTANT CLIMAX | 73 |
| VIII. | IN WHICH HE RECEIVES A LETTER | 77 |
| IX. | NEWS FROM AFAR | 86 |
| XI. | A LATTER-DAY STATESMAN | 91 |
| XI. | IN AMHERST | 101 |
| XII. | HIS IN-LAWS | 107 |
| XIII. | HE GOES TO SEA | 115 |
| XIV. | CROSSING THE CONTINENT | 130 |
| XV. | DOWN THE COAST | 136 |
| XVI. | FIGHTING FOR A FOOTHOLD | 154 |
| XVII. | HUDE OF HOPE | 165 |
| XVIII. | AN UGLY VISITOR | 179 |
| XIX. | HE WATCHES THE STARVERS | 185 |
| XX. | A CRISIS OF THE POLITY | 195 |

# CONTENTS


| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | IN WHICH HE IS BORN | 1 |
| II. | HIS EVIL GENIUS TAKES HIM BY THE HAND | 11 |
| III. | AND THEN HE MEETS AN ANGEL | 29 |
| IV. | A VISITOR FROM BELOW | 45 |
| V. | THE TRAILING ARBUTUS | 59 |
| VI. | HE GETS HIS FORTUNE TOLD | 66 |
| VII. | AN IMPORTANT CLIMAX | 73 |
| VIII. | IN WHICH HE RECEIVES A LETTER | 77 |
| IX. | NEWS FROM AFAR | 86 |
| X. | A LATTER-DAY STATESMAN | 91 |
| XI. | IN AMBUSH | 101 |
| XII. | RUS IN URBE | 107 |
| XIII. | HE GOES TO SEA | 115 |
| XIV. | CROSSING THE CONTINENT | 130 |
| XV. | DOWN THE COAST | 136 |
| XVI. | FIGHTING FOR A FOOTHOLD | 154 |
| XVII. | BUDS OF HOPE | 165 |
| XVIII. | AN UGLY VISITOR | 176 |
| XIX. | HE WATCHES THE FIREWORKS | 185 |
| XX. | A CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY | 195 |

| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| XXI. | HE SKATES ON VERY THIN ICE | 208 |
| XXII. | NOT DUST TO DUST OR ASHES TO ASHES | 226 |
| XXIII. | A BAILE ON A BIRTHDAY | 235 |
| XXIV. | BEHIND THE BARS | 241 |
| XXV. | HIDDEN TREASURE | 251 |
| XXVI. | IN WHICH HE GOES AFTER HUACOS | 262 |
| XXVII. | WITHIN THE SHADOW | 270 |
| XXVIII. | DEATH AND LIFE | 279 |
| XXIX. | OLD FRIENDS AND NEW ENEMIES | 287 |
| XXX. | THE BELLS OF SAN PEDRO | 299 |
| XXXI. | HE WATCHES AN EXPLOSION | 306 |
| XXXII. | A JOLLY OLD FRIAR | 318 |
| XXXIII. | SONG OF THE INGRATE | 332 |
| XXXIV. | A PERUVIAN COASTER | 339 |
| XXXV. | CROSSING THE CORDILLERA | 348 |
| XXXVI. | HE GOES TO LOOK FOR TREASURE | 355 |
| XXXVII. | HE RETURNS DISAPPOINTED | 365 |
| XXXVIII. | A STRUGGLE IN THE ANDES | 379 |
| XXXIX. | HE SELLS SOME COPPER | 385 |
| XL. | HE RECEIVES ANOTHER LETTER | 389 |
| XLI. | A DOUBLE EGO | 394 |
| XLII. | SOME FIGURES IN A BOOK | 400 |
| XLIII. | A REALISED IDEAL | 407 |

# THE MAN FROM OSHKOSH

## CHAPTER I

### *IN WHICH HE IS BORN*

ONCE there was a man named Solomon Juniper who lived at Neponset in the State of Maine. He was called Solomon Juniper, and so he wrote his name, but originally he was known as Solomon Jumper, and his father and grandfather before him had gone through the world bearing the unpoetical name of Jumper. The Jumpers were of English origin, and the ancestor of Solomon had settled in Canada, where he had maintained himself and family by cultivating a small farm. Solomon Juniper was the head-sawyer in the mill at Neponset. Several years before he had become interested in the anti-slavery movement, which was beginning to absorb public attention in the northern part of the United States. At the solicitation of the Whig postmaster in Neponset, he had subscribed for the New York *Weekly Tribune*, in which the abolition of slavery was advocated by Horace Greeley with the vigour of a true believer. The first number of the paper came to him with his name spelled Solomon Juniper. The difference was slight, but in the direction of an inexpensive improvement, and from that time onward he adopted the new name as his own.

The sawmill where he was employed was the principal feature of the village. It was operated by water-power from the Neponset river. A single upright saw

attached to the end of a lever moved up and down, deliberately working its way length-wise through a pine log. The work of the head-sawyer was to start the saw, and then, when it had sawed a strip from the log, to stop the machinery, and, with the aid of the tail-sawyer, to move the log with an iron crowbar so that another board could be sawed off. By this improved machinery the manufacture of pine lumber was carried on much faster than the old-fashioned way of sawing by hand, with one man in a pit pulling the saw down, while the other man stood on the log and pulled the saw in the opposite direction.

Neponset was in the northern part of Maine. It had several hundred inhabitants, who gained a livelihood by means of their daily labour, some in the sawmill, others in the flouring-mill near by, and the rest spent their time in shaving shingles or cutting logs in the adjacent forests or in tilling that portion of the soil which had but recently been cleared of its timber. Money was scarce and labour poorly paid. The effects of the great financial panic of 1837 had not entirely passed off, while the threatened war with Mexico unsettled public affairs. Commercial depression falls with sufficient severity in the large centres of population, but on the frontier, where life means a wrestling with nature, and a subsistence is gained only by contending against great odds, it presses upon one's existence like a pall. A man worked all day in the woods or toiled among the stumps in the field for four "York shillings" or half a dollar, and if he was unusually attentive to his labour, and had secured a desirable position like that held by Mr. Juniper, he received the comfortable salary of six "York shillings" a day. The early settlers had founded Neponset in the virgin forest. A sawmill, a blacksmith shop, and a small store were soon followed by a collection of small houses, a church and school-house, and the village was established.

Mr. Juniper's residence was better than the average,

as was befitting one whose standing in life and whose position in the world were rather higher than those of his fellows. It was built of boards, and had a finished appearance as compared with the houses of his neighbours, which were of logs, after the manner in which the early settlers generally constructed their houses. True, it was not larger, and really it had but one room, and the roof sloped all in one direction, in the fashion of a "shanty," as the style was known in those days; but Solomon had divided the interior into three compartments, a living-room that contained the stove, the table and chairs, and a sleeping-room for himself and wife, and another for the children. To be sure, the low partitions were only of inch boards, but you could not see over them unless you stood on tiptoe, so they answered the purpose very well. The interior was nicely whitewashed, and the wooden floor was almost white from the effects of continued and oft-repeated scrubbing. The house was on the hill, with a street laid out on two sides of it, and Solomon had begun the ornamentation of his ground by planting a row of shade-trees, which marked the limit of his land on either side from the corner. Near by a small garden gave existence to a few rows of corn and potatoes, which struggled valiantly to live among the black stumps of the trees which had only recently covered the land. Mr. Juniper wore a hickory shirt in the summer and a red flannel one in the winter, while his feet were encased in high boots the year around. He had a slight cast in his left eye, so that he seemed to be able to look in two different directions at the same time. This peculiarity was so useful and his sight was so keen and searching, that he had ceased to consider it a defect, but had grown to pride himself upon it as something wherein he had the advantage of other men. Thus Nature often sugar-coats our deformities and softens the acerbity of misfortune, as the grass will cover a battle-field and conceal under softest covering

the evidence of man's cruelty to man. Except when he was asleep or eating his meals, a pipe was rarely absent from his mouth, working or resting. He smoked plug tobacco cut into small pieces, and long habit had so bound him to his pipe that he could not talk freely, or even carry on a continuous train of thought, if it were not in its accustomed place. Liquor he never used. He was a man of fair intelligence. In his youth he had studied Daboll's arithmetic, and at any time he could cast up accounts in his head more quickly and accurately than the clerk in the store could figure them out with a pencil and paper. His books were few. A small leather-covered copy of Johnson's Dictionary was used more than any other, and any word not to be found in its pages was immediately pronounced spurious. The "Arabian Nights," Hume's "History of England," "The Pirate's Own Book," "Adventures of Claude Duval," the "Life of General Marion," the "History of the American Navy," and "Camp-Fires of the Revolution"—these were the cheer and solace of his life. He had read them all so many times that he could repeat passages from any of them almost word for word, and many a time he had entertained the tail-sawyer with stories which he had read from these books. The long tedious hours spent at his work had served to strengthen a naturally good memory, for the ideas imbibed from books were used as food to be thoroughly masticated, then swallowed and digested, and afterwards went to form a part of his very being. Sunday afternoon was religiously devoted to the New York *Tribune,* and Mr. Greeley had no more ardent admirer or more thorough student than the head-sawyer at Neponset. His belief in abolitionism and hatred of slavery grew with each succeeding year as a result of this reading.

Mrs. Juniper was one of a family of twelve children born in New Brunswick. Solomon had met her at a barn-raising about a dozen years before, when he was

working at his trade of a carpenter. She was then living with a married sister, whose husband was building the barn, and Solomon fell intensely in love with her. She was a bustling little woman, with a round plump face and blue eyes, and was always a great admirer of her husband. Two of her brothers had emigrated to Wisconsin, where they were engaged in navigating a steamboat at Green Bay, and the ambition of her life was to induce her husband to join them in that distant region.

It happened one night in April. The snow had all disappeared several weeks before, and the air was beginning to have that soft, dreamy feeling that in northern latitudes indicates the approach of pleasant weather. Robins had appeared. The lowing of the cows or the sound of the chopper's axe resounded clearly through the woods, almost with a succession of sounds like an echo. At a little distance from the village the brush and timber from a "clearing" was burning, and the air for several days had been impregnated with smoke, and this evening, as Solomon walked down to the store after supper, it blinded his eyes, and almost concealed the street before him. Shortly after dark he left the store, and when he was about half way home he was alarmed by the cry of "Fire! Fire!" At the further extreme of the village, a small log-house, occupied by one of the teamsters at the sawmill, was on fire around the stove-pipe. In twenty minutes half the population of Neponset was on hand to extinguish the fire, which was soon done with pails of water, and again quiet reigned, and the people separated in twos and threes to talk over the startling event.

When Mr. Juniper reached his home, after assuring himself by a personal inspection of the premises that the fire had been entirely quenched, he found his wife standing at the gate awaiting him.

"Is that you, Sol?" said she.

"It's me. Where are the children?"

"They're in bed, and asleep long ago. Oh, Sol, I'm afraid my time has come. I think you had better go and see Mary Ann."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it, and you'll have to take the boys over to Jim's. Better stop there on your way back from Mary Ann's, and tell them, so they can be ready. They can both sleep in the trundle-bed. I won't wake them till you get back. Now hurry."

"All right, old woman," said Solomon, taking his pipe from his mouth and imprinting a kiss upon his wife's lips. "By-bye."

With calm and measured tread Mr. Juniper took his way in the darkness and smoke down the street past the store to a small house where a tallow-candle on the table shone through the window bright and clear into the night. His rap at the door was answered by Mary Ann herself. She was a pale-faced woman, about fifty years old, with hair slightly grey and keen black eyes. Her countenance indicated intelligence and good nature, and her presence was always marked by an odour of camphor or paregoric, or both combined.

Solomon addressed a few words to her in a tone of voice so low and indistinct that no one else could distinguish his words or understand their meaning.

"Very well, Mr. Juniper," said Mary Ann. "I understand. I shall be with you instantly."

Mary Ann turned to speak to her daughter, a young woman of twenty, who taught the village school, and Solomon took his leave.

Up the cross street from the store, on the corner near the church, was Jim's house. Jim was a cousin of Mrs. Juniper. He was one of the owners of the store, and his house was the best in the village. Here Solomon stopped for a moment to whisper something to Jim's wife, who came to the door.

When Solomon returned to his own house, he found

Mrs. Juniper busily engaged knitting a child's blue stocking. A candle was burning upon the table, and a Connecticut clock ticked off the seconds in a cheery, home-like way.

It was the work of only a few minutes to rouse and dress the boys. Henry Clay, the elder, was a stout, red-cheeked lad of ten years, while William Harrison was two years younger. The latter rubbed his eyes with both hands, and refused to move unless he could carry with him a small axe which he had placed at the foot of his bed when he went to sleep. Neither of the boys could understand why they were going to Uncle Jim's at this unseemly hour of the night, but hand in hand they started out, following their father. Solomon had brought out an old tin lantern which was fitted out with half a tallow candle, and, as he walked along ahead, the boys stared in wonder at the weird streaks of light which swayed to and fro across the landscape, and William Harrison clasped his brother's hand in breathless silence until he learnt the origin of the giant figures.

At Jim's the boys were soon stowed away in the trundle-bed for the night. But William Harrison could not go to sleep until Henry Clay had told him a story about how the Norwegians kill bears.

Mary Ann reached the Juniper house just as Solomon and the boys left. She entered with a cheery salutation to Mrs. Juniper, who had resumed the knitting. Passing directly to the small room where the two little girls were asleep, she hung up the heavy shawl on a nail behind the door, and then, after ascertaining where the tea-canister was kept, and examining the wood-box to see if it was well filled, she seated herself next to Mrs. Juniper and began to tell her about the fire at the teamster's house.

The next morning Solomon ate his breakfast alone by the light of a candle. Mary Ann divided her time between the preparation of the breakfast and frequent

visits to the small bedroom adjacent, flitting back and forth like a swallow building a nest. Solomon completed his meal just as the morning light began to break, and, before starting for the mill, he stepped into the adjoining room where Mrs. Juniper was in bed.

"Do you think he looks like you, Sol?" she said, glancing with a demure smile at a small bundle at her side.

Solomon removed his pipe from his mouth and silently bent over the object indicated, putting aside the white swathings until he could distinguish the little pink face and black hair, the chubby fist and the dark eyes, and gazed long and earnestly at the combination.

"I guess he'll do," was his only reply.

Just then Mary Ann rushed in as if Solomon had been taking undue liberties with something entirely and legitimately in her charge. Lifting the almost inanimate package into her lap she seated herself on the foot of the bed and opened the wrappings so as to display the tiny features to the gaze of both the parents.

"Do you see that line?" marking with the point of her forefinger on the forehead of the cherub, between the eyes and upwards towards the left temple where the veins showed themselves faintly through the purple skin forming a capital Y in darker purple. "Now you mark my words. That boy will be a big man. He has a future before him. When I'm dead and gone he will be somebody that we'll read about."

"Why, Mary Ann," said the mother in a tone that combined motherly pride and the weariness of the flesh, "how you talk. The child may not live."

"Live? You could not kill him with a club. I never saw such a young one in all my born days. There'll be no trouble about his living, I warrant you."

Solomon gently smoothed back the soft brown hair

from his wife's forehead with one hand, while with the other he held his pipe away from the bedside.

"Never mind, dear," he said. "The boy is all right. You keep quiet and get a little sleep," and in a moment he was gone to his work. The future of the child did not interest him nearly as much as the present and its perplexities for himself and his increasing family. Five children for a man of less than thirty-five years with the hard times and the low wages made existence a problem which called for serious study. There had been another boy, older than the two girls, but scarlet fever had closed the tender eyes, and a little mound in the new cemetery on the hill was visited by the mother every Sunday during the summer and autumn months.

The tail-sawyer, after wishing Mr. Juniper much joy, had vainly tried to engage him in conversation, but Solomon was quiet all day and answered only in short words.

In August, on a Sunday morning, Solomon carried the babe in his arms to the church, with Mrs. Juniper by his side arrayed in her best delaine gown, and a straw bonnet with a big rose in front, and after the sermon the two walked smartly to the pulpit.

"I baptize thee, Horace, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," said the preacher, a tall awkward man, who held service there on the first Sunday in every month.

It had been Mrs. Juniper's desire that the boy should be named after his father, but Solomon opposed it. The name of the wisest of mankind seemed to him a burlesque when applied to an ordinary human being, and his admiration for the editor of the *Tribune* led him to select the name which the preacher had that day bestowed upon the child.

The night before, Mrs. Juniper had received a letter from her brother, Benjamin Buddle, in Wisconsin. It had come by the stage from Peewanscott, and was dated early in July. Benjamin repeated his request that

Solomon and his wife should join him in the West. He had just received the contract for carrying the mail from Green Bay to Fort Winnebago, and he promised that Solomon would find steady employment and good wages all the year. The country was soon to be settled, and already a sawmill had been built at Knaggs's Ferry, and several men had come from the East with money to buy land, and a town would soon spring up there. That was the country for a poor man without doubt, and especially a man with a family of boys, because there was plenty of land, and boys were always useful on a farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Juniper talked over the letter on their way home and all the rest of the day. The result was favourable to the change. It was decided that Solomon should write to Mr. Buddle at once to make certain inquiries.

The next spring, when Solomon returned from the woods where he worked every winter after the sawmill stopped running, he packed his household goods, and, with a stout heart, his wife and five children, started for the West.

## CHAPTER II

### *HIS EVIL GENIUS TAKES HIM BY THE HAND*

"NEVER mind, mother. God knows what is best for me. I am glad it is no worse."

The speaker was a young man of nineteen. He lay upon a chintz-covered lounge with his left hand concealed in wrappings of white cloth. His dark hair and heavy dark eyebrows were emphasised by the paleness of his countenance and the air of anxiety it wore.

The room in which he lay was in disorder. Drops of blood spotted the rag-carpet, the boy's faded coat sprinkled with sawdust lay upon a chair, the table held a pitcher of water and strips of white cloth, with pieces of thread, and marks of crimson could be seen among them. An old-fashioned clock stood on the shelf opposite the door, and near the window a middle-aged woman sat quietly weeping. Out of the window could be seen the shimmering leaves of a row of Lombardy poplars which rose above two long piles of slab wood, and through the open window came the moist odour of freshly sawed pine. Sawdust formed the pavement of the street in front, and the noisy thrum of a sawmill, varied occasionally by the shriek of a circular saw as it chawed its way through a log like a veritable demon, could be heard in the distance, and now and again a waggon loaded with lumber or pine slabs passed along the street, the immense horses plodding along with their noses near the ground.

An accident had happened. It was one of those little events so common among the mills.

Horatio Juniper was a "jointer" in Welt and Shelley's shingle-mill. It was his work to pick up the shingles as they came down the spout from the machine overhead and smooth off the sides by placing the shingle in the slot of another machine which quickly gave the shingle a straight edge. Then the shingle was reversed and the other side was straightened, and it was thrown in a pile where three or four girls were at work packing the shingles into compact bunches for shipment.

Eagerly engaged with either hand alternately passing the shingles to the "edger," and intent upon a sentence in a book he had been reading the night before, and which had been running in his mind all day, Horatio pushed the soft, wet shingle with his left hand into the revolving wheel, when it suddenly split, his hand struck the knife, and he felt a smarting sensation in his fingers. He dropped the shingles and bound up the hand in his handkerchief, thinking to stop the bleeding and proceed with his work. Suddenly the floor seemed covered with blood, one of the girls shrieked, very much to Horatio's surprise, for he did not suppose that *she* had been injured, and then the mill stopped and a crowd of men and boys surrounded him, and he was led out by the foreman with the blood dropping rapidly before him, and a benumbed sensation in his hand and arm and a sickening feeling of misery and desolation in his heart.

Mr. Welt, the proprietor of the mill, came out of the office near by just as Horatio emerged from the mill. He backed his horse out of the shed, assisted Horatio into the side-bar buggy, and drove slowly out to the street, after sending a boy running for Dr. Rundle. A drive of a few minutes down the rough street with the wheels of the buggy jolting in the sawdust-covered ruts brought them to Horatio's house.

Mrs. Juniper turned deadly pale at the sight of her son, but her soft voice never wavered, and her gentle-

ness was unbroken as she made him as comfortable as possible until the arrival of the doctor.

Dr. Rundle came in a few minutes. He was a large, heavy man, who moved with the deliberation of an elephant. His countenance was stolid but good-natured, and he was never known to be excited or annoyed. He enjoyed the cutting and dissecting of the human body better than he did his meals, and people said he had sawed off more legs and dressed more wounds than any other dozen men in Wisconsin.

The doctor seated himself in a chair opposite the young man on the sofa. "Well, Hod," said he with a smile, "been having some fun, have you?"

Young Juniper had never been near enough to the doctor before to speak to him, and he was surprised that the doctor should know his name, but he was rather pleased than otherwise, and thinking about it made him forget for an instant the pain in his fingers, which was now becoming intolerable.

Examination showed that the forefinger almost to the second joint was missing, and nearly half the middle finger had also been cut away.

"Glad it wasn't your old head, my boy," said the doctor grimly. "How funny you'd look, going around here without any head."

Horatio laughed as much as he could for the pain.

"Don't mind it, Hod," and the doctor clipped a little piece of skin with his scissors, which hurt the boy more than it did when he felt the cruel knife cutting through his joints. He had watched all the operation intensely at first, but all at once there was a suffocating feeling which made it hard to breathe, and then this was followed by a listless, dreamy sensation, and the sound of soft music in the distance. Horatio happened to look up, and a glance at his mother's face showed so much heartache, that he ground his teeth together, determined that he would do nothing to add to her sorrow. He repeated, "Our Father, who art in

Heaven" and the whole of the Lord's Prayer over and over, and he fixed his eyes on the lumber piles across the way, and counted the courses of boards from top to bottom, and then from bottom to top, and listened to the shriek of the circular saw from the mill, and wondered if he would be allowed his pay for three-quarters of a day, or for only half a day, as it was almost three o'clock when the thing happened, and all this time the doctor was busily at work with his instruments, cutting and trimming, and finally, as he wound a bandage over the hand and secured it on the outside, he leaned back in his chair and laughingly said to the boy—

"There, old fellow! in a week's time you'll be as good as new. You can't be drafted, that's one consolation."

Dr. Rundle picked up the few instruments he had brought with him and turned to go.

"Come around to my office to-morrow at ten o'clock, so I can see how it is getting along," he said, and then, like a big Newfoundland dog, he sauntered out into the street and was lost to sight.

Without making any attempt to arrange the room, Mrs. Juniper waited until the sound of the doctor's footstep could no longer be heard, and then she rose, knelt beside the boy's couch, threw her arms around his neck, and gave vent to her pent-up agony in a flood of tears.

There was reason for her grief. Aside from the injury to her boy, her life had become darkened by great shadows which seemed to shut out the light from her existence entirely, and with each recurring misfortune she had felt to ask, "What next, O Lord? what next?"

With her husband and children she had located at Green Bay near her brother, and then, after two years, the family removed to Grand Chute for another year or two, and then to Oshkosh, the thrifty village where the Fox River unites with the lake, and in the rapid

growth and general prosperity of the settlement as the years passed the future of the Juniper family seemed bright. Solomon, after numerous changes, had bought a couple of lots near the mills, and started the building of a substantial residence. It had been partially completed when the family removed to it, but a sudden change of plans had prevented any more work upon it, and its unpainted sides had become weather-beaten and dingy with the lapse of years, and the unfinished interior continually suggested to the mother the failure of cherished hopes. Solomon was the foreman in the mill, and in the winter he was at the head of a crew of loggers in the pine woods of the Wolf River. It was on one of these winter absences that the idea occurred to him which caused him to stop the work on his house.

The pine lands of the Wolf and its tributaries were being rapidly absorbed, and Solomon's acute perception told him that in a few years the pine timber must be greatly advanced in value. The war had already given an impetus to prices, and the future pointed to a still greater enhancement. Solomon took his winter's wages, or as much as he could spare, in the spring, and "entered" a small tract of pine land. From that time his funds, more than what sufficed for his actual necessities, were sacredly devoted to the purchase of more land, until his wife began to complain of his hobby, for it seriously interfered with the purchase of many of the comforts of life.

The two older boys had entered the army. One of the first names on the roll of Company E, Second Regiment, was that of Henry C. Juniper, and after the battle of Bull Run his name headed the list of the killed. William Harrison Juniper had gone out in the Fifth Wisconsin, and a year after a neighbour had brought her one evening a copy of *The Daily North-Western*, with a telegraphic account of the storming of Petersburgh, where the Wisconsin regiment and Colonel

Allan, its gallant commander, had heroically marched into a hell-fire of shot and shell, and the despatch was eloquent in its account of the bravery of the men and the steadiness of the officers, and cited Balaklava and Thermopylæ and Marathon as examples of warlike valour which had that day been far outdone at Petersburgh. But all this was lost on the poor mother when she read at the bottom of the despatch, "Killed—Lieut. W. H. Juniper, Co. D, shot through the heart on the enemy's redoubt," &c. &c. The paper dropped from her nerveless hand and the room swam before her.

Then one winter afternoon the year before, towards night, when she was preparing the evening meal for Horatio, a tall man, a stranger, with a woollen cap and a red woollen comforter around his neck, and yellow boot-packs on his feet, and a whip in his hand, rapped nervously at the front door.

"Good day, Miss Juniper; 'scuse me, but your husband's dead. We've got him in a sleigh at the office, and he'll be here in five minutes. Just thought I'd call around and let you know."

Then seeing that the poor woman was about to faint, he added in a kind voice—

"Don't take on, Miss Juniper, can't be helped. He was a good man I know, but we've all got to die some time. He was trying to help one of the choppers that had got a tree stalled, and the tree fell the wrong way and killed him."

One of the daughters, Samantha, the elder, had married a young Vineland farmer, who had met her at a hop-pickers' dance in the country where she taught school near Oshkosh, when he fell in love with her and they had removed to Minnesota. There, between the snows of winter and the grasshoppers in the summer, and fears of a rising of the Indians all around them, they were living a life of deprivation and suffering, with no very alluring prospect ahead. And then to complete the catalogue of misfortunes, Patience, the younger

daughter, who had joined her sister in Minnesota, and was a teacher in the district school, was killed by lightning as she stood beneath an oak-tree where she had taken refuge from a storm.

Samantha's letter, notifying her mother of the accident, blurred and blotted as it was, regretted that she and her husband had not means enough to send back the remains of poor Patience for burial at Oshkosh; but there was a mortgage on the farm, and the year's crop was a failure, and George had been sick, and the baby was not well, but she hoped for better times soon. Poor Patience would rest as well in that distant land, but it would have been such a comfort if the mother could see her grave, and know that a flower or two was growing upon it, and it was kept clear from weeds.

Some families seem afflicted by a succession of calamities, as if misfortune was a matter of inheritance, like consumption, or as if Fate delighted in following up its victim, dealing blow after blow with the most relentless pertinacity. Then it always seems as if it were the poor and friendless who suffered from these continuous shafts of disaster, and that the wealthy and well-to-do usually escape. If a boy falls into the river and drowns, it is always the son of a poor woman. If the locomotive kills a man on the railroad, it is a friendless tramp or a hard-working man in blue overalls. When a steamboat blows up, who are the killed and wounded? Is it the millowner or the lumberman? Is it the merchant or the banker? No. Nine times out of ten the men who are killed are working for small wages, and invariably leave large families behind them. When a woman is stricken with paralysis and becomes helpless, or takes a fever and dies, it is always one who has a houseful of children dependent upon her; and smallpox and diphtheria, and scarlet fever and typhoid fever, and the countless scourges that exterminate the human family and make simple existence a devious uncertainty—all these find their

food in the houses of the poor. It is easy enough to say, "Thy will be done, O Lord," when you have your husband and children around you. The ways of Providence are easily explained when they bring good luck, or even when they cause trouble to some one else; but the mystery is inexplicable, the darkness is overpowering, Divine justice, to say nothing of Divine mercy, seems to have gone astray entirely when the Lord takes from you everything on earth that made life better than death. It is the cry of the crushed soul, and is as old as mankind: "Why am I thus punished? What have I done that every ray of sunshine, every source of happiness, nay, even the impulse of life itself, is taken from me? Death can be no worse. Let me die. That is all that is left to me."

Thoughts like these filled the mind of the poor woman. For days during the past year she had gone about her household duties like one in a sort of stupor. This last outburst of grief had been delirious and overpowering. Its effect was beneficial. That which we call life—the unseen, incomprehensible something which science cannot understand and no pen can describe—is a compound from many different sources: animal existence, the stomach, the nerves, the affections, the mind, the brain, hope, joy, the sense of duty, all these are included. In life's great crises the overcharged feelings find vent in nature's remedy, tears, and the paroxysm of grief is the *fac-simile* of death itself. It is akin in its effect to that of a powerful medicine which rends the physical system in death-like pain and the torture of dissolution itself, and when the climacteric is past, the patient lies weak and helpless for the time, but the immediate danger is over.

Mrs. Juniper in her mourning was living over again her past. The little house on the hill in Neponset, where her children were born, with the elm-trees and the garden, made a sweet picture in her mind that gave relief to her feelings. And Solomon, great, awk-

ward, big-hearted Solomon, shy and gentle as a woman, she thought of him as he first appeared to her in the days of their courtship and the night he asked her to marry him, and of his struggles to make a home for her and the children. Then there was a small, worn locket that held a wisp of brown hair of the little boy that died, and the last letter from Henry, her first-born, written the night before he was killed at Manassas, so hopeful, stout-hearted, and manly, and full of encouraging words to her; she had read it over hundreds of times, and every time she seemed to find some new meaning in his expressions of love and confidence in the future; and a tidy that Patience made for her just before she went away. She kept it on the rocking-chair, just as it was the day Patience left for Minnesota; and William's silver watch, with its chain braided out of some of her own hair, cut partially in two by the bullet which killed him, sent home to her by his comrades after that dreadful charge at Petersburgh. She was never lonely. There was a companionship in these mournful reminders of the past that filled her soul with something like peace, and in their contemplation day after day passed and she knew it not.

Thus the memory of the past is the solace and consolation of the aged. As youth is inspired by hope, and the dawning sun of the future gilds every prospect with its radiance, so age is brightened by the chaste and holy light which comes from the torch of memory. Horatio had lived half a lifetime in the past two or three years. His buoyant temperament had met each succeeding shock at first with a wild, rebellious grief that convulsed him in hopeless melancholy for the time, but his spirits went through the gamut of the feelings from the lowest point of depression almost to the highest note of consolation, and he had said to himself—for he was a youth—"This is life. This is sorrow. This is suffering. This is God's will. I must bear it manfully."

The next day he went to Dr. Rundle's office to have his wounds dressed, and when the wrappings were removed, he found that the ends of the first and second fingers had been amputated by the doctor's operation; and when both were healed, his forefinger would be a little shorter than the little finger, and the middle finger a trifle longer. The doctor promised that he would be able to use them as well as before the accident.

In the afternoon he received a visit from Miss Appleton and her sister Amelia, neighbours, who brought him jelly and offered to read to him. They were maiden ladies of a certain age, who always dressed alike in neutral grey tints, and always spoke with soft, purring voices, and were always the first in every work of charity or aid to the suffering.

After supper another visitor came. It was Lars Johnson, the young man who worked the "jointer" on the side opposite Horatio, for the machine was arranged for two operators to work at once.

"What do you suppose old Welt says about your accident?" he bluntly asked.

"Perhaps he thinks I was to blame," said Horatio.

"He says if you didn't have your head full of book nonsense you could work better, and any fool ought to know better than to poke his fingers against a knife. Condemn him! I'd like to break his head. Every man in the mill is mad at him. They've put one of the girls in your place, but I hope you'll be back soon."

Horatio winced, for, in spite of the brutal unkindness of Mr. Welt's remark, he recognised its truth.

Saturday afternoon, about five o'clock, a boy came to the door from Welt & Shelley's office and handed Mrs. Juniper a small roll fastened with a rubber band, saying in a low voice, "Horatio's wages."

Horatio opened the package eagerly, unrolling it on the table with his right hand, and straightening out the bills and fractional currency before him. There was a crisp new two-dollar greenback—how rich it looked to

the boy!—an old one for one dollar, a fifty-cent shinplaster, one each for twenty-five cents, ten cents, and five cents, and then a three-cent postage-stamp. Horatio separated each one by itself and added the amount, $3.93—three days and a half at nine shillings a day.

"What did I tell you, mother?" he called out. "Mr. Welt has docked me for all my time Thursday afternoon, and allowed me only half a day."

His mother thought there might be some mistake about it.

"Mistake? There's no mistake at all. He has even figured out the half-cent against me. Much good may it do him!"

There were three other men and boys suffering from injuries received in the mills, who came to Dr. Rundle's office to get their wounds dressed, and it was interesting to Horatio to compare his case with the others. Two of them were worse than his, and the third, a boy of fifteen, had his thumb cut off in a lathe-saw. One of them, a little old man who smoked a black pipe, facetiously proposed to organise the Grand Oriental Order of Sawmill Cripples, and make Horatio secretary, because his right hand was still good, and he had fingers enough left to write with.

"We can start off with more than fifty members here in Oshkosh," said the little old man, "and we could initiate two or three new members on the first Monday in every month through the working season."

In the early days of his disability, Horatio had passed much of his time in quiet reflection. The change from the busy life of hard labour was such a novelty that he rather enjoyed it in spite of the painful cause. Never since he had been ill with the measles, when he was fifteen years old, had he been incapacitated for work, and his time since then had been always occupied in some kind of labour—in the mill in summer, and in the woods and on the river in the winter and spring. When he retired at night, his mind had invariably been

impressed with the necessity of rising at an early hour in the morning, and the naturally healthful slumber of youth had thus been poisoned by the dread of the awakening and the fear of being late, and the responsibilities of life had prematurely fallen upon him to tinge his horizon with the lack of sunshine. Now he could rise at any hour he chose. There was a luxury in remaining in bed long after the usual hour of breakfast, which he enjoyed to the utmost, and he certainly had enough to think about. The unfortunate land speculation of his father had swallowed up the earnings of the family, and since his father's death there was no income beyond his own scanty earnings. Nine shillings a day was pretty good wages, to be sure, but the war had made everything dear, and when wheat was $1.75 a bushel, and meat twenty cents a pound, and calico twenty cents a yard, and the bounty taxes and the regular taxes on the little place were getting larger and larger every year, it was all they could do to come out even when he worked every day. Now that he would be laid up for several months, the Lord knows how they were going to get money enough to pull through.

After William died, his mother had received his back-pay, which enabled her to pay off a number of debts, and she had placed the rest in a Government $7.30 bond for $100, and this she had managed to keep, only using the coupons as they came due; but that was all that stood between them and actual poverty, and the winter's wood that had been piled up to dry in the front yard was not yet paid for, and the taxes would be due in December; and there he was with a lame hand and out of a job.

He had read a great deal. As he lay on the chintz-covered lounge, where he could watch the ceaseless motion of the Lombardy poplar leaves in the yard, he read Josephus, and Alison's History, and "Japhet in Search of a Father," and "Tom Burke of Ours." But

biography suited him best, and he lived several days with the Continentals when they were hiding from the red-coats in the swamps of South Carolina, in the "Life of General Marion," and he went to England with Ben Franklin, where he worked in a printing-office, and saved his tuppence instead of spending it for beer, as the other printers did. Paul Jones was his constant companion when he made the *Serapis* strike her flag to the *Bon Homme Richard* while both ships were sinking, and Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, and Captain Bainbridge in his campaign against the British, and the famous fight of the *Constitution* against the *Java*, which was twice her size.

Toussaint L'Overture, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Andrew Jackson, and La Fayette were names more familiar to him than those of his companions, and in the weary hours of labour they seemed to be near him and to share his work with him. The ideal world which his reading opened to him was peopled with a wonderful throng of noted characters, whose companionship cheered his waking hours. It was singular to him, when he thought about it, that people generally stood in such awe of a character like that of Washington, or the Duke of Wellington, or Julius Cæsar, or Thomas Jefferson. He believed that in this world it was simply the will of the individual that determined his success or failure, and that, if occasion demanded, he would do what Bonaparte accomplished under similar circumstances. This constant association with distinguished characters in his mind night and day had given him the belief that he was in some way to become one of them, and he felt a sort of comradeship with them that ennobled him in his own opinion. That he should eventually enroll his name in the list of immortal characters he felt was as certain as his existence. Just in what direction his genius was to express itself he had not yet determined. For himself, he thought that he foresaw a life of hard

labour, but he remembered that Elihu Burritt had become a great scholar while following his trade of a blacksmith, and Benjamin Franklin astonished the world with his knowledge acquired at the printer's case, and Hugh Miller, the Scotch stone-mason, taught the learned men of Europe the lesson of the rocks.

Sometimes he longed for military glory, but war has now become simply a mechanical process, in which the heaviest cannon come out ahead, regardless of human skill, and the failure of Generals Scott and Patterson, and Pope and Meade, and M'Clellan and Hooker, and M'Dowell and Sherman, convinced him that the chances for success in that direction were very small. To be sure, the name of General Grant was in everybody's mouth, and there was a prospect that he would accomplish what the others had failed to do; but he was only one out of many.

Then he thought, sometimes, that he would be an artist. If he could have the opportunity, he was quite sure that he could make a name for himself in painting or sculpture. He would be like Michael Angelo, at once a painter, sculptor, and poet, master of the three arts whose inspiration comes from the same source. The poetic impulse was in him, he believed, for he loved the beautiful, the pure, and the good, and the mere outward expression was a secondary matter which he would learn if he undertook it.

A. T. Stewart was an instance of extraordinary success in the world of commerce, where a poor boy had by his own unaided exertions lifted himself to the pinnacle of success; and Henry Clay, and Lincoln, and Daniel Webster became the leading statesmen of the age they lived in through their own labours, and each started from a position in life no better than his own. All he lacked was the opportunity, that was evident.

Finally the day came when he made the last call at the doctor's office. The fingers had healed by the first intention, and would soon be so he could use them

again, although they would be a little stiff for a long time, and always tender.

"How much is my bill, doctor?" he inquired as bravely as if he had command of all the deposits in Kellogg's Bank.

"Nothing; I make no charge."

"But I'm going to pay you. I won't have you do all this for nothing."

"I don't want anything, I tell you, you rascal. Get out."

The doctor's words sounded gruffly, but his good-natured smile contradicted what he said.

A light dawned on Horatio.

"Perhaps Welt & Shelley have paid you?"

"No; I asked them about it, and they refused. If he paid the bills for every man that cut himself in his mill, Mr. Welt said, he would soon have to take advantage of the Bankrupt Law. But then, you know, Mr. Welt is badly disappointed."

"Disappointed?"

"Yes, he feels badly. The price of shingles went up only ten cents a thousand last week, and they have been rising at the rate of twenty-five cents a thousand every week for some time. Mr. Welt can't get over it."

"I don't care for his shingles, and I don't want him to pay my bills either."

"But he ought to pay this bill. Welt & Shelley is the only firm on the river that ever refused to pay a doctor's bill in a case like this. I think if you would speak to them about it they would settle it."

"Well, I won't speak to them about it; and what is more, doctor, if you don't tell me how much my bill is, I'll leave the money on the table."

He pulled out a little blue cloth-covered Diary for 1863 as he spoke, and, removing the elastic, took out a thin roll of paper money and began thumbing the bills as if he was buying a farm.

"You're a heathen, and the heathen is joined to his

idols," said the doctor. "Just hold your breath a minute, and I'll make out your bill for you, if you feel so bad about it;" and he took down his book and turned over the leaves with a great show of doing something, as people do on the stage, and Horatio could hear him muttering to himself, "Six times five is thirty, aught from aught leaves aught and two to carry. Twice five is ten and three times nine is twenty-seven."

Horatio wondered if his next winter's wages would be enough to pay the account in full, and his heart smote him as he thought that perhaps after all he had been a little rash in so confidently demanding his bill.

"There you are, young Astor," said the doctor, pushing toward the boy a strip of paper.

Horatio picked it up and read—

"Hod Juniper to Dr. G. P. Rundle, junr., Dr. To Professional Services, August 25 to October 10, 1864, $3.00 dols. Received Pay't, G. P. Rundle, junr., M.D."

"I think your bill is very reasonable indeed," said Horatio, and he took out the bright new two-dollar greenback, and the old torn one-dollar bill he had received in his last payment from Welt & Shelley, which he had been saving for the purpose. There was but little left in the side-pocket of the Diary when he returned the rest of the bills and fractional currency to their place and put the book back in his pocket.

When he had thanked the doctor cordially for his kindness, he walked downstairs with a great feeling of relief. First, he had insisted upon paying his own bill, and had paid it, every cent of it, out of his own hard-earned money. Second, he had no more visits to make to the doctor's office. His wounds were so nearly healed that he determined to look up a job for the winter, and with his left hand still resting in a sling made of a black silk handkerchief of his father's, he strolled down Ferry Street towards the Gang Mill. As he stood for a moment in front of the M'Key Bro. & Fold's store on the corner, looking at some brightly

coloured Balmoral skirts in the big window, the bell on the Phœnix engine-house near by began ringing an alarm of fire. In an instant the streets were alive with people. Conspicuous in the crowd rushing toward the engine-houses were clerks and business men clad in red shirts and firemen's hats, and one of them, a tall grocery-man, carried a big trumpet at his lips and began yelling through it as soon as he found himself outside of his grocery, ordering the crowd to stand out of his way as he rushed along. From the south side a small hand-engine came rattling over the float-bridge which connected the two sides of the town, and passed up High Street just as the Phœnix engine got under way.

Horatio joined the crowd as it surged up High Street towards the mills.

"Guess it's your house, Hod," said a young clerk in a crockery-store, who left the store door wide open and followed the excitement around the corner. Ferry Street was deserted in a moment. Up the river, in the district covered with mills and lumber piles, could be seen a dense black smoke gradually becoming higher and broader, with a flickering red light at the base which moved from side to side, while the air became filled with floating cinders as large as a man's hat, and a sharp crackling sound could be distinctly heard, and there was a strong smell of burning pine-wood.

With his heart in his mouth, and thoughts of his mother and the possibility of still another misfortune to her and him, Horatio ran so fast that he bumped his sore hand against the crowd until it ached. When he reached a point in the street where he could see the wood-coloured house and the Lombardy poplars, he felt like kneeling down on the plank side-walk and giving thanks to God, for his house was safe.

It was Welt & Shelley's mill, and in two hours it was a mass of smoking ruins, with only a little pile of discoloured bricks partially concealing the distorted

remains of the engine and boiler. Everything else was burned, even the little office where Horatio had gone every Saturday night for his pay. The piles of green lumber and shingles had been saved by the usual heroic efforts of the firemen.

Lars Johnson came up as Horatio was watching the flames.

"Rough on old Welt, ain't it, Hod? Mill shut down last Saturday, 'cause they had no more logs, and shingles goin' up every day. Not a cent of insurance. Between you an' me an' the pinchin'-post, it serves 'em right, eh?"

As Horatio ate his supper he said to his mother—

"That quarter of a day's wages I ought to have had from Mr. Welt didn't seem to do him much good after all, did it?"

A few days later, Horatio went to the Gang Mill, where, in a little octagon-shaped office, he found Captain Judkins, a sprightly, bustling man with gold spectacles, who talked with a strong Boston accent. The Captain spoke kindly to him, and complimented him on his good grammar, and inquired about his reading. After an interview that lasted about half-an-hour, Horatio hired out to work for Clapp & Judkins in the woods on the Embarrass River at $26.00 a month driving team. He was to go up with the first crew early in November, after the election, to get the camps ready, and remain in charge of the shanties until the drive started in the spring, and one-half his wages were to be payable monthly to his mother in Oshkosh.

The $7.30 bond had to go. At Kellogg's Bank, the next week, he sold it at his mother's request, and the proceeds went to settle the wood bill and make other provisions for his mother's comfort during his absence. Mrs. Juniper consented to the sale with many misgivings, but Horatio was hopeful that he would soon be able to replace it.

## CHAPTER III

### *AND THEN HE MEETS AN ANGEL*

It was a winter night in the pine forests of the Wolf River. The air was keen and frosty, and occasionally a loud noise could be heard like a gunshot. It was the frost rending the earth, which snapped in the dry electric air as if it would break open. As the cold wind came gently through the tall pines, it brought the odour of balsam and turpentine, and was grateful to the senses. There was little underbrush, but the trees stood close together, great black monsters, with the rough, uneven bark of the white pine rising fifty and sixty, and sometimes eighty feet without a limb, and here and there a tree of the Norway pine with its violet-coloured bark. As the tall tops, with their long needle-like leaves, swayed in the air overhead, they made a peculiar swishing noise almost like a woman's whisper, that gave one a weird feeling of uneasiness, as if he were alone in the presence of supernatural beings. Snow was on the ground to the depth of two feet or more, and, looking either way through the woods, it seemed as if one could see men standing around in every direction, only they did not move or show signs of life.

Horatio Juniper, on this Saturday night, had been at a spelling-school in the little log schoolhouse at the Corners, and between nine and ten o'clock he was on his way back to the Clapp & Judkins camp. He walked along briskly through the woods, for one had to move fast to keep warm, and then he was late in

returning. A slight fall of snow that afternoon made the walking harder, but it also muffled the sound of his footsteps, as his moccasin-covered feet struck the soft yielding substance.

Suddenly his ear caught the echo of music in the distance, and, after listening a few minutes, he thought he heard the notes of a woman's voice. Gradually the sound came nearer and nearer, and, standing in the road by the side of a big tree, he waited until the homely words of a song, in a sweet tenor voice, came floating through the long aisles formed by the trees:—

"Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet?
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Weeping sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain,
Praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying that we'll meet again."

Suddenly he could see a team coming in the road ahead, and he walked on. There were two horses with no bells, and a bob-sleigh with the box of a lumber waggon, and they had come up the section-line road, which he would cross in a few minutes. He could see two men sitting on the spring-seat, with a buffalo robe over their legs, one of them driving. The other wore a soldier's small dark-blue cap with the long visor, and a heavy light-blue overcoat with a cape, one side of which was thrown back over his shoulder. It was he who had been singing, and, as Horatio stood in the snow by the side of the road to let them pass, he spoke:—

"Good evening, young fellah."

"Good evening, sir," answered Horatio.

The horses moved wearily with their load, for they had been driven from Oshkosh since daylight that morning, with a short stop at Young's Corners for dinner. As they passed him, Horatio glanced at the sleigh, and a chill ran through him as he distinguished

by the dim light reflected from the snow, in the straw of the sleigh-box, the outlines of a plain wooden coffin.

The soldier was young Ferguson, son of a substantial farmer and lumberman at Brown's Mills, a few miles farther on. Ferguson and his brother had gone out in the Fourteenth. The brother was wounded in Tennessee, and lay for months between life and death in the hospital at Evansville, and finally closed his eyes in the sleep of eternal rest. Young Ferguson obtained a furlough of thirty days to bring all that was left of his brother to the little place in the woods, where the old mother could have her boy near her in his last sleep.

The camp where Horatio lived was in a little clearing on the bank of a small creek that ran into the Embarrass River, a tributary of the Big Wolf, so called to distinguish it from another of its branches known as the Little Wolf. A long, low, log cabin it was, with the chinks between the logs filled in with red clay, a stove-pipe running up through the roof at the farther end, a big door and one window in the front, a window in the side at the other end, and a sloping roof of pine boards, clap-boarded together, one lapping on the other to keep out the snow. There was a cook and a foreman, two or three choppers, three or four teamsters, and as many swampers to cut roads, handle the cross-cut saws, and do the other work. Beds for the crew were made on the floor on either side as you went in. The soft fragrant branches of the hemlock, covered with blankets, made a couch fit for the President, so yielding and comfortable, and always throwing out such a delicious odour. When the meals were ready, the long table was spread in the passage-way, and at either side a board nailed on two shingle-bolts made an easy seat. Such dinners and such suppers as they had! Plenty of excellent pork and beans, cooked as they are cooked only in a lumber-camp, and white bread and steaming hot saleratus biscuit, with yellow butter

and good rich molasses to eat on it, and once or twice a-week they had nice fresh beef and venison, besides the regular salt pork, and on Sundays all the dried-apple-sauce they could eat. No wonder it was said that in the Clapp & Judkins camps the men always lived like fighting-cocks!

Outside there were sheds for the horses and oxen, and a pile of hay covered with a roof of boards, and a little heap of dry pine knots, newly chopped, for the big cook-stove.

The huge pine-trees were felled by the choppers, then cut into lengths of fourteen, sixteen, or twenty feet with the cross-cut saw and a man at each end, and marked on the side with the Clapp & Judkins mark, which was cross **M** cross, and was easily made by a man with an axe, thus—**X M X.** This mark was duly registered in the Boom Company's office at Oshkosh; and when the logs floated down the river in the spring, the man at the Gap could easily sort out the Gang Mill logs from the other marks.

Wide, low sleds were used, and the loading was all done by oxen. After a few weeks' practice, the dull, morose-looking animals seemed to know just when to gee and when to haw, and an ox-team with a heavy chain could yank a big log on the sleigh before you could say Jack Robinson. Horses hauled the loaded sleigh to the banks of the Embarrass, half a mile away, where the logs were piled to await the spring freshets which were to carry them to Oshkosh.

When Saturday night came again, Horatio hurriedly put out his team and made himself ready for supper with more than usual care. He spent fully ten minutes in front of the little looking-glass by the light of a candle, trying to make his bushy, black hair keep its place; but it stood up in front like the mane of a horse, and he was finally compelled to wet it to make it smooth down.

"Saturday night's nigger's night, Hod," said the cook, as Horatio went out after supper.

The little log school-house at the Corners was half filled with young men and young women, boys and girls, when Horatio arrived, and soon the spelling commenced. They invited him to spell, but as he was a stranger, he modestly declined, and sat back of the stove and looked on. When he saw big girls and young men go down on such easy words as *phlegmatic* and *oxygen*, and *contemporaneous* and *philosopher*, he was provoked at himself for declining to spell.

Several of the girls were very pretty. There was a young woman, in a big white apron and her hair in two tails tied with blue ribbons down the back, that kept glancing slyly at Horatio all the evening. He thought she was about the prettiest girl he had ever seen. The teacher was a kind of a stuck-up young lady with red hair, who looked at him only once or twice during the spelling.

After that night, the long drives to the river with the loaded sleigh and Horatio walking behind his team were made a little less cheerless by the thought of the next spelling-school, and in a few weeks he had become the champion speller of the neighbourhood, and even the teacher had smiled at him.

One Sunday he made a new acquaintance. One of his horses had got loose in the night, and he followed the tracks in the snow for a mile or two along the creek until he came to a log-cabin in a small clearing, where a deer-skin was stretched out and nailed to the side of the house. At the door was an old man with a cane and a patriarchal beard in which the original reddish-brown was struggling with streaks of grey. He had a protruding lip and watery grey eyes, and stooped badly, and spoke with a sharp quavering voice. He urged Horatio to come in, and the invitation was accepted.

The room was the usual interior of a frontier cabin. A large cook-stove was at one end, and the pine table stood in front of the window. At the end opposite the

stove a long rifle hung on hooks in the wall, and beneath it a single-barrel shot-gun, while a pair of bullet-moulds, a powder-horn, and iron ramrod, with a pair of snow-shoes and a couple of steel traps added to the outfit. On the wall near the stove over a cupboard were bunches of boneset, catnip, and tansy, hung up in the Fall to dry. A narrow stairway led to the upper floor, where a hanging shawl divided it into two rooms, each of which had a bed. Through the chinks of the logs next to the roof the light could be seen in the daytime, and when it snowed the flakes sometimes drifted through on the beds.

The old man earned a precarious existence by hunting and trapping in the winter, and by digging ginseng root in the summer. He was either too old or too lazy for hard work, and since his two boys had gone to the war, he seemed to lose what little ambition he had before, and nothing now delighted him more than to get some helpless friend in a corner and talk to him about that scoundrel Jeff Davis, and the devilry going on in Libby Prison, and the way our poor soldiers were starved to death at Andersonville. In early life he had been a preacher, but now he was an atheist, and an unbeliever on general principles. He was of a violent temper, and there were times when he swore like a pirate. He had formerly lived on a farm near Buffalo, in the town of Sardinia, which he always called "Sidanie."

In a low rocking-chair by the side of the stove sat Mrs. Branford.

"Mother," said the old man kindly, as he walked in with Horatio, "this is Mr. Juliper, from Clapp & Judkins' camp. He's lost his hoss, and thinks mebbe he's down this way some'res. An't seen nothing of him, hev ye?"

"Han't seen a crittur of no kind to-day," said the old lady, smiling, and taking from her mouth a long-handled clay-pipe, and extending her hand to Horatio.

"Take a cheer, Mr. Jolliver, and make yourself to hum," she added, and replacing the long-stemmed pipe in her mouth, began pulling vigorously at it, expelling the dense clouds of grey smoke alternately from the right and left side of her mouth, without relaxing in the slightest the firm hold which her few remaining teeth had on the pipe-stem.

Mrs. Branford was below the medium height, while her husband, if the crook in his neck and shoulders could be straightened out, was nearly six feet high. The old lady had a dried-up, wearied sort of face, and dark eyes that always seemed to be looking at some object in the distance. She wore her iron-grey hair cut short, so that it fell loosely on her shoulders, where the ends turned outward and upward, so that when she rose to speak to Horatio, her head looked like that of Euryale or Medusa, whose hair was made of serpents, as everybody knows.

Horatio talked a few minutes with the old man. He learned what the old man thought of Jeff Davis and the battle of Gettysburgh and the draft in Wisconsin, and was compelled to express his opinion as to whether Lee would surrender to Grant without a big battle, and as to the justice of hanging every infernal rebel general that was caught.

When he left, he had promised to bring Mr. Branford all the *North-Westerns* he had. The old man took the *Sentinel*, and was well posted on the progress of the war; but he wanted the *North-Western*, because his boys were in the Oshkosh Company of the Thirty-Second with Sherman, and the Oshkosh paper would give him news of them.

At the next spelling-school, Horatio had a stand-up contest with a big fellow from across the creek, and was deeply chagrined to get beaten. He spelled *indelible* after two girls had missed it, and then had the word *delable*, which, of course, he spelled d-e-l-i-b-l-e. At a venture, the young man from across the creek spelled it

d-e-l-e-b-l-e, and was rewarded by an emphatic "Correct" from the teacher. Still Horatio had a great deal to think of as he walked home through the woods; for at intermission he had talked with the teacher a few minutes, and all that night and the next morning he was wondering which were the handsomer, blue eyes or black eyes, and whether a young lady could ever think anything of a young gentleman who drove a team, and had to get up before daylight to feed his horses.

After the late breakfast on Sunday morning, Horatio went out to the sheds to rub a little mutton-tallow on the shoulders of his off horse, where the skin had been broken by a tight collar. Then he found four copies of the *North-Western* addressed in a scraggly hand to H. P. Juniper. Taking a pencil, he dotted the *i* plainly in each one of them, so it would not look like Jumper, a name he despised. His own name he was proud of. Originally he had been called Horace; but in one of his books he had read some fine verses by a man named Macaulay, where Horace was called Horatio, which was Latin or Greek for Horace, and from that time he wrote the name Horatio, and never would answer anybody when he was called Horace. Then he wanted a middle letter, for everybody that was anybody had two initials. There was J. Q. Adams, A. T. Stewart, R. W. Emerson, John C. Heenan, A. W. Randall, U. S. Grant, J. B. Powers, and lots of other big men with two front letters, and it always looked better when it was written than plain William Smith, or Gabe Bouck, or Tim Crane. He always wrote it H. P., and not Horatio P., as the first seemed much more business-like, and he thought it would look very well if he could write it H. P. Juniper & Co. He did not know just what the P. stood for; and if any one ever asked him, he always replied that that was a secret.

With the bundle of *North-Westerns* in the breast of his waumus, he started off right after dinner, whistling

"Just before the battle, mother." The old man met him at the door, and told him all about the march of the Thirty-Second from Pocataligo up through South Carolina, and how Columbia had been set on fire by Sherman's Bummers; and how glad he was that that hell-hole of Secession had been cleared out, and how he hoped Sherman would shoot old Johnston when he caught him, and what a long letter he had received from his son, giving all the news, and much more.

The old lady sat by the fire puffing away as usual, her eerie locks looking more like snakes than ever. She stopped long enough to extend a cordial welcome to Horatio, who noticed that she had improved her personal appearance by the addition of a faded white silk handkerchief tied around her neck with the point hanging down behind. A beautiful coloured print of Washington crossing the Delaware, without any frame, had been tacked on the wall near the clock, and two extra chairs in the room showed that he was expected.

As he sat listening to Mr. Branford, the old lady cried out—

"Paw, why don't Celia come down?"

"Never mind, mother; she's comin'."

Horatio had heard a light noise on the floor above, but then he did not suppose the Branfords were rich enough to keep a hired girl. Maybe Celia was their daughter, and maybe she was half-crazy, for the mother looked wild enough to have a half-crazy daughter, and he had heard of folks that had a daughter that was out of her head part of the time; anyway, he was glad he was sitting near the door, so he could get out if he wanted to.

Just then he heard a step on the stairs, and the next minute he lost his breath completely, for in came the pretty school-teacher from the Corners.

"I'll make you acquainted with my darter, Mr. Juliper," said the old man, waving his long bony hand with an attempt at a courtesy of the old school.

"Yes, ma'am," muttered Horatio rising confusedly, with all the blood in his body rushing to his face, and making an awkward bow. "Very happy to make your acquaintance, sir."

"Why, Mr. Juniper," said the young lady cordially, extending her hand and smiling on him out of her great big blue eyes, "I'm ever so glad to see you." Then turning to her mother, she set him completely at ease by saying—

"Why, Ma, Mr. Juniper and I are old friends. He's the best speller in my spelling-school. That was an awfully hard word you had last night, Mr. Juniper; I declare I never can spell it myself unless I have the spelling-book right before me. How did you *ever* learn to spell so well, Mr. Juniper?" She seated herself opposite him. "Oh, dear, it must be splendid to live in a large city, and have such chances to read and spell and go to lectures and hear music. Don't you think so, Mr. Juniper?"

Celia was a blonde. She had a complexion as white as milk when it is first strained in the pan, and her cheeks had just a tinge of colour in them, like the outer edge of a peach-blossom, while her little nose turned up just enough to prevent her from being considered beautiful, and her mouth was the softest, her lips the reddest, and her teeth the whitest, you ever saw. Her hair was not red. That was a mistake. It reminded one of the colour of a partially ripe cherry, when it was kind of nut-brown in the middle and shaded into a whitish yellow at the end, for it was dark when it was all in a bunch, but when it fluffed up a little it was the colour of the western sky after a winter sunset. It was what they call Titian hair, named after some Frenchman, it seems. She wore it in a waterfall, which was a brown net with big squares, reaching way below her neck; but when she let it all down at night before she went to bed, it covered her like a waterproof down below her waist, and was

so curly, and snarled so when she combed it out, that it brought the tears to her pretty eyes.

She was slender for a girl of eighteen, but her bust measure was thirty-eight, and six or eight inches in front of her left shoulder was a mole as big as a pea, but it was like the piece of black plaster the fashionable ladies used to wear on their faces; for if you could have seen it, you would have said it made the pure skin look whiter and the blue veins bluer; while her throat and neck were plump and graceful like a baby's. On her little feet she wore black cloth gaiters, with the daintiest of white stockings and pretty pink elastics, making a sweet contrast with the cloud of white above.

Besides her handsome hair and eyes, the dear girl had the three crowning graces of womanhood: she was always kind to everybody; she was unselfish; and she was as modest as the johnny-jump-ups that you find in the fields in the spring-time. Old folks always liked her, and poor people or lame people thought she was an angel; and the good impression made by her trim, stylish figure and soft low voice grew stronger when you came to know the graces of her mind and the goodness of her heart. Oh, she was nice!

Looking at her parents and the dull, cheerless home, a body would wonder how such a happy little sunbeam could ever live in such a place, apparently almost violating the laws of heredity. But God sometimes sends His choicest gifts to the homes of the poor, as He makes the meadow-lark sing in the marshes where no one hears him, or the eidelweiss, the flower they say blossoms out of a snow-bank in Switzerland.

Horatio noticed that she wore a black alpaca gown, with modest crinoline, that swayed gracefully as she walked; and when she seated herself, he wondered how in the world she ever managed to fasten her dress, for it had a row of big buttons down the back. As she talked to him, he noticed her little pink ears and her

white linen collar and the blue ribbon at her throat, and then he thought he never had seen such a small pair of linen cuffs, and the hands and fingers seemed as if they had stopped growing when she was about ten years old, they were so tiny and wax-like.

"I believe I like the country best, Miss Branford," answered Horatio, for he was beginning to think that he had found something that suited him.

Celia commenced to talk in her pretty chattering way, partly to him and partly to her mother, and the old man silently arose, took down his rifle from its hooks on the wall, and disappeared.

They talked about the spelling-school, about Oshkosh, and about books. Horatio was delighted to find that she had read "The Green Mountain Boys," and "The Lamp-Lighter," and "Wide, Wide World," and "Ida May," and "Fern Leaves," and "Arabian Nights," and many of his old favourites; but she had not read Ure's "Dictionary of Arts," or "The Adventures of Sixteen-String Jack," or that Patent Office Report with an account of the exploration of the Amazon by Lieut. Herndon. Then she had read "The Planter's Northern Bride," and "The Initials," and "Rutledge," and he had not. She had just commenced a new story by Charles Dickens, an English writer, called "David Copperfield," and it was perfectly splendid. "You must read it, Mr. Juniper. You may take it just as soon as I finish it. I know you'll like it. Dora is just too sweet for anything. I had to kiss the book ever so many times yesterday when I was reading about her. Yes, Ma, in a minute. No, I don't sing. I went to singing-school two winters, but I only sing for Pa. Sometimes just before dark, Sunday nights, he wants me to sing, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' or 'There's rest for the weary,' and he don't care how I sing. Everything I do is nice to him. Mercy me, Mr. Juniper! what does ail your fingers? Oh, my! And did you take camphor—er-er-camomile—

no, I mean chloroform, when the operation was performed? Dear me! Yes, Ma; the pan on the right is morning's milk. Don't you think it's perfectly awful for a lady to smoke? Now, I know you do, but poor Ma can't help it. When we lived in York State she had the indispepsia so bad she couldn't live, and the doctor just *made* her smoke." And so she talked. Horatio was surprised enough when Mr. Branford walked in with a big rabbit that he had shot, a bullet-hole between its eyes, and the red blood staining the white hair; and then he could see by the shadows through the little seven-by-nine window that the winter's day was done. His mind was ablaze with a strangely delightful sensation, and one he never felt before. The afternoon had gone before he knew it. He was conscious that he had been talking, and that he had talked well, and that he had been near a handsome young lady who was very sensible indeed.

"Won't you stay and take a bite with us?" said Mrs. Branford, turning her metallic eyes on him and shaking the serpentine locks. "We an't going to have nothin' but pudden and milk, but pudden and milk's mighty good when you're hungry," and she pointed to the kettle in the left-hand hole of the cook-stove, full to the brim with a wholesome paste of yellow Indian-meal mixed with water, which was bubbling and hissing as the old lady gave it an occasional stir with a short piece of broom handle.

Horatio excused himself as he remembered that his team had to be fed, and left immediately, after shaking hands with the old lady and bowing stiffly to Celia and her father.

When he reached the road through the woods, he was lost in thought. Evidently there was something in this world that he had not taken into account in his theorising. Of course he knew that there were women and girls, and some time in the distant future he had expected to fall in love with one of them, but

generally he had thought of them much as he had of the stars, or the flowers in a hothouse, or a beautiful bird in a cage—objects that God had made to beautify and adorn the world and make it happier, and make men and boys better, but he had never been very close to a girl, and on general principles he was afraid of them. He knew his mother was the sweetest and kindest and best woman in the world, and he thought very likely all women were more or less good, but still he did not know. Miss Appleton, next to his mother, had always been his best friend, but he would as soon think of falling in love with the beautiful Venus that he watched at night in the sky as with Miss Appleton, for he had known her ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper, and she was old enough to be his mother, or at least his aunt.

When he retired at night to his bed on the hemlock boughs, he could not sleep. Ever since he was a boy he had been in the habit of saying over and over the Lord's Prayer when he was troubled in his mind at night, and this time he repeated it a dozen times to himself before he fell into a slumber that was broken by dreams of a beautiful princess who came to him under the palm-trees and offered him a crown of gold, and then they both sailed away together through the air on the back of an immense bird, whose wings were forty feet from tip to tip.

The days were getting longer and longer, and the roads were bare in spots where the sun shone directly on them. On the bank of the Embarrass the pile of logs was getting so it stretched down the river for a quarter of a mile or more. The foreman had a "stint" of so many hundred thousand that he had to get in before the thaw, but that had been completed, and now he had another. In the woods the roads were still fairly good, but under the trees the snow had begun to sink down, and it was covered with black specks, and whenever the wind blew from the south the air was

soft and spring-like, and the snowstorms came less frequently.

At the close of the next spelling-school Horatio made a break. When the teacher started to get her shawl and overshoes, he suddenly followed her to the little hat-rack near the door where the children hung their bonnets and dinner-pails, and in a confused voice asked—

"Miss Branford, may I see you home?"

Celia smilingly consented, and so naturally and easily that the lights swam before his eyes, and he pretended to look into the big Webster's dictionary to calm himself.

The teacher waited until every one else had gone, when she put out the last candle and locked the door, and they started. Just outside the door Horatio was electrified when something struck him back of his ear. It was a piece of an icicle thrown by some one from behind the school-house, and Horatio thought at once of the young man from across the creek, who had watched him when he went to speak to the teacher. Before he reached the bend in the road he felt something cold and wet trickling down his neck and congealing in the frosty air on his shirt-collar, and he knew it was blood, but the thought of the little hand in the pretty red knitted mitten resting so quietly and cosily on his arm comforted him. At first they did not keep step together, and when he tried to walk more slowly Celia broke step, but finally he adjusted his gait to hers. Then he felt her dear little crinoline against his knee, and it thrilled him to the roots of his hair. A cannon-ball might have shot away that limb after that, and he would not have felt it.

Celia told him many sweet little things on the way home, and they talked together as if he had always known her. The Smiley girls were going to give a party, and he was going to be invited, and school would be out in three weeks, and then she was going to New London to visit her aunt.

When they reached the little house on the creek, the old lady was still sitting by the stove with her pipe, and Horatio said "good-night" in a buoyant frame of mind.

As he followed the solitary road through the pine woods that night he said to himself—for he was a youth —"This is life. This is joy. This is happiness. This is from God. I must be worthy of it.' And he looked up at the shining stars and wondered how any one could really want to die and leave this world when there were so many things here to make a body happy.

## CHAPTER IV

### *A VISITOR FROM BELOW*

JUST as it was getting dark one night about a fortnight later, Horatio stopped his team near the sheds and was about to unhitch the horses, when he heard the tinkle of sleigh-bells coming up the road. In a minute or two a big pair of grey horses came in sight, followed by a sleigh loaded with bags and boxes, and the driver reined up to speak to him:

"Hello, Hod! Is that you?"

Horatio saw a sandy-complexioned young man, with a thin weedy moustache about the colour of the hair on a deer's stomach, and the faint suburbs of a pair of burnside whiskers outlined on his face.

"Hello yourself. You've got the advantage of me."

"Oh, Hod, you old fraud! Don't you know me? Why, it's good for sore eyes to see you."

And Lars Johnson jumped out and grasped him by the hand, which he shook vigorously with a pump-handle motion.

"Well, I declare, Larry, I never should have known you with those whiskers. How's your body?"

Horatio himself had raised a glossy black moustache.

"Fine as silk. How's yourself?"

"Middlin'. What you been drivin'at since I saw you?"

"Been a journalist," taking out of his waistcoat-pocket a printer's rule, and whistling with the rule held against his lips.

"A what?"

"Been in the newspaper business."

"You don't say so?"

"Fact! Tell you how it was. Whoa there, Jim. Stand still, can't ye? You know after you left Oshkosh, I was out of a job 'n I didn't want to go into the woods, so I thought I'd learn a trade, 'n the next Monday morning I went to the *North-Western* office, and sez I, 'Please, sir, do you want to hire a boy? Me father's broke his leg, 'n I've got to work.'

"'Get out o' here,' sez Frank Davis; 'you're the fourth boy that's been here this mornin' looking for a job. Scat!'

"Then off I goes to the *Review*, the Secesh paper. On my way over, sez I to myself, sez I, 'Larry, old boy, you an't got no gall. Brace up, I tell you. You wan't born in a cellar to be afraid of a rat.' So up I goes to old Swineford. You know him, the fellah with a blue mark under his eye. Now, I knew the Dimmycrats was feelin' pretty blue, 'cause M'Clellan had been turned under by old Abe; so I put on a bold face, when I found the editor settin' at a little table with a paste-pot and a pile o' papers, and sez I, 'Old man, want to hire an editor?' and I put both me thumbs in the holes of me vest, as independent as a pig on ice.

"Swineford he just grabbed a chunk of an electrotype an' looked mad, and I thought he'd lick me; but when he turned an' saw me, his eyes kind o' twinkled, an' sez he—

"'What for?'

"Sez I, 'To run your paper for you.'

"'What's your politics?' sez he.

"'Dimmycrat to the backbone.'

"'How do I know you're a Democrat?' sez he.

"'Try me and see.'

"'How shall I try you?' sez he.

"'Ask me to take somethin'.'

"'How do you take it?' sez he.

"'Straight, every time.'

"'What's the first duty of a Democrat?' sez he.

"'To use good liquor.'

"'And the second?'

"'Vote early an' vote often.'

"'By Jiminy,' sez he, 'you'll do.'

"Then he called Len Crary, the foreman, an' sez he—

"'Len, give this boy a case. He's got lots o' gristle.'

"Well, I took off me coat, and in five minutes I was spittin' tobacco-juice on the floor and learnin' the boxes. In a little while I could set reprint, an' one day the old man gave me a piece of his manuscript to set up. Would you believe it? I could read every word of it, and after that he was awful good, and give me show-tickets, an' used to brag about me to visitors. But one day when I was settin' a piece o' fat, regular leaded reprint, Len sings out, when he was makin' up an inside form—

"'Larry, come here.'

"I went to him, an' he says, twistin' his big mushtash—

"'You go an' get that roller and wash it in the sink, an' be sure you git off every blasted bit o' ink, or I'll break every bone in your body.'

"Sez I, 'You're another,' for I drew the line on washin' rollers.

"Len he reached for the shootin'-stick and I for the door, and my resignation was unanimously accepted without further debate. Swineford owes me six dollars for two weeks' work, but he can just stick it in his ear, for all I care, condemn him! Next day I hired out to the Gang Mill folks, and they sent me up here, and thus endeth the first lesson, brethren."

Just then an ox-team passed by to the shed, the nigh ox, a big brindle fellow, bellowing loudly, with his tail high in the air.

Horatio came out of the shed where he had put up his horses just as Lars jumped into the deep snow by the side of the road and began to kick backwards with both feet.

"Insatiate monster!" said he; "would not one suffice?"

"What's the matter, Larry?"

"Cut my foot in a Dutchman's razor."

Horatio laughed, and helped him while he applied a salve of soft snow, and the young men went in to supper after a modest toilet, performed with a tin basin, a crash towel, and the little cracked mirror.

Lars Johnson was a year younger than Horatio. He came of Norwegian parentage, and in the ward schools, the printing-office, and a course of desultory reading, he had picked up a smattering of many things, and the attrition of Western life had given a stimulus to his good and bad qualities alike, so that he appeared much older.

After supper they started with a lantern for the sheds to bed the horses, and Lars asked—

"Any pretty girls around here, Hod?"

Horatio was shocked. He was glad that it was dark, so Lars could not see his face, but he answered evasively—

"There's a party Saturday night, and I'll get a bid for you, and then you can see for yourself."

"Come now, Hod; none o' that. Own up, honest Injin. What's her name, anyway?"

It seemed like blasphemy to Horatio for this rattle-brained fellow to talk to him on such a subject, and he could not think of mentioning Celia's name, or permit that pure and gentle creature to be made the subject of rude joking. He thought he would have it out with Lars right then and there; so he turned, and with flashing eye said deliberately—

"Now, Lars Johnson, just mind your own business, will you?"

"Ho! ho! ho! Hod Juniper," laughed Larry. "Who'd a thought it? Well, I swow to gracious! An't it funny when you feel that way? Here's my hand for ninety days, and I'm your huckleberry from the word go."

He was so good and kind about it that Horatio took the proffered hand and felt greatly relieved.

The truth was that Horatio was now either at the school-house or the little log cabin by the creek whenever he had any spare time. He walked home regularly with Celia from spelling-school, and his Sunday afternoons were passed in her company.

Spring was coming. A few blue-jays had been seen, and the woodpeckers were screaming loudly and hammering away on the dead trees. Lars had come up from below with the last load of supplies, and the men in the camp were talking about what they would do in Oshkosh after they were paid off.

The next day the long road was so bad that the horse-teams had to give up hauling; and while the men were shovelling snow Horatio put up his team, and then, as it was about five o'clock, and as no one was around, he started for Mr. Branford's to tell Celia about Lars, and to get him invited to the party.

He found Celia in a pretty new calico dress with a pink bow at her throat, and both sleeves rolled up, making a batch of doughnuts, a kettle of lard simmering away on the back of the stove, and the old lady on the other side enveloped in a cumulus of grey smoke.

Never had the dear girl seemed so angelic. Why is it that a young woman always looks the most attractive to her masculine admirer when she is engaged in some kind of domestic labour? Horatio, like the swain in "She Stoops to Conquer," felt his circulation increase as he watched the delicate white arms and the sweet face gently flushed by the heat of the stove. She made him sit near her on a chair, for she could not stop her work or else the fried cakes would be heavy; but when she rolled her sleeves farther up and showed him her vaccination mark—a great round, white spot, like a fish's scale—his heart almost stood still, for he never before had advanced so far in feminine confidence.

It was all arranged that she was to send word to the Smiley girls, and that her friend Teachie Ritchie was

to take tea with her, and then Horatio and Lars were to come after them with the span of greys, and they were all to go to the party together, and Teachie was to stay all night with her.

Saturday morning came off clear and cold with a strong west wind. The men put in a lively day's work, and it was late before the span of greys could be fed and rubbed down, but two young men drove up to the Branford place about eight o'clock.

The two girls were all ready. The introduction over, the four were soon snug under the buffalo robes in the long bob-sleigh, Horatio driving, with Lars by his side and the young ladies in the rear. Celia had her head and shoulders wrapped in a blue merino arrangement, like a Havelock, trimmed with a crocheted border of Germantown yarn of a darker shade, made from a pattern she had found in *Peterson's Magazine*, and Teachie, whose real name was Letitia, wore a red knit hood, that set off her sparkling black eyes and red cheeks to good advantage. The crisp cold atmosphere was like red wine to the nerves, and the party were in the best of spirits.

"Oh, my! isn't it cold," said Teachie, pulling the buffalo over her head, as the greys started of with a merry tintinnabulation of their two strings of bells.

"Why don't you cover it up?" asked Lars.

The sound of suppressed laughter could be heard under the buffalo, and this annoyed Horatio as much as the question Lars had asked. When a young lady said *it* was cold, she did not mean her ear or her chin, or even her toe, but the weather, and it was very rude in Lars, and not at all nice in the young ladies to laugh at such a question.

When they arrived at the Smiley place, after a brisk ride in the crackling ice and snow, the young ladies were left at the door, while Horatio and Lars drove the horses to a neighbouring tree where the animals were tied and blanketed.

"She's a pretty nice girl," said Lars as he tightened the surcingle on the off horse, "but she isn't half as fine-looking as the other one."

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, don't you suppose I know which one it is? You haven't said a word to me about her, but I could tell in a minute. Besides, a fellah with a black mushtash isn't goin' to fall in love with a black-eyed girl."

At the door they stood for two or three minutes, each insisting that the other should go in first, and finally Lars rapped and went in, closely followed by Horatio.

Jennie Smiley met them, and Horatio said—

"Good evening, Miss Smiley. I'll make you acquainted with Mr. Johnson, my friend."

Miss Smiley introduced him to her sister Fannie and then to Alice Newton and Mattie Kendrick, who were sitting near the stove, and afterwards to her brother, Jim Smiley, and her cousin, Mr. Crane, an older man with a short sandy beard who lived near Mukwa, and then to Mr. Wilson, a wild-looking young man with moccasins on his feet.

Miss Smiley was deeply distressed. She had planned to have dancing, but Ben had not come back from New London. Ben was her older brother, and he was a witness in a lawsuit about a yoke of steers, and he had promised to play for them. His fiddle was here, and could either of you gentlemen play?

"The only thing I can play on," said Lars gravely, "is a knife and fork."

Horatio and his friends were the last arrivals, and after the introductions the usual awkward pause followed. It was broken by Teachie Ritchie, who, after a whispered consultation with Miss Smiley, proposed that they play "Hurly-burly." Then followed "Who's got the button?" "Spat 'em out o' the Room," and "King William was King James's Son." In all these,

the penalty imposed upon the delinquent was a sentence to kiss some of the opposite sex in the room.

Then Miss Smiley brought in a tray of glasses and a big white pitcher filled with York State cider, and Celia followed with a plate of doughnuts, and as she passed them to Horatio he noticed a mischievous smile on her face, as if he had seen the doughnuts at another time.

Before the festivities were resumed, the girls went into the other room, two by two, and returned arm in arm, as they always do at a party, with a look of lamb-like innocence on their pretty faces.

When they had all returned, Lars whispered something to Miss Smiley, and she announced in a loud voice that we will now play conundrums, and Mr. Johnson will show us how.

Lars arranged the boys to sit in one row and the girls in another, facing each other, with Miss Smiley opposite at the end as judge. Horatio was at one end and Lars at the other.

Horatio had to ask the first question. Any question was admissible, and a failure to answer correctly incurred a penalty.

"What's the complexion of a peanut?"

Miss Ritchie answered—

"Red."

"Wrong—it's a blonde."

Miss Smiley sentenced her to make a side-hill plow with her brother, Jim Smiley.

Alice Newton asked Mr. Crane—

"How do you turn a key to lock a trunk?"

"To the right," and the poor fellow was ordered to kiss Miss Ritchie—Scotch fashion. The Sawnie approached his victim as if he were walking in his sleep. The girl covered her face with both her hands, and the kiss fell harmlessly on her chignon.

"Why does a young lady sit on the floor to put on her stockings?" Jim Smiley asked of Mattie Kendrick.

Miss Kendrick objected that the question was not a conundrum because there was no answer to it. Objection sustained by the judge.

Fannie Smiley asked Mr. Wilson—

"How do you turn the key when you wind a watch?"

Mr. Wilson remembered the mistake about locking a trunk, so he answered boldly—

"Turn to the left, of course."

He was doomed to eat cherries with Celia Branford. Celia objected, and in the struggle the kiss was deposited on the tip of her right ear.

Then came Lars Johnson—

"Miss Branford, will you be kind enough to inform the company how you can tell the age of a young lady by her hoop-skirt?"

The gentlemen laughed, and the ladies vigorously protested that it was not fair. The judge called up the culprit, and asked him the answer.

"By counting the number of beautiful springs that have passed over her head," said Lars.

He was sentenced to go to Rome for such an outrageous conundrum, and when he had kissed three of the girls, Miss Smiley appeared at the door with something hot in a milk-pan, and Lars desisted.

The young people were all seated except Miss Smiley and her sister. From the milk-pan on the table a savoury smoking substance was ladled out into saucers and served to the guests. It proved to be fresh maple-wax. Ben had tapped a few rock-maple trees for the girls at the time of the thaw, and the delicious sap had been boiled down in a kettle on the stove, and it now appeared in rich warm golden sunny sweetness, the memory of which, if a man partake thereof, lingers in his mind through good report and evil report, yea, even unto death itself.

A few minutes was all that could be spared even to the delightful diversion of the wax, for the restless spirit of the young stopped not for trifles.

Miss Newton, sitting in the corner of the room, with her face turned sidewise to the company, and looking directly at Fannie Smiley, began singing, "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." As the first notes of the song broke upon the ear, conversation stopped, and the picture presented by the young girl in a red jacket, with a sweet modest face and rolls of dark hair, gazing abstractedly at her companion, was one good to look upon as she sang in a low subdued voice:—

"In my prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother, dear, of you,
And the bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears will fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
They will come,
And beneath the starry flag,
We shall breathe the air again,
Of the free land in our own beloved home."

The rude sentiment of the song, almost pathetic in its tenderness, touched a responsive chord in every breast, for the black desolation of the war had cast its shadow over every household, and the memory of a brother in Libby Prison, or Salisbury, or Andersonville, or the recollection of the living skeleton who had returned from one of those horrible dens, gave a melancholy interest to the words.

Then followed another song, unlike, but still plaintive, and well suited to blend with the feeling of sadness which prevailed, as Lars Johnson, in a fresh tenor voice, struck up "Nellie Gray":—

"There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many a happy hour away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cabin door,
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

Oh, my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more.
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away
As she toils in the cotton and the cane."

But the spirits of the young people suddenly resumed their normal level as Jim Smiley began the words of another popular song:—

"Dearest mother, you may never
Wash my dirty shirt again."

Then Miss Kendrick, who wore glasses and had written some verses that had been published in the *New London Times*, was called upon by Miss Smiley. Miss Kendrick proposed that the next game should be writing poetry. Some one would write a line, her neighbour must then write a line to rhyme with it, and so the paper would go around the room, and when each had written, the whole composition would be read aloud by the last one who received it.

The proposition was received with a loud storm of "Good gracious!" "Sakes alive!"

"Did you ever?" said Teachie Ritchie.

"No, I never did," said Lars Johnson; "but I've often thought I'd like to."

Miss Ritchie looked as if she had swallowed a fishbone.

Then turning to Miss Kendrick, who seemed crestfallen because her pet project was not readily adopted, he said—

"Miss Kendrick, I'll begin."

And after perfect quiet was restored, he sang out—

"Here I stand before Miss Ritchie,
She's goin' to kiss, an' I feel itchy."

Before the noise of the laughter had died away, the dog outside began to bark, the music of bells could be heard, and the sound of horses' feet, and a sleigh

stopped in the road. Miss Smiley hurried to the door and exclained joyfully—

"It's Ben! It's Ben!"

Ben came in as soon as he had slipped the hitching-strap around a tree. He was a big, doltish fellow, with sleepy eyes, full brown beard, and immense boot-packs, outside of which was a pair of blue woollen socks.

Miss Smiley came forward from the other room while Ben stood warming his wrists over the stove. She carried in her hand, suspended by a brass ring, something black that looked like a baby's coffin.

"All right, Sis, seein' it's you," said Ben, pulling off his socks and taking out the violin and picking on the E string with his thumb. "Just you give me a swig o' that cider. Hain't had a bite o' nothin' since noon."

It was the work of a moment to organise a set for a cotillion. Lars invited Teachie, Horatio danced with Celia, Mr. Crane with Fannie Smiley, and Mr. Wilson with Alice Newton. It then transpired that as soon as the subject of writing poetry was announced, Mr. Wilson had put on his overcoat and comforter, and Alice Newton had on her heavy jacket and hat, but she kept them on just the same.

Loud and clear sounded the notes of the violin, as, after three or four minutes of scraping with one hand on the keys, during which the noise resembled the faint and familiar squeal of a butchered pig, Ben struck up that inspiring air, "The Arkansaw Traveller."

Lars called off—

"First couple—forward and back! Forward again! Do, see do! Allamand left! Side couple—forward and back! Forward again! Do, see do! Allamand left!"

Then there was a stop for a moment, and Ben struck up "Dixie's Land." The bow of the old violin seemed to speak with the tongues of men as it trotted up and down over the stomach of the fiddle, and Ben swayed his huge body from right to left, and from left to right again until great beads of perspiration gathered upon

his forehead, and his huge right foot beat time on the floor loud enough to be heard on the next forty.

The third change had "Kingdom Coming;" and the fourth was a jig to the "Devil's Dream," the latter played in such quick time that the dancers seemed to be running a race with the music; and at last the music stopped short, when the young people were mixed in confusion inextricable, much to the general hilarity.

Another set followed, with a change of partners; and then, as it was eleven o'clock, there was a quiet shuffling and putting on of rubber overshoes, overcoats, tippets, mittens, shawls, and fur caps. Just as the door was about to be opened for the general departure, a sharp sound was heard, and old Ben was seen tapping with his bow on the back of the violin. Lars Johnson, standing by his side, shouted—

"Take partners for a quadrille, 'Home, Sweet Home!'"

The music all seemed to be played in double-quick time, and the grotesque figures, in overcoats and winter wrappings, trod the boards with nimble feet, and the flushed faces and sparkling eyes testified to the enjoyment of the last as the best of all.

When Horatio lay upon his bed of hemlock-boughs that night, after this unusual dissipation, there was just a shade of disappointment in his mind as he recalled the many distracting events of the evening. It was about his friend Lars Johnson. Everybody in Oshkosh always said that Lars was as smart as a steel trap, and Horatio admitted to himself that there was truth in the remark; but it did seem as if a perfect stranger, like Lars, might have a little more diffidence, without seriously injuring his usefulness. To think how Lars had been continually talking or singing, or putting himself forward to attract the attention of the girls, really hurt the feelings of the sensitive Horatio; and for the first time since he had met Celia, he had discovered something in her actions

which he felt almost like criticising, as he thought how she laughed at Lars, and never showed the least sign of disapproval when he made any of his ridiculous speeches. Any one could say funny things, Horatio thought, by putting his mind on it. He had read jokes enough in *Ayer's Almanac* to amuse a crowd of girls for a week, but he never had used one of them. And his singing? Horatio could not sing any more than a crow; but if he could, he doubted if he would like to make himself so conspicuous among strangers.

## CHAPTER V

### *THE TRAILING ARBUTUS*

In a few days the last log was hauled to the bank. Lars and most of the men left for Oshkosh with the sleds and part of the outfit. Horatio and two others remained to get the shanties ready for the drive.

Sleighing was all gone. Piles of snow yet remained in the woods, and the river was still frozen over, although the ice was rotten, and the fierce March wind and the long sunshiny days were rapidly drying the roads. There was a fresh, woodsy smell in the air, and at times, when the sun was shining through the lofty pines, one could fancy that spring had really come.

The Indians had made their appearance, a sure sign of the breaking up of the long winter. They came in crowds of twenty or thirty at a time—men, women, and children, evidently several families together—slowly riding on their low, stunted ponies, single file, the men in red and white blankets and leather leggings, with their cheek-bones smeared with red and yellow ochre, and the long black hair stuck through with feathers, and the women wearing beads of shell, their papooses strapped on the back, the family supplies carried by docile, heavy-laden ponies, each provided with a small tinkling bell, and the whole procession carefully attended by a score or more of half-starved, wolfish-looking dogs, big and little, with long, three-cornered ears, smelling at every object on the way, and growling suspiciously at any white man; and after they had passed out of sight, and the tinkle of the last bell was low on the ear, the air seemed full of the

smoky smell of the wigwam. Every Spring and Fall these poor gypsies of the forest made a pilgrimage to the north or south to make maple-sugar or to pick cranberries, and their movements indicated the change of the seasons as surely as the flight of wild-geese or the return of the red-breasted robin.

One Sunday afternoon Celia told Horatio of a beautiful poem she had been reading. It was about the trailing arbutus, the wonderful plant that throws out its exquisite blossoms of coral and gold in the midst of ice and snow. Horatio promised to get some of the flowers for her. He believed it was to be found in the woods near by, but Celia was doubtful, for she had never heard of it, except in books. Before he left, it was agreed that Horatio would call on Tuesday afternoon, and they would go in search of the arbutus.

When Horatio, on his return to the camp, noticed the destruction that had been made in the pine during the past winter, a feeling of regret came over him. He would like to return here again for two or three winters. The Clapp & Judkins people were as good men as he ever wanted to work for, and he hoped they would lumber in this neighbourhood right along every year. It was certainly very pleasant for the men.

They walked up the road toward Mukwa, Tuesday afternoon, and turned off to the left where the land was higher. It was out of the pine timber, or at least where the pine-trees were scarce and mixed with the beautiful white-backed birch, the soft maple, and an occasional slippery elm and basswood. Now and then a granite rock could be seen, raising its brown head out of the snow which still lingered in piles, and the land became more uneven and slightly hilly.

Celia wore her school-dress, the brown one trimmed with plaid. She talked to him in her bright, sparkling manner, and as he walked by her side carrying the basket in which they were to bring back the arbutus, it suddenly dawned upon him that Celia really cared

more for him than she did for Jim Smiley, or Lars, or any of the other young men. It seemed a novel and delightful sensation, this feeling of quiet possession and confidence, and the strange thought that there was some one in the world, besides his mother, who could be close to him and confide in him, and some one he could take into his secret thoughts.

She told him of her ambition. It was to fit herself to be a teacher. She had been earning $20 00 a month at the Corners, but times were hard and the District Board had not been able to pay her in cash, and she was obliged to take tax-certificates, and the certificates were unsaleable, some of them, and so she had lost on them. What she wanted was to take a regular course and study music at the Appleton College, so that she would be fitted for a better school. True, she held a second-grade certificate, and Mr. Wernli, the cross-eyed county superintendent, had praised her work extravagantly, but she was determined to have a better education. Her brother was a lieutenant in the Thirty-Second, and he was very fond of her, and, if the war would only end, she knew he would send her to Appleton.

"How quiet these old woods seem," said Horatio, as the sound of a woodsman's axe came echoing through the forest from a little clearing where there was a log-house. A thin line of blue smoke could be seen rising to the tops of the trees, and occasionally the bark of a dog in longer and louder notes was heard above the metrical reverberation that came from the axe as it struck the side of a tree.

"Perhaps you like the woods," said Celia, "but I have always wanted to live in a city where I could have some of the advantages of life. I confess I cannot see much attraction here."

"I think it would be very pleasant to hide oneself in the deep woods with no one, only God and yourself. Then you could study and read without interruption. What a place it would be to study

Nature and to study one-self! Do you know, Miss Branford, I don't believe we know ourselves half as well as we ought. I remember when I first began to think about it. I found myself continually holding out my hands to be looked at and looking down at my feet, and crying, 'This is me, is it? How strange.' Then sometimes I could hear a voice calling, 'Horatio! Horatio!' I almost had to laugh sometimes, for it seemed funny to be calling myself, and yet it was the most natural thing in the world. It was when I first began to realise that I had a mind and could think, and for months and months it gave me great amusement to speak to myself as if I were talking to another person. My image in a mirror, at that time, seemed curious to me too. I looked at it as carefully as if I was working out a problem in algebra. I wondered as I studied it where the thinking part was, for I felt that the body itself was entirely different from the mind, and that it was perfectly natural for the mind to exist without the body. In late years, as I think of it, I believe it was only my soul getting acquainted with my body."

"Of course the soul does exist after death," said Celia, "but I don't see how it can be separated from the body in this world."

"Perhaps not, but I am satisfied it acts separately any way. It comes into the body just as a family moves into a new house. The house is being constantly rebuilt and improved, and the tenant in a little while gets to think that the house is part of himself."

"Did you ever talk to God, Miss Branford?" asked Horatio quietly, after a pause, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"No; I don't believe I ever did."

"I have. And He has answered me, too. At least, I believe He has. Haven't you ever had something happen to you that you knew had actually happened,

and yet you never could tell anybody of it for the reason that you could not make them believe it as you did? Well, I have talked right out to God. I know I was talking to Him, and I know He heard me, and I know He talked back to me. It was at night after I had gone to bed. I had said my prayers; but I felt so lonely and sad—it was just after my father died—that I wanted to reach up to some one who was stronger than I, and ask Him to help me; so, with my eyes shut, and the house all still, there in the dark I said, 'Dear God, I love you, I trust you. I know you do all things well. My father is dead, my brother Henry is dead, Will is dead—I am troubled. Help me, dear God, in my sorrow;' and then something answered, 'Don't lose hope; I am always near you.' Now, what it was or who it was that spoke I cannot tell, but I heard the words as plainly as I hear your voice. It was not a whisper, and it was not a regular voice, such as you hear when a person speaks, but still I heard it and felt it clearly and naturally. I believe it was God."

"It must be strange," said Celia, "to feel yourself near to God, and actually talking to Him and hearing Him talk."

"Oh, I don't know," said Horatio earnestly. "He is our Father, and we are His children, and I can't see why we shouldn't talk to Him just the same as we would talk to a real father."

"If all the world felt so," said Celia, "I am sure it would be a better place to live in."

"And then I died once," he continued, as if he had not heard the remark. "At least, it seemed so to me. You see, I was playing one day when I was a little fellow, and Will, that was my brother, he threw a stone, not meaning to hurt me, and it struck me on the side of my head. I didn't feel the blow, but when I came to, I'd had a very curious time. I was in a strange country, and there was a great temple made

of pure white marble, ever so many storeys high, and the yard was filled with the most beautiful flowers and big trees all covered with immense blossoms that filled the air with their fragrance, and birds twittered and sang in the mild southern air. Suddenly I heard girls' voices commence to sing. Oh, such music! Then I smelt camphor, and I felt mother rubbing my forehead, and I heard Will kind o' crying, and I opened my eyes, and there I was at home again. But, I tell you, as long as I live I will remember that music; and sometimes, when I am depressed, I wonder why I was awakened so soon, for I wish I could have heard more of it."

He looked around among the trees and the broken rocks and the piles of snow, apparently unconscious of the young girl, whose great blue eyes were staring at him in amazement.

They had reached a place where the snow was deep, and Celia waited while Horatio climbed over a windfall, and into a little gully between two hills where the rocks were close together. A loud shout advertised the fact that he had found something, and in a few minutes he returned to Celia's side, bearing several branches of a trailing evergreen with its dark leaves and two or three sprays of the delicate rose-coloured blossoms of the arbutus.

"I first saw the leaves from here," said he, "and the blossom itself was partially covered with snow."

As they walked back with the beautiful flowers in her basket, he told her that the trailing arbutus was a native of the Hebrides and the Highlands of Scotland, and that it also grew in Siberia and Canada, and that it was called bear-berry, because the bears fed on its fruit, and that the partridges lived on the berries in the Fall. The scientific name for it was *Arctostaphylos uva ursi*, which was only the Latin for bear-berry.

As Celia inhaled the delicious odour of the arbutus in the basket, she thought that Horatio was a very

curious young gentleman, altogether different from the other young men, for they could talk only of logging, or dances, or the war. It must be a great thing, she thought, to live in a large city like Oshkosh, where you could read so much, and she was more than ever determined to take a college course at Appleton.

When they reached the Mukwa road, Horatio was walking ahead, and in a strip of snow by the roadside he saw the prints of her little feet in their rubber overshoes, where she had walked on the way out. If he had been alone, he would have knelt down and kissed them, but he contented himself with gazing at them reverently as he passed.

## CHAPTER VI

### *HE GETS HIS FORTUNE TOLD*

On the next Sunday evening he was to take tea with the Branford family. Heretofore, he had declined all invitations to stay to supper, but now that the work at the camp was about done, he felt himself more at ease.

He delayed starting until about four o'clock; but although he read the *North-Western* all through, including the advertisements, and tried to read a copy of Cowper's Poems that Miss Appleton had given him once as a Christmas present, the afternoon dragged, and he kept looking at the sun through the trees, and wondering why it moved so slowly.

Celia wore her black alpaca with the big buttons down the back and the blue ribbon at her throat. The delicate rose in her cheeks seemed fresher, and her sunny blue eyes sparkled as she met him at the door. The old lady had on the faded white silk kerchief, with the point hanging down behind, as she appeared in sight through the grey halo that surrounded her. The little table near the window had a white spread, and there were some queer blue china dishes that he had never seen before. On the clock-shelf, in a tumbler of water, he noticed the arbutus blossoms.

About six o'clock the tea was served. The old man had stalked in and hung up his rifle on its hooks with a sigh. There was a smoking hot dish of fried venison-steak, with its dark rich gravy, mashed potatoes, white bread and yellow butter, and tea, with a plate of sponge-cake from a recipe that Celia had obtained from the

Smiley girls, where you use so many eggs and so much flour and sugar, and cover with a piece of writing-paper in the oven, so it will not bake too fast.

Horatio was seated opposite the young lady. This was the first time he had ever been at the table with Celia, and he could scarcely take his glance from her. The blue in her eyes seemed like the heavens above on a summer day, and the soft pink tinge in her cheeks harmonised well with the warm, rich waves of her hair, while the graceful undulations of her figure showed to good advantage in her closely fitting dress, and her arm and hand described a curve of natural softness and grace.

And then to see her eat! Never did a canary in a cage pick at its seed or dip its bill in the water or rub its head against the wires with more quiet ease and delicate daintiness than did this young girl as she disposed of her food under the ardent gaze of the young man across the table.

He had heard about magnetism and magnetic physicians, who gave off magnetism to people near them, and whose subtle influence extended to every one within a radius of ten or fifteen feet, curing all sorts of ailments without the use of medicine or change of diet, but somehow Celia had an indescribable attraction that he thought was even greater than magnetism. It affected his eyes, and he was afraid it might affect his will-power, and perhaps his mind. It was more like electricity than magnetism, and he wondered if he should point his forefinger at her forehead between the eyes, whether it would snap with a blue spark like the ball on a Leyden jar, such as they used in the electrical machine in school.

He wondered how it was that her father could be so near her and seem to care so little about it, and whether a young lady looked the same to her parents as she did to others.

Horatio never could tell how it came about, but he

found himself greatly interested and afterwards shocked at what Mr. Branford said. The old man had owned a farm down in Sidanie, and to clear up a small indebtedness on his land he had borrowed some money from Deacon Bryant. Deacon Bryant was one of your smooth-talking men, who could take the lead in prayer-meeting and pick your pocket after prayer-meeting was over. He was always mouthing about serving the Lord when he was shaving notes at 10 per cent. and a bonus. Mr. Branford had innocently fallen into his clutches, on the Deacon's promise that he could have all the time he wanted, and the first he knew his farm was sold right out from under him. The Deacon was a humbug, the church was a humbug, and the prayer-meeting was a humbug.

"I don't know," said Horatio; "I think prayer is all right sometimes."

"Don't do a bit o' good," said the old man. "Look at the prayers going up all over this land for our poor soldiers, and then see how they've suffered in Andersonville."

"I judge only by my own experience," said the young man quietly. "I know when I was a small boy I prayed for a pair of skates, and I got them. Many a time since then good straight praying for weeks and months has often brought me what I prayed for. In fact, I believe now that, after the proper time, if I do not get what I am praying for, it is only because it is not good for me. Once when I was very small I was taken sick, and as I was the youngest in the family I naturally received a great deal of petting and nursing, and it all pleased me very much. What do you suppose I did when I was well enough to go to school again? Why I just prayed to God every night that I might be sick again, for the petting and extra kind treatment was so pleasing that I wanted more of it. Now of course God was wiser than I, and I remained distressingly healthy until I had the measles. So I

think many times we pray for something that is not good for us, and therefore we don't get it."

"Huh!" said Mr. Branford, "perhaps you believe in angels, and miracles, and raising the dead, and all that nonsense."

"I certainly believe in angels. I ought to, for I have seen one." Horatio said it as unconsciously as if angels were as common as blackbirds.

Celia began to think that the conversation was approaching a dangerous point, for she knew her father's religious views.

"You've seen one?" the old man asked, with almost a sneer.

"Yes," answered Horatio. "I have seen one with my own eyes. It was one night when I first began to work for Welt & Shelley. I had been to sleep, and about midnight I was awakened by a strange sort of feeling that there was some one in my room. I looked up and thought the moon was shining, for it was partially light, so I could see the chair by my bedside, the picture 'From Shore to Shore' that was hanging on the wall, and the piece of red ribbon that held back the window-curtain. Somehow I didn't feel frightened but right in front of my bed, slowly walking up and down on the floor, was a figure in white, with a staff or something in its hand, and on its head a queer thing I never have seen anywhere, partly like a crown and partly like a dunce-cap. The person, whoever it was, had its eye on me, but gently and kindly, and as it turned at the end of the room to come back, it still kept watching me, as it moved quietly, almost without touching the floor. Now, this I saw with my own eyes, as plainly as I see you at this table. I always wonder why I was not afraid, but the feeling I had was rather one of pleasure. After several minutes I closed my eyes an instant, for I was tired, and it hurt my eyes to look at one object so intently, and when I opened them again the room was dark. I got up and

went to the window, but it was as dark as pitch outside, and I could only just make out the shape of the trees in the yard. I never have told any one about it except my mother," he added, looking at Celia as if he had told it now only for her ears.

"What did your mother say about it?" asked the girl.

"That it was probably from God. She said the only thing to do when I saw anything of the kind was to say my prayers."

"Did you get any benefit that you know of from your angel?" The old man asked it with a little sarcasm in his voice.

"No, it did not affect me in any way that I could discover, except to make me believe in the existence of the angels."

"I don't care for that kind o' angels," said the old man doggedly. "What I want is an angel 't can clear my land or chop my wood, or kill a deer for me. When an angel 'll come and do that, then I'll believe in 'em."

Horatio was about to express his opinion of angels in general, and to defend the reputation of the kind that he had seen in particular, when the old lady looked at him with her cat-like eyes, and said—

"Mr. Jolliver, I am going to tell your fortune."

"Ma has a fancy she can tell fortunes," said Celia, explaining, "and perhaps you would like to have her try yours?"

"I shall be glad to have you, Mrs. Branford," replied Horatio smiling, "on one condition, and that is that faith is not necessary on my part."

"Don't make no difference whether you believe it or not," said the old ginseng-digger. "If it works right, she'll tell your future as easy as you can read a newspaper."

"Yes, Ma can read it," said Celia; "but the trouble is, it may be your fortune, and it may be some one else's."

Horatio was amused at the implicit faith of the old man in his wife's capacity as a seer. It seemed strange to believe in fortune-telling, and not believe in the existence of angels.

The old lady was carefully draining the last of her cup of tea. When it was finished, she turned the blue teacup bottom upwards in its saucer, and then placed her open hand edgewise on the bottom of the cup, mumbling something in a low voice to herself. The motion of her hand on the cup and the incantation were repeated twice, and then she rested.

The young man watched the mummery with a feeling of contemptuous incredulity, which nothing but the presence of the young girl opposite prevented him from expressing. At first he supposed that the old lady intended to tell his fortune with a pack of cards, or by looking at the lines in the palm of his hand; but when he saw that it was nothing but a teacup fortune, he began to pity the simple innocence of people who could believe in such things. He knew Celia could not take any stock in that nonsense; only she was a good girl, and liked to please her mother.

Mrs. Branford shook her serpentine locks, and raised the cup so that she could study the inside of it carefully. Horatio could see that it was streaked with the tea grounds, but the old lady could evidently see more in it than he.

Several minutes passed almost in silence as Mrs. Branford turned the cup from side to side, and finally appeared to be deeply interested in it. At last a shudder passed over her as her queer eyes seemed fastened upon the story of the teacup, and in the end she hurriedly threw it from her almost with a crash, and covered her face with her hands.

Celia seemed annoyed, and a shadow passed over her placid face; but the old man spoke up eagerly—

"What is it, mother? Let's have it."

The old lady took up the teacup again, and began gazing at the inside.

"It is a young man," she said slowly. "It must be George, for it is some one of this family. I see him

very plainly. There's a great deal of trouble behind him, and some before him. He is goin' away, and I see him on a long journey to a foreign land; and"—her voice failed her as she gazed intently at the cup —" there's a coffin and death, and—it's very strange; it can't be right—after that there is gold and money, and he comes back. I have left out some of the words, p'raps, for how could any one come back after he is dead. I don't believe it's George, for he's away now. Dear me! dear me!"

"Never you mind, mother," said Mr. Branford soothingly. "Mebby you didn't work it right. It can't be George, anyhow, for he's with Pap Sherman down in Noth Ca'lina."

Mrs. Branford had her elbow on the table, and was resting the side of her face in the palm of her hand. She mused in this position for two or three minutes, evidently trying to recall the formula she had used, to see what she had omitted. Finally, she poured out another cup of tea and proceeded to finish her supper.

Celia began talking to Horatio about her proposed visit to New London. It had been postponed several times, but she was really going next week.

The old ginseng-digger took his fork from his plate, and with one of its long tines began to pick his teeth. There was an unusual scowl on his face, and Horatio felt that the old man regarded him with aversion. It was evident that Mr. Branford had been disappointed in his hunting that afternoon, for it was very rare that he returned empty-handed with his rifle. The discussion at the table had not served to soften his feelings, and now that his wife's fortune-telling had failed so ignominiously, after he had expressed his confidence in her ability, he was completely disgusted.

Horatio was glad of an early opportunity to withdraw, for he could not avoid the impression that in some way he was responsible for the old man's unpleasant frame of mind.

## CHAPTER VII

### *AN IMPORTANT CLIMAX*

THE sandy roads had become dry with the advance of spring. In the pine woods, where the winter chopping had been done, it was interesting to see how high the stumps had been left, showing the great depth of the winter's snow. The Embarrass was open in places, and a good rain would flood the river, so that the drive would start.

On Saturday afternoon Horatio had called at the Branford cabin, and Celia had gone with him on a stroll through the woods, leaving the old lady sitting by the stove. Mr. Branford was in the woods. He was digging a little ginseng, although the ginseng dug in the spring was not so good, and did not bring so good a price as that marketed in the Fall. With his tomahawk he blazed a tree near any particularly good ginseng that he found, if he did not dig it, so that later in the season he could return to it. The old man always thought it a great shame that the storekeeper at New London would not pay more than forty cents a pound for spring ginseng and fifty cents a pound in the Fall, when it was worth its weight in silver over in China.

As they walked along the Mukwa road, Horatio told the young lady that in another week he would start down the river. The drive would be ready as soon as the river opened. It would require several weeks to get the rear into the Main Wolf, and then from the mouth of the Embarrass to the Boom would take two

months, so that he would not get to Oshkosh much before the Fourth of July.

"I am sorry that you ever came here," said Celia. "I am sorry we ever met."

Horatio was shocked. Celia was looking steadily at some object in the distant woods to the right.

"Why, Miss Branford, what have I done? I don't see why you are sorry that I came. I am sure I never spent such a pleasant winter in all my life. I shall never forget these old woods, and these roads, and these walks, and the spelling-school, and the——"

"Don't speak about them," interrupted Celia, still gazing intently upon something in the woods to the right. "I hate to hear you mention anything that has happened during the past winter."

"Miss Branford," said he, "if I have offended you——"

Celia turned, and he could see that the March wind had affected her eyes, for they were moist, and her little nose seemed red, and she appeared greatly disturbed.

"No, Mr. Juniper," she replied, "you have not offended me. At least you have not offended me intentionally. But when I think of——when you speak of——of——of going away——Oh, dear! Mr. Juniper, I cannot help it. It makes me so lonely." And the dear girl turned to look at something in the distant woods to the right, while the wind seemed to irritate her eyes still more.

Suddenly a great white light seemed to illuminate Horatio's mind. He hurriedly grasped her hand and sank in a dry spot by the side of the road with one knee of his overalls half covered with damp dead leaves, and then, very much to his own astonishment, he said in a low voice—

"Dear Miss Branford—Celia—I love you. I cannot live without you. Will you be my little wife?"

Celia had entirely recovered her self-possession.

She grasped his hand warmly and looked him squarely in the eye. The wind had dried her eyes, but her little nose still looked red.

"Horatio," she said, "I think we can be happy together; our tastes are alike. But there is one condition," and she hesitated.

"What is it, darling?"

"Of course we cannot be married for many years. I must complete my education, and you must get a start in life."

"You are perfectly right," said Horatio, changing to the other knee, "and that is exactly what I had thought of myself."

"Then I am yours."

Horatio jumped up, rubbed the dead leaves from both knees, and putting his right arm around the waist of the brown dress with the plaid trimming, imprinted a warm kiss on the pure red lips.

This was the way the hero had always acted after a proposal in all the novels he had ever read, and the two young people turned unconsciously, and walked slowly back toward the house.

He had her arm, the first time he had ever taken it by daylight, but they were in the woods.

"I think it is perfectly lovely to be engaged," said Celia, chattering away in her own dear manner, "and I shall always think of you going out into the world like a knight in the days of chivalry to win for yourself a name. I shall work hard and complete my education, and some time in the distant future we can marry."

"It is an easy matter," said Horatio, "to make a future and to earn a reputation when a man has such a gift promised him. Celia, I love you as man never loved a woman before. The thought of you shall be my inspiration, and a smile from you my only reward."

"It is real nice," she said after a pause, "that your tastes and mine are so much alike. We both love

'David Copperfield,' and we both like sponge-cake, and we both like maple-wax. I know we can be happy together. Do you remember the day we went after the arbutus? Oh, how I wanted you to take my hand that afternoon, but you never offered to."

"When I am rich," said Horatio, "you can keep a girl, and we'll have *Harper's Magazine*, and I will get you a piano and a melodeon, and you can have company as often as you like. I'll buy me a house on Algoma Street, and keep a horse, and we'll go to Florida in the winter-time."

And so they talked, dear souls, in the first warm sunshine of mutual love and confidence, arm in arm, in the twilight as they slowly wended their way to the little log-cabin by the creek.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *IN WHICH HE RECEIVES A LETTER*

HORATIO walked through the woods in the dusk, scarcely realising that he touched the ground. Here he was engaged to be married to the brightest and prettiest girl in Wisconsin, and he not yet twenty years old. Of course P. T. Barnum was married when he was nineteen, and Barnum said that it was his marriage that gave him his start in life; but still nineteen was very young. And then what would his mother say? and Miss Appleton? Wouldn't they think him very foolish? Perhaps they would, until they saw Celia, but he was sure they could not think so after they knew what a sweet girl she was. He would begin at once to save his money, for he realised that he could not marry until he could provide for a wife. Somehow he believed he had fever, for his pulse beat rapidly, and he wished he had a watch to count the pulsations. It must be about a hundred, he was sure.

As he drew near the camp, he saw a strange team hitched to a light democrat waggon standing near the sheds. Coming closer, he saw that the horses were smoking with perspiration through their blankets, and the wheels were covered with fresh mud, showing that the team had been driven hard.

A man with a slouch hat and a grey suit of clothes smoking a new clay-pipe came out of the camp.

"I s'pose you're Hod Juniper, eh?" said he between puffs. "I've come after ye from Oshkosh. Your

mother is not very well, and I'm to take you down below. Better get yer duds ready right off, and we'll get back's far's New London to-night."

His mother? The dear, kind, patient mother! Sick? Perhaps she would die. What if she should die? The thought made him frantic. To think of her so ill that he should be sent for. He could think only of her, and for the moment the thought of Celia was banished from his mind.

Supper was hurriedly eaten, and a few minutes sufficed to pack his clothes and his few books in his bag, and they were ready. Taking a pencil and sheet of notepaper, he hastily scribbled a few lines to Celia:—

"Miss Celia Branford,—My dearest Celia (his fingers tingled as he wrote), I have just recd. news that my mother is very sick, and I start immediately for Oshkosh. I am sorry that I cannot see you before I go, but I hope to return in a few weeks. I will write you as soon as I get there, and I shall think of you every moment. May God protect you and be with you. Good-bye, my darling. I love you.

"H. P. Juniper."

One of the men in the camp promised to deliver the note the next morning, and the tired horses were started. For several miles they proceeded leisurely through the woods, the man in the grey suit smoking vigorously, and Horatio buried in his own thoughts; and as they reached better roads the horses warmed to their work, and trotted along at a lively pace, so that they drew up to the front door of the Angier House, near the bank of the river in New London, shortly after eight o'clock.

Just before the team stopped, the man in a grey suit took a letter from the inside pocket of his coat and handed it to Horatio, saying—

"There's a letter for ye that I'd most forgot. They give it to me just before I left down below."

With his bag in one hand and the letter in the other Horatio alighted, and entered the little bar-room of the Angier. A big cast-iron stove, long enough to absorb a stick of cord-wood, was in the centre, and half-a-dozen men, clad in the garb of teamsters or pinery men, sat around the room, all of them smoking, and the room was so filled with tobacco-smoke that it was several seconds before he could see through it. He made his way to the open register, where he inscribed his name and residence, and then by the light of one of those new-fashioned kerosene lamps, he opened and read the letter:—

"OSHKOSH, *March 31st.*

"DEAR HORATIO,—I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily, but I think you had better come home at once. Your mother was taken sick last Friday, and the doctor says she is in a critical condition. She has not been well all winter, although she would not give up. I think it will do her good to see you. Come at once with Mr. Sanders.—Your friend, THERESA APPLETON."

The letter alarmed him. Would she die? The dear old mother, the last of his family; the best mother a boy ever had; was she to be taken from him? His breath came fast and thick, and he went out to the open air, so that he could be alone, for the men in the hotel would think it strange if they saw tears in his eyes.

As he walked aimlessly down the plank sidewalk, he suffered all the agony that would have been possible had he been assured of his mother's death. His whole life and the recollection of his mother's sorrow came before him—the silent grief that he had witnessed in the past three years—the gentle face and the quiet stricken manner, all rose before him as a vivid picture. He had written regularly to his mother every week but one since he left Oshkosh, and the thought had something of consolation in it. Her letters to him

were brief, but they contained no intimation of failing health.

At daybreak next morning the horses were hitched to the democrat waggon, and the two men were soon on the way to Oshkosh. A short stop for dinner and a brief rest for the team at a small hotel at the Corners, and then in the afternoon the jaded horses drove slowly into Oshkosh. The snow was all gone, but the streets were still muddy, and as they passed into Pearl Street Horatio noticed that one or two of the mills had started, and the shrill shriek of the circular saw, as it chawed its way like a demon through a big log, assured him that he was at home again.

They stopped in front of the wood-coloured house among the Lombardy poplars, and before he jumped from the waggon, he noticed that the curtains were down in the front room. There was smoke coming out of the kitchen stove-pipe, so his mother must be at home. He thought he would go in quietly and surprise her. She would be very glad to see him, he knew, for he had been gone nearly five months. Would she recognise him in his black moustache? He must not really scare her, for she was not well, but he would like to surprise her a little.

A short bustling little man, whom Horatio had known as an employé in a furniture-store on Main Street, opened the kitchen-door as Horatio passed in the gate.

"The corpse is in the settin'-room," he said in a low voice, "if you want to look at it."

In youth the tear ducts lie close to the surface, but they are soon emptied. As the young man threw himself in a frenzy upon the form of the dead, he thought for an instant that he would join his mother in the shadowy land of the next world, but the first paroxysm of his grief had passed when Miss Appleton came in.

She had expected to meet him, and break the news to him as only the kindly spirit of woman can do it,

but he arrived just as she had left the house for a moment. She was all tenderness and affection, and Horatio followed her advice and directions as a blind man follows a guide.

The next few days passed to him like one in a trance. In after years he could remember the last look upon the sweet, patient face, the harsh sound of the screwdriver, as the pompous undertaker fastened down the lid of the coffin, the solemn ride to Trinity Church, the voice of the Reverend Mr. Haff, in his robes, as it chanted the beautiful words of the service: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die,"—the long ride up Algoma Street, with two or three carriages following the hearse to the new cemetery, the fresh mound of earth beside an open grave, the quiet, peaceful river near by, and then the utter loneliness of the little house after the return, and Miss Appleton's attempt to comfort him.

He would write to Celia, as he had promised her. There was strange news on the street, for he had heard people talking about it. Lee had surrendered to General Grant, and the Union troops were in Richmond. Miss Appleton had told him of it, hoping to get him to think about something else than his mother and his trouble. He had listened mechanically, but did not seem to be much interested. He knew the war was over, and the soldiers would soon be home. Celia would be glad, and her father would now believe that God had worked all things well.

With an "accommodation" pen-holder and a rusty pen, on the little table by the front window, where he could see the leafless trees in the yard, after several trials and many tears, he wrote the letter:—

"My Darling Celia,—The great misfortune of my life has come. Mother was dead when I got here, and the

funeral was the day before yesterday. I think sometimes it would be better for me and better for the world if I were in the grave with her. The only thing that cheers me in my sorrow is my love for you. Dear Celia, I love you, and the thought that you care for me as you do is all that keeps me from utter desolation. I hope and pray we may be spared for each other, for to be with you is joy, and to think of you is peace and consolation. In my mind the happy days of the past winter since I met you will always be painted as a beautiful picture, and in the watches of the night, when I cannot sleep, I think of the past, and I see you and I am comforted. Write to me, dearest girl, for I am very lonely. Good-bye. H. P. JUNIPER."

It was sealed and addressed, and then he arose to take it to the post-office. He had remained in the house almost constantly since his return, and the walk would do him good. The sun was shining brightly. Up to the corner and then down High Street he walked, hoping that he would not meet any one he knew, for he was in no mood to talk to any one. The soreness in his heart yearned for silence and seclusion.

At Ferry Street he crossed over to Waugoo Street, and then to the little one-storey post-office, and at the window he bought a three-cent stamp and mailed his letter in the slot beneath the window. Starting to go out, he turned for a moment to No. 525, the little box with the figures on the glass in red paint. It had a slip with the word "vacant," showing that the rent was due for the quarter beginning April 1st. He paid the rent, and as the receipted slip was handed out to him, a letter in a little white envelope came with it. On one end was printed a piece of poetry, "Do they miss me at home?" and the post-mark read "New London, April 2," the day after he arrived in Oshkosh. A glance at the address, "Mr. Horatio Juniper, Oshkosh, Wis.," showed that it was from Celia. He thought his hand and arm benumbed as he held the letter to read the address a second time, and to be

certain it was from her, and then he carefully placed it in his inside pocket. Celia's letter was too sacred to be read in the post-office or on the street.

In the sitting-room at home he threw himself on the lounge, hurriedly broke the seal, and read—

"NEW LONDON, *April 2nd.*

"DEAR MR. JUNIPER,—When I told Pa of our engagement, he was much hurt. He has positively forbidden me to have anything more to do with you. You know he does not like your religious views, and he says that we never can be happy together. I am afraid that we are too young anyway. I love you, and I can never love any one else but you, that is certain, but we can never be more than friends. Try and forget me, for I must never see you again. It will be better thus. Oh, that we had never met! and now farewell for ever. CELIA.

"*P.S.*—I have pressed the arbutus, and I shall always keep the flowers as memento of at least one happy day."

Early in the previous winter Horatio had frozen one of his ears. The ear was immediately afterwards exposed to the cold without the slightest sensation of pain, and it was not until he had sat by the warm stove in the cabin for several minutes that he became aware of the injury.

When he threw down Celia's letter, the idea occurred to him that his heart was frozen. Surely the events of the past week had made him callous for he read the letter over a second time, realising thoroughly that it meant the destruction of all his hopes and the end of his remnant of happiness, but he found himself curiously studying Celia's penmanship and wondering if she did not use a stub pen, and looking it over for a mistake in grammar. Then it occurred to him again that he had been cast off, that he no longer had any right to think of her as his own, and a great wave of indignation and a sense of injustice and wrong dashed

over him, and he raised himself to his full height, drawing to his assistance the whole power of his egotism and pride in himself, grinding his teeth together almost in scorn. The idea that such a little white-faced girl, —he had almost said red-headed, but, with a sense of conscientious accuracy, he would not use the phrase even to himself—that this little school-girl should thus thoughtlessly throw aside the rich offering of a love like his was deeply humiliating, and it pricked him like a needle. He was born to be a strong man, one whose name should be spoken proudly wherever it was known. He always felt this, and never more than when he was suffering the most intense mental agony, and he would now put aside his present trouble, and the greater one of his mother's death, and go out into the world in earnest and conquer fate. He had always prided himself on his iron will. Now he would win success and fame and future alone in the sorrow of loneliness, and prove to Celia that she had been mistaken. He would never marry, but he would proudly demonstrate to her and her father that they had misjudged him. But as he thought of the past winter and the bright hopes that filled his mind when he left her, the big tears rolled up from the soreness of his heart in defiance of his will, and for a moment he was crushed again.

He raised himself after a few minutes, and bathed his eyes and face in cold water. The man was beginning to assert itself over the boy. With almost a light heart he took down the "Mitchell's Geography" that held his note-paper, and wrote his last letter to Celia:—

"OSHKOSH, *April* 8, 1865.

"MISS CELIA BRANFORD, NEW LONDON, WIS.

"DEAR CELIA,—I have just read your cruel letter of April 2. My heart was already broken with the sorrow of my mother's death, and now your words have ended for me all

hope of happiness in this world. I accept your decision, and I have no thought of questioning its wisdom. You have weighed the dislike which your father has for me against my love, and I am the sufferer. Perhaps it is right; at any rate, God does all things wisely, and I shall drag out the few remaining days of my existence it matters not how. I have loved you with my whole existence, and I can never love any one else—so what is left for me but to die? I hope you will be happy, for I shall never see you again. Enclosed I return your letter, for I do not wish to retain anything of yours which will awaken an unkind thought of you.—Yours, H. P. JUNIPER."

Nearly thirty years have passed since it was written, and the paper is now yellow and discoloured with age, but the writing is as clear and the words as plainly formed and as easy to read as they ever were, although much handling has badly worn the creases of the paper where it was folded.

"There," said Horatio, as he sealed and addressed the envelope, "I think she deserves it, and now we're even."

## CHAPTER IX

### *NEWS FROM AFAR*

It was astonishing to him as he walked down High Street again to the post-office that his mind had almost recovered its equilibrium. The storm created by Celia's letter had distracted his attention from his sorrow, and now the man within him was aroused, and he felt that in his mental processes he had advanced many stages in the past week. His feet struck the side-walk with a firm tread, and the fresh spring air as he inhaled it seemed grateful to his lungs.

After mailing his letter, he was surprised, as he drew near the wood-coloured house under the Lombardy poplars, to see Miss Appleton inside the gate waiting for him.

Her gentle cooing voice and sweet manner, her sisterly affection and tenderness, and the soft light of her grey eyes impressed him deeply in his loneliness. He had told her nothing of his affair with Celia, for he had resolved to keep the whole matter a secret. The spot was altogether too sore to expose it, even to friendly hands.

Miss Appleton had brought him a letter to read. She thought it would interest him and get his mind off the subject of his sorrow. It was from her cousin, a young man who had gone to South America. He was a civil engineer, a graduate of Yale Scientific School, and he had gone to Panama and then to Peru. His letter was written on thin French paper and folded into a square envelope, which was almost covered with queer-looking foreign stamps and post-marks.

Horatio read the letter with a good appetite. He had always enjoyed reading about foreign countries. Books of travel, next to biography, had been his greatest delight. He was especially pleased to read about Peru, for only the year before he had read Prescott's wonderful story of "Pizarro's Conquest;" and then in the geography he used in school there was a pitiful anecdote of the unfortunate Inca, who tried to earn his release from imprisonment by filling with gold the room in which he was confined, only to be cruelly slain by the bloodthirsty Spaniard.

The letter from Frank Chandler to his cousin was written in the city of Lima. The writer had been in Peru a year, and was greatly pleased with the country. It was never hot, although in the tropics, and it was absolutely free from snow, rain, or wind. The winters were damp, but not cold, and the summers but little warmer than in New Hampshire, although much longer. Lima itself was a quaint old Spanish town of the sixteenth century, with its ruined churches and monasteries, its narrow streets, its angelus bells, and monks and friars without number. But the writer was better pleased with his business prospects than with anything else. Although he had been out of school less than two years he was earning $200 a month, and he had good prospects of making a fortune. He was employed by the Government in surveying the guano districts. The guano business had enriched the country. Callao, the principal seaport, was the liveliest place on the coast. Hundreds of vessels arrived there daily from all parts of the civilised world. Lima was full of wealthy people, who spent money like water. Americans were in demand for business enterprises, as the natives were indolent and disliked to exert themselves.

Horatio was so much interested in the letter that he forgot for the moment the feeling of sorrow that hung over him.

After the solitary supper, he was reading the letter

for the third or fourth time, when a rap was heard on the door, and Lars Johnson came in.

"How are you, old boy?" was the enthusiastic greeting. "How do you carry yourself? Just came in this afternoon, and heard of your mother's death. Awful sorry for you, Hod. I can just imagine how cut up I'd be if I should lose my only mother. She was a good, kind woman, and now she's in heaven. If ever a woman was sure of reaching there, it was your mother, Hod."

Horatio's eyes moistened, and he turned away his face.

"How are the folks up the river? How's Teachie? An' how's Celia? An' how's the Smileys? Has the old man shot any more deer?"

What a blessing it was he bunched his questions together. Horatio replied with his head down that he believed everybody was well.

"Remember the day I left you, Hod?" he continued. "Well, I had more fun than you can shake a stick at. Everything was all right till I got to Young's, and then as I was goin' up the hill what did my old Tom do, the right one, but break a whipple-tree. It was clean busted, 'n there I was, and night comin' on. At Young's they told me there was goin' to be a dance at Rhodes's Hall that night, so I took mighty good care not to get a new whipple-tree too previous. Well, sir, I danced all night, and didn't leave the hall till daylight. Got my breakfast, and off I started just after sun-up. Some of the prettiest girls I ever saw, Hod. Those Fremont girls just take the rag, I tell you. Never saw such dancers in all my born days. Got home all right the next day, 'n the old man never said a word, when I told him about the accident."

It was a relief to Horatio to listen to the good-natured monologue of the young fellow. When Lars had paused to take breath, Horatio introduced the letter Miss Appleton had loaned him. After explaining the relationship of the writer, Horatio read it through from beginning to end.

"Now, Hod Juniper," exclaimed Lars, "I've got an idea. L'es go down there."

"You're crazy, Lars."

"No, I'm not crazy. I mean every word of it. L'es go to Peru."

"What for?"

"Why, to seek our fortune, to be sure. Now, Hod, I want to tell ye. The war's over, and in a few weeks the woods 'll be full o' men lookin' for a job. A million o' men will be out o' work in the United States. What does that mean? Why, it means wages 'll go down. Soon's the soldiers git home, you won't be able to git a job at fifty cents a day. You an' I been gettin' a man's wages because men have been skerce, but times are goin' to change, and we'll feel cheap to go round with our finger in our mouth an' nothin' to do. I tell you I vote for Peru every time."

"But what can we do if we go there?" Horatio was beginning to be somewhat interested.

"Do? Why, anything. We're just running over with days' works, ain't we? We can work in the woods, or in a shingle-mill, or run the river, or do chopping, or drive horses. An' then I can stick type, or teach dancin' school, or edit a newspaper. Oh, we'll get along; you can bet your boots on that."

"I don't believe they do much lumbering there," said Horatio, "for that country is in the tropics."

"Somebody's got to chop the guano, haven't they? an' it's got to be handled to the river, hasn't it? An' men are needed to run it down to market, ain't they? What are you givin' us?"

"Why, Larry," said Horatio, smiling in spite of himself, "guano isn't timber. It's a mineral."

"Don't you s'pose I know? Where do we get our rosewood and mahogany and guano from? Isn't it Peru or Honduras, or some of those places? Of course it is. Guess I've studied geography. I believe the guano woods is just where we want to go."

"The distance is so great," said Horatio, musing, "and it will cost so much to get there."

"We can go to St. Louis and take a boat, can't we?"

"Yes, but a boat couldn't take us there that way."

"I know; but from New Orleans we could go to Texas, and through Mexico, and so on down. Perhaps we could walk some of the way. I always was good on the hoof."

"Well, Larry, let's think it over, anyway. It's a pretty important move to make."

Lars went out whistling "The girl I left behind me."

## CHAPTER X

### *A LATTER-DAY STATESMAN*

THE original settlement known as Knagg's Ferry was afterwards called by the more euphonious name of Algoma. Here the trail of the early French Jesuits and voyageurs crossed the Fox River on the way by land from Fort Howard on Green Bay to Fort Winnebago on the Wisconsin River. A rude bridge of floating timbers, with a movable draw to admit the passage of rafts and steamboats, had taken the place of the original scow, which carried across the river such travellers and their steeds as from time to time wandered over the route. The Eagle Hotel was the best hostelry to be found on the way, and the little village growing up around it on the west side of the river soon began to put on airs and make faces at its neighbour two or three miles farther down the river. When the other settlement at the mouth of the river, where the Fox unites with Lake Winnebago, had become large enough to christen, a public meeting of its citizens was convened and several names were proposed. There was a faction which strongly urged the name of Athens for the new city, while another favoured the name of Auburn, immortalised by Goldsmith; and others suggested the beautiful name of Algoma, urging with rare forethought that possibly some time in the future the two settlements might coalesce, and form one good village. But the most powerful element, and the one that had the best orators, proposed to call the embryo city after a celebrated Indian chief—Oshkosh. The

Algoma favourites did not like Athens, and the Athens people did not like Auburn, and the Auburn people did not like Algoma, and so, after fifteen or twenty eloquent speeches, including two or three modest little addresses by the ladies, the name of Oshkosh was finally and happily selected. One enthusiastic advocate of the claims of Athens withdrew in disgust, saying as he went out of the door, "Better call it Allsquash and be done with it!" The village seemed to thrive apace, and it was soon far ahead of its older rival, Algoma, although the latter held its own for years, until it was finally absorbed in the growing city of Oshkosh, and became its fifth ward.

The principal industry in Algoma clustered around the sawmill of P. Sangster & Son. A tall brick smoke-stack attached to a wooden building, unpainted and unadorned, near a small creek running into the river, marked the site of the mill, which was connected with the creek by sloping ways, on which the logs were hauled up to the saw. In front of the mill, next to the road, was a small one-storey wooden building used as an office. In the river, moored to the dock below the bridge, and immediately opposite the mill, lay a small schooner, in which half-a-dozen men were loading lumber to be carried to Fond du Lac as soon as the ice was entirely out of the lake.

Captain Sangster, the principal owner of the mill, was a short stocky man about fifty-five years old. The story of his career was good enough for a novel. He was born in that part of Vermont where farmers are said to sharpen the noses of their sheep to enable the poor animals to pick the grass from between the rocks. His parents were descended from Revolutionary stock, and when young Philemon was four or five years old they crossed Lake Champlain and settled on a farm near Plattsburgh. At the age of nineteen, the young man found himself strong, hearty, and ambitious, but without any education whatever, except that he could

read and could write a very poor hand, for he had never attended school. In the long winter evenings, by the light of the big fireplace, he had managed to acquire a slight knowledge of reading, and in some manner unknown he had learned how to write and cipher a little. Inspired with a desire to better his condition, he did what many New England boys have done—he bought his time. For $300 he purchased the remainder of his minority from his father, and struck out for the West. At the age of thirty-five he was at work as a tail-sawyer in a little mill on the Wolf River at $10 a month, and in ten years he had bought the Algoma mill, built a large residence, and was easily worth half a million, all honestly made and without aid from any one.

His memory was remarkable. He rarely made notes of any business transaction, but he could tell the price of lumber, or shingles, or saw-logs on any given date in any year since he first went into the business; and when it came to the details of buying and selling, he was a complete encyclopedia of the subject. He was a natural money-maker. He always bought at the right time for a rise, and always sold when the market was the highest, and he sometimes took risks that appalled his competitors, but never was known to lose. While his sagacity and shrewdness placed him at the head of his line of business, his integrity never was questioned, and to those who knew him his word was as good as a warranty deed.

He had been a member of the State Legislature and mayor of the city of Oshkosh, and, at the election when Old Abe had beaten Little Mac for President, Captain Sangster had been chosen a member of Congress. In every public position, his pellucid honesty and frankness, his homely common-sense and shrewd practical mentality, had made him a pillar of strength, and his neighbours were very confident that when he went down to Washington he would be able to give

points to the other Congressmen and then score ahead of them, providing he had a good stick of soft pine to whittle.

Early one Saturday morning in April, Mr. Elwood, the book-keeper in the office of P. Sangster & Son, stood at his desk making out an invoice of lumber to be shipped by schooner to the Fond du Lac branch, copying the figures from a couple of shingles where they had been written in pencil. He was a ruddy, full-faced man, with the stately dignity of an Irish Member of Parliament, and a disposition and flow of words that sometimes belied his appearance.

Two men made their appearance at the door of the little office at the same instant. One had walked up from the lower part of the city across the bridge, and he entered the office with a hesitating air, as if he were not quite sure that he was entitled to admission. He was a young man with dark eyes and a black moustache, and his black hair showed that it had just been submitted to the manipulation of the barber. He wore an ill-fitting ready-made suit of brown, with a No. 15 paper collar of the turn-down variety, showing between the points a pudgy black necktie. On his head was a black Kossuth hat, with a broad piece of crape encircling it to the top. His whole appearance indicated at once that he was just down from the pinery after a winter's engagement in the woods, and he was undoubtedly an applicant for work in the mill.

He had just stepped inside the door when the other man rushed by him, having alighted from his buggy, and tied his venerable brown horse to the post in front. The second was a young man three or four years older, who followed the double occupation of lumberman and farmer, residing on the outskirts of the village on a small farm. He had been down to the post-office in Oshkosh to post a letter for the early train, and he hurried into the office in a state of nervous excitement as if he were the bearer of strange tidings.

"William," said he to the book-keeper, "have you heard the news?"

"No," replied Mr. Elwood, not raising his eyes from the shingle. "What is it, Henry?"

"Why, Lincoln is killed. Shot last night in a theatre; and Seward is killed, and Andy Johnson, the Vice-President, is assassinated; and they're layin' for the whole Cabinet."

"Henry, you're a whistlin'," coolly answered Mr. Elwood, deliberately filling out his whole column of figures.

"It's true, 'pon my word and honour," said Henry, all out of breath. "They've got the news down at the telegraph-office. The Government is all goin' to pieces. A man named Booth shot him, and he jumped on the stage and ran away; and gold is going up to 300, and there's awful excitement in New York. And they are goin' to toll all the bells in town, and the flag on the Phœnix engine-house is at half-mast."

By this time Mr. Elwood began to get interested. He had thrown aside his pen, and hurriedly pulled off the gingham half-sleeves that he wore to protect the cuffs of his white shirt.

"The rebels must 'a done it," he said slowly. "Who's Booth, any way?"

"He's an actor down East. Plays Hamlet and Ingomar the barbarian. Great Shakespeare feller."

"Hope they'll burn him alive when they catch him," said Mr. Elwood.

"I wouldn't give much for his hide. Where's Old Sawlogs?"

"Gone over to Fond du Lac. Back to-night."

"Well, I must go and tell father;" and Henry rushed out, unfastened the brown horse, and drove off.

The young man from the pinery had diffidently remained standing just inside the door during the preceding colloquy, and now he advanced into the august presence of the book-keeper.

"Is Captain Sangster around?" he asked.

"No," replied Mr. Elwood, who had resumed his gingham half-sleeves and his pen, and was studiously scrutinising one of the shingles.

"When will he be in?"

"Well, we don't want any men. We've got all we want."

Mr. Elwood was distantly related to Captain Sangster, and his relationship gave him an air of authority.

"But I would like to see Captain Sangster himself."

"You can't do it, 'cause he ain't here."

"Will you tell me when he will be here?"

"I tell you we don't want to hire any more men," said Mr. Elwood, hastily throwing down his pen; "and if you give me any more of your sass, I'll throw you out o' the door."

"I don't want to hire out. I want to see Captain Sangster on business."

By this time Mr. Elwood had looked over the young man from head to foot, and a good-natured smile played on his open countenance.

"Well, young fellah," said he, "you come around here Monday morning and you'll catch him. He's gone away now, and he won't be back till eight o'clock to-night."

Horatio withdrew, more than half convinced that Old Sawlogs and Captain Sangster were one and the same person, and yet he could not comprehend the audacity of the men who could thus ridicule a live member of Congress.

As he went out of the office, a flag was slowly raised to half-mast on the Algoma engine-house, and as he walked down Algoma Street a distant church-bell began a melancholy tolling, and soon two or three others joined in the solemn service, and the people he met walked with a frightened and excited air.

On Monday morning Horatio again made his appearance at the office.

Captain Sangster was seated at his desk, with a pile of letters and papers before him, and two or three shingles closely covered by figures written with a pencil. The Captain had his grey hair closely cropped, and wore a dark-blue sack-coat. He had a broad intellectual forehead, reaching nearly to the back of his head, with pleasant grey eyes, and his voice and manner were sympathetic and kindly, while the hard-headed man of business was apparent in every word and action.

"Captain," said Mr. Elwood as Horatio came in, "this man wants to see you."

"Have a seat," said Captain Sangster, turning around and examining his visitor under his shaggy eyebrows. "What can I do for you?"

Horatio took the proffered chair, and, with a voice which trembled in spite of his efforts to be firm, he began—

"Mr. Sangster, I want to see you about some land. My name's Juniper; I live down on Pearl Street."

"Oh, yes," said Captain Sangster. "Your father was killed in the woods for Welt & Shelley. I know now; and you've been on the Embarrass for the Gang Mill folks."

Horatio felt relieved at the ready sympathy shown by Captain Sangster.

"My father had some land on the Upper Wolf, and some on the Little Wolf, and I thought perhaps you'd like to buy it."

"Does your mother want to sell it?"

"My mother is dead."

"Oh, yes—excuse me, I forgot. How much land is there?"

"Five quarter sections, and ten or twelve scattering forties."

"Have the taxes been paid?"

"Not since my father died."

Captain Sangster whistled. He pulled out a pocket-

knife with a large blade, and picking up a stick about a foot long, he leaned back in his chair and slowly began to whittle the stick. Finally, he turned to Horatio and resumed his cross-examination.

"Have you got the description of the land?"

Horatio drew from his inside pocket the little cloth-covered Diary for 1863, and from its interior he produced a slip of paper and began—

"There's some in town 24, range 6."

"That's good."

"And then there's a quarter section in town 25, range 6."

"What section?"

"North-east of 21."

"Mostly hemlock; very poor."

"Town 26, range 7; two forties."

"Good pine."

"Five forties in sections 1 and 2 of town 27, range 6."

"Small scrubby trees," said the Captain to himself, slowly whistling.

"Half section in 36, town 28, range 7."

"Good timber, but mighty long haul."

And so it continued to the end of the list, the Captain commenting from actual knowledge on every subdivision of every piece of land mentioned, and the pine stick began to assume an emaciated appearance, as the long delicate strips were shaved from it by the Captain's knife.

"What do you consider the land worth, after the tax certificates are taken up?"

Horatio was at a loss to know. If the Captain had offered him $200 for the whole list, he would have accepted it gladly. He answered—

"You know the value of it, and I don't."

"What makes you want to sell it?"

"I'm going away, and I need a little money."

"How much do you need?"

"Two or three hundred dollars at least."

"Now, young man, I'll tell you," and he slowly resumed his whittling, with his eye fixed on the pine stick, as if he were talking to it, "some o' that land's good, and some isn't worth the taxes. If lumber goes up, it may be worth having. If times come on's hard's they have been, an' the price of lumber gets way down, you'll have to hold it a long time to get much out of it. Still, I should say to hold it. I believe lumber's going up."

"But I don't want to hold it; I want to get what I can out of it."

"Does any one else have any title to it but you?"

"Only my sister out in Minnesota."

A fresh stick enabled the Captain to continue his study, which he did for a few minutes in silence.

"I'll take the land in this way. You get a quit-claim from your sister, and then make over the land to me. I'll advance you $300, and take up the tax certificates and see that the taxes are paid right along. Then I'll hold the land till its worth something, and when I sell it, I'll take a third of the price for my share. You an' I may both be dead before it's worth selling, but I'll take the chances on it. What do you say to that?"

Horatio was overjoyed at the prospect of getting $300 for the land, and he gave little thought to the remainder of the proposition. He answered—

"That seems reasonable."

"You're twenty-one, an't you?"

"No, I am only about twenty."

Another whittling scene, and silence for a few minutes.

"You'll have to get a guardian *ad litem* and go before the county judge down at the court-house. Some friend of yours who owns a house and lot will do. I'll have my clerk make out the papers."

"Will Mr. Appleton do?" asked Horatio.

"Good as the wheat. You come in Thursday and I'll have the papers ready."

Horatio arose to go.

"Now, see here," said the Captain. "You understand my offer. Before you fully decide to turn over the land to me, you'd better go and see Tom Lilley and the Brinkerhoffs, an' Clapp & Judkins. Tell 'em all about it, and maybe they'll make you a better offer."

Horatio thanked him and retired greatly relieved, and the Captain picked up a fresh shingle and began to make some figures with a short black pencil in his fat stubby fingers.

## CHAPTER XI

### *IN AMBUSH*

It was early morning in May. The log-cabin near the creek was still quiet, but a thin line of blue smoke ascended from the stove-pipe and floated dreamily in a horizontal mass, mingling with the tops of the trees, showing that some of its inmates were awake. Presently Mr. Branford came out and proceeded with the work of skinning an animal he had captured that morning.

An immense otter had made its home in the waters of the Embarrass. The old man had noticed its tracks, and once or twice had caught sight of it, but never when he had his rifle. For weeks he had been in search of the animal, having set two or three of his traps in the shallow water of the river near the bend where it had been seen. He had risen in the grey of the morning, and as he approached the bank with the rifle over his shoulder, his quick ear was delighted with a loud splashing, and bending down among the trees, he saw the chain drawn tight from the end which was securely fastened to a big root, and the trap itself sunk in the dark water. Cutting a stout pole from a neighbouring thicket with his knife and cocking his rifle, he dexterously followed the chain into the water with the end of the pole, and soon had it so wound around the links that he was enabled to raise it slowly and carefully to the surface. A magnificent specimen it was, with both hind-legs fastened in the cruel jaws of the trap, and fighting for its life

with the desperation which the fear of death inspires in all the animal creation. Its glossy dark-brown fur stood out to its full length in the water, making it appear more bulky than it really was, and its short fore-paws clasped the chain as if to rend it in two, while the little round black eyes flashed fire as the jaws snapped together in agony. Holding it with his left hand so that the head was partially out of water, the old man managed to draw up his rifle slowly, after three or four efforts, until he secured the right position, when he fired. The bullet struck the otter just back of the eye, and it struggled for an instant, and then its head and fore-paws dropped quietly beneath the current.

As he stepped into the main road with the otter hanging down over his shoulder, he was surprised to see the figure of a man under the trees, fifteen or twenty rods ahead, and walking slowly in the direction of his house. The man had evidently come from New London, and his new clothes and his general appearance indicated that he was a stranger. The old man was about to hasten his steps and overtake the unknown, when something in the walk and manner of the stranger appeared familiar, and the old hunter stepped behind a tree and began to study the moving figure deliberately.

"It's young Juniper, as I live!" said he to himself. "Now, what do ye suppose he wants around here this time o' day."

With mingled feelings of suspicion and kindly interest, Mr. Branford followed the stranger at such a distance that he did not lose sight of his prey and yet remained out of sight himself. The sun had not yet fairly risen, but it was light enough to distinctly observe the visitor as he quietly walked up the road almost to the clearing, and then cautiously crossed the creek, and slowly moved among the trees until he found himself almost opposite the little cabin. Here

on a slight elevation a clump of hazel bushes stood out from the heavy timber, and before the old man could realise what was passing, the stranger had secreted himself, for nothing more could be seen of him.

After watching several minutes, Mr. Branford was convinced that the man he had followed was concealed in the hazel bushes for the purpose of watching the cabin across the creek. He abandoned further search, and slowly made a circuit of the little clearing, in order to remain out of sight until he reached the opposite side, and then he boldly pushed forward, swinging the otter by the hind-legs, and entered the cabin, where he soon had a rousing fire built in the stove.

It was a beautiful morning! Oh, ye effeminate dwellers in the South, ye little know the delights of nature in the Northern spring-time! After the rigours of the severe winter, the soft air of spring comes with a delicious fervour, an intoxicating sweetness, that more than compensates for wintry blasts. The soft maples had just put out their exquisitely-shaped leaves that now fluttered with an infinite chorus in the morning breeze, the tender buds of the birch were enriching the pure white bark with their contrasting green, and the soft thick verdure of the bass-wood was slowly forming a rampart of leaves impenetrable to the eye, while the dark rich green of the lofty pine seemed more solid and regal in comparison with the ephemeral brilliance of its neighbours. Nearer the creek, the pussy-willows had begun to drop their green, caterpillar-like flowers, and their long green leaves hung in modest humility. On the higher ground, a bunch of wild plum-trees were almost hidden in a mass of pink and white blossoms, which gave the air an odour sweeter than almonds, and attracted the first buzzing bees of the season. As the sun rose, the scene was flooded with a golden light, and the chill of early

morning gradually gave place to a gentle warmth well suited to the tender buds and blossoms. The waters of the creek murmured a gentle monody, and in the adjacent timber the slow tinkle of a distant cow-bell gave out a restful and dreamy accompaniment, while the blithe note of the meadow-lark, the cheerful chirp of the robin, and the saucy screaming of the blue-jay, testified that to animated nature simple existence was joy and happiness.

The log-house of the Branfords, seen from a little distance, was more attractive than in the winter. In the rear a large garden among the stumps had already been spaded and sown with vegetable and flower seeds, which dotted the dark earth with hieroglyphics of nature's own, and the embankment of earth, which during the cold weather had surrounded the cabin to the height of two or three feet, was now levelled to the ground, and converted into a bed for scarlet-runners and morning-glories, whose stems were just poking their heads through the soft damp earth. Three or four large stumps in front of the house held boxes of earth for the nasturtiums, and in a low bed covered with a glass frame was a bed for pansies and violets.

Mr. Branford had resolved to keep secret the discovery he had made as to young Juniper. At heart, he deeply regretted his interference with his daughter's feelings towards the young man, for he could see that Celia was not herself since her return from New London, although she had made no complaint, and evidently was trying to be the same loving and affectionate daughter she had always been. Perhaps it was the spring-sickness that made her dumpish, but anyway her brothers would be home now soon, and then everything would wear a new face, for the war was ended, and times would soon be good again. He could not imagine why the young man should come up from Oshkosh and hide himself near the place, but he

would keep watch quietly and see what would come of it.

In an hour or so, after the early breakfast, Celia appeared and busied herself for a while among her flowers. How demure she looked in her long Shaker bonnet with the blue cape and the quaint heavy braid of rich auburn hair reaching down below the waist of the checked print dress! How she stood for an instant and looked directly at the clump of hazel bushes with the blue ribbon at her throat fluttering in the morning breeze, and then towards the pink blossoms of the plum-trees, and then away towards the distant woods, as if taking in the whole scene and its air of serene quiet! And then with a small trowel she worked among the growing plants, and one might almost wish to be a scarlet-runner or a hollyhock or a bachelor's button to be the object of such sweet solicitation from such a charming creature. Was she changed? Well it did seem as if her eyes were more downcast, and she moved with less spirit, and her old appearance of warm, sunny, bubbling good-nature was lacking, but then it may be only one's imagination. Her movements were just as graceful, the soft outline of her figure was just as trim, and the little hand and well-shaped arm as attractive as ever.

It was a long day, but somehow it passed quickly. Celia crossed the creek in the afternoon, having added to her toilet a white apron with two little pockets, and slowly walked up past the clump of hazel bushes, and, following the path used by the cattle, disappeared in the woods; but she soon returned with a bunch of white anemones and a few wild violets, and as she passed homeward, her head was bent towards the ground and she was singing something to herself in a sad sort of a voice, so low that one could not distinguish the words.

The dark shadows of the tall trees grew longer, and

three or four mild-eyed cows slowly munching the soft tender grass passed down the road, and there was an odour in the air as of a fire newly started in the stove, and a tall column of blue smoke rose slowly from the log-house and floated again in the air among the tops of the trees, and as the sun sank in the west, a damp chill pervaded the air, and the water in the noisy little creek gave off rings of grey vapour, and, as the last cow-bell tinkled in the distance, a light appeared in the window of the Branford cabin, and it was night.

A little after seven a young man in a brown ready-made suit, with a soft black hat ribboned to the top with black crape, walked into the bar-room of the Angier House at New London and ordered supper. It required several minutes to brush the dead leaves from the back of his coat, and early the next morning he hitched his horse to the open buggy in which he had come two days before, and drove off in the direction of Oshkosh.

## CHAPTER XII

### *RUS IN URBE*

THE night-clerk behind the little desk at French's Hotel yawned and looked at his watch, which showed twenty minutes to seven, almost time for the day-clerk to relieve him. Outside, in the square, the steady movement had commenced of heavy waggons, loaded with all manner of merchandise, newspaper carts, street-cars, express waggons, carriages, and the motley array of vehicles that makes up the many-coloured panorama always seen on the streets of a great city. On the side-walks were pedestrians hurrying with eager eyes—men, women, and boys—nearly all seeking their place of employment, to begin the labour of the day, with the usual accompaniment of hucksters, Italians selling fruits or pea-nuts, women and boys with newspapers, and a man with suspenders, another selling shoe-strings, and a third with lead-pencils, while the air was filled with a constant explosion of shrill-piping boys, crying, "*Tribune! Morning Sun!* 'ere's your '*Erald!* all about the great review."

"Got any rooms?"

"One or two," and the night-clerk looked up. It was a tall young fellow, with a sandy moustache, carrying in his hand a black glazed travelling-bag, and wearing a straw hat with a long black ribbon floating behind, a red neck-tie, and a suit of pepper-and-salt with a sack-coat.

"How much are they?" the young fellow asked good-naturedly.

"From a dollar a day up."

"Pay in advance?"

"Certainly."

"See that fellah outside with the trunks? He's my pardner. Now, if we both take the same room, I suppose it'll be fifty cents a-piece."

"Dollar a day for each person."

"Meals thrown in?"

"You can get your meals at the restaurant, but they are extra."

"Whew! No wonder you fellahs wear diamond pins. All right, my boy! Here's your spondulix," and the young man put down a two-dollar greenback, and wrote his name in the grimy register that the clerk pushed toward him.

Outside, next to the curb-stone, an express waggon had halted, apparently until the treaty could be duly negotiated within. It contained two trunks, a small one covered with ancient horse-hide and spiked with brass-headed nails, and the other, larger and newly painted. On the seat was a weather-beaten Irishman smoking a black pipe and holding the reins, and by his side a young man with dark eyes and a black moustache, clad in a brown ready-made suit, with a wide ribbon of crape on his soft black hat.

It was the work of an instant to remove the trunks to the office and discharge the express-man.

While Lars was wondering who would watch the other trunk when he and Horatio were carrying the first to the room, the clerk called out—

"Front! Show this gentleman to 251.

Lars refused to leave the trunks until he had been solemnly assured that they would be sent to the room and the hotel would be responsible if they were stolen.

After a modest breakfast, the first business in hand was a visit to the steamship company. From an advertisement they had learned that the office was at the foot of Canal Street, and after questioning seven or eight policemen, the two young men reached Canal Street

through a babel of vehicles and pedestrians, and then walked slowly down, viewing with open eyes the many curious sights on the way. The view of the river with its long line of docks, the immense steamships, the numerous boats of all sizes passing up and down, and particularly the voluminous barn-like structure of the Pacific Mail warehouse, were all full of novel interest. At the office the business was soon completed. The next steamer would leave for Panama at noon on the 10th, so they still had three days to spend in New York. A berth was selected, and all arrangements made as to the removal of the baggage and the payment for the tickets on the morning of the departure.

In the evening the young men decided to visit the office of the *Tribune*. To Horatio, it was like going to the Holy Land or Bunker Hill Monument, for the traditions of his childhood and the earliest recollections of his father were inseparably connected with Horace Greeley and the *Tribune*, and he had grown to revere the name of the editor and his journal as in some mysterious way associated with the cause of the Union and the recent success of the Union armies. Lars Johnson, on the other hand, was anxious to compare the great journal of the East with the lesser lights which ruled the heavens in the West, confident in the belief that the difference between them was a difference merely in degree and not in species.

Lars went ahead and Horatio followed, as they climbed the dingy stairways, dimly lighted here and there with a single gas-jet, and on the fifth or sixth floor Lars opened a door, and they both walked in without ceremony. Horatio was abashed as he saw in the farther corner of the room an old man seated at a desk covered with newspapers and reading a long sheet of printer's proof, his eyes bent down almost to the paper, and so intent upon his work that he evidently had not heard the steps of his visitors. A gas-burner with a heavy paper shade was close to the big white face of the old man, whose bald head and long grey

whiskers encircling his smooth chin like a bib, seemed transfigured, reminding Horatio of the pictures of the saints, under the halo from the brilliant light, the only one in the room, and Horatio was awe-struck for the moment, as he recognised the features which he had seen in the illustrated papers as those of the great editor of the *Tribune*.

But Lars did not seem in the least overcome. Taking a printer's rule from his waistcoat pocket, he walked leisurely to the desk and began:—

"Good evening, Mr. Greeley! I'm connected with the Oshkosh *Review*, and this is my friend, Mr. Juniper. He's from Oshkosh too. We've come to see the *Tribune*, the only good paper in America, except the *Review*."

At the first sound of his voice, Mr. Greeley looked up angrily, but as he peered at his unexpected visitors over the tops of his spectacles, an expression of startled curiosity spread over his child-like face, and gradually softened until the word Oshkosh was repeated, when a faint smile rippled in the corners of his mouth; and when Lars had finished, he took off his glasses, turned in his chair, and in a squeaking, good-natured voice said, "Glad to see you gentlemen. You're a long distance from home. Oshkosh! Oshkosh! Do you know a man there named Stilson?"

"Eli Stilson? Know him like a book," said Lars. "Keeps more sheep than any man in Wisconsin."

"Is it prairie or timber land out there?"

"Openin's," said Lars, and thinking of the Wolf River country, "and pine and hemlock and mixed timber."

"What does Mr. Stilson think about the silo? I am greatly interested in the success of the silo for our farmers, and Mr. Stilson is a model agriculturist, and I would like to know his opinion."

"Never heard him speak about it," said Lars, scratching his head, and recovering himself, "only that he liked the silo better than the southdown, because it made better wool!"

An expression partly humorous and partly of vexation came over Mr. Greeley's face, and he touched a bell on the desk.

"Tom," said he to a man who came to the door wearing a soiled apron at his waist and a square paper cap on his head, "this is the editor of the Oshkosh *Advocate.* I wish you would send a man with him and show him the office."

Mr. Greeley resumed his proof-reading, and the young men passed into the large composing-room, where thirty or forty men stood at the cases, quietly picking away at the type, the sharp click of the metal marking time almost with a concerted movement..

Lars carried his printer's rule in his hands, turning it ostentatiously with his fingers. All that he saw interested him, and in his comments to Horatio, everything was compared with the corresponding feature in the office of the Oshkosh *Review.* The press-room, with its gigantic eight-cylinder presses and its pile of unprinted sheets, mountain high, was visited last; and as the two young men emerged on the street and walked over to French's, Lars admitted to Horatio that if he were not going to Peru to seek his fortune, what he would like better than anything else in the world would be to get a "sit" in a good printing-office.

Saturday morning came, the 10th, and Horatio awakened shortly after daylight to find that Lars had gone out. This was the day when he was to sail for South America, and he sprang from the bed to complete the arrangements for his departure. When he turned to commence packing his trunk, he was amazed to find that the small hair-covered trunk that Lars had brought was missing. With a sinking at his heart, his hand grasped a sheet of paper from the table where it lay folded and addressed to him, and opening it, he read—

"Dear, Good-Hearted Old Hod, — I know I am a fool, and God knows I am a fool, but I have not sand

enough to go to Peru. I am going back to the West, but not to Wisconsin. It's no use to try to find me, for no one shall know where I am until you come back. You will find an envelope under your trunk on the floor; it contains all the money I have, except enough to pay my fare to Chicago, and five dollars over. Take it and use it, for it is only a small return for my outrageous treatment of you. I am ashamed to look you in the face, and that is why I ran off like a thief in the night. I know you are bound to go to South America, and I know you will succeed, for you have grit enough for six men; but as the time draws near when we must tie loose from this country and go down upon the sea in ships, and sail away into the Unknown, as it were, I sing small, and there is nothing left for me but to skedaddle. God bless you, and forgive me for my heartless desertion.—Yours, &c., L. H. D. JOHNSON."

For two hours Horatio held the paper in his hand and looked steadily out of the window. His first impulse was to abandon the projected journey to Peru. It was a hazardous undertaking for a young man under twenty-one to leave his own country, turn aside from his old home and acquaintances, and launch himself into new scenes and new surroundings in a foreign land, without money and without friends, and begin the battle of life with all the odds against him. It was hard enough when he had Lars with him, but now that he was absolutely alone he shrank in dismay from the thought of going. Lars was a wide-awake young man, older for his years than he, and Lars had given up. Why should he go? Why not give it up and return to Oshkosh? It would be much easier and pleasanter to resume his old work again than to take the chances of defeat in a strange land. And Celia? The thought of Celia had never been out of his mind since he had written the last letter to her in the little sitting-room on Pearl Street. There was a melancholy sweetness in thinking of her that calmed his perturbed feelings, and in his heart he felt that the journey to Peru had been planned on her account. He had resolved, in the

desperation of his feelings, that he would rise above his surroundings, and make such a success in life that Celia would at least regret that she had cast him off. All his arrangements had been closed at Oshkosh—the transferring of the land to Captain Sangster, the disposal of the house among the Lombardy poplars and the sale of the furniture, the letter to his sister in Minnesota, and every preparation made for his departure, when he felt that he could not go without one more sight of the object of his former love. Hastening to New London, he had spent a day in the woods where he could look upon Celia, where he could at least be near her and breathe the same air and feel that she was near him, even if he could not speak to her. The day thus spent clandestinely near her was one of the happiest in his life, and now, as he thought of her with her downcast eyes and soft, low voice, singing quietly to herself, he felt his determination strengthen within him, and he began to wonder why he should have thought of abandoning his journey. His life had been such that he had been compelled to rely upon himself, to meet an emergency with his own judgment, and he had already formulated in his mind the outline of a belief that when he had once thoroughly and conscientiously considered a given subject, and made a decision thereon, it stood, like the decision of a court of last resort, final for all practical purposes. Subsequent circumstances might arise to make him doubt the wisdom of his decision, but he had been in the habit of defending such a decision, on the ground that when he made it he had before him all the circumstances of the case, and had decided it according to the light he had, and he felt that finite wisdom could do no more. The ultimate consequences he left with God, but such a decision was binding to him until he was driven by force to abandon it. This was the course which he had been endeavouring to follow whenever he was undecided in any matter of importance, and

when he had thoroughly reviewed the situation, sitting on his trunk with the letter from Lars in his hand, he could see but one course open to him. With his mind completely at ease, he arose and quietly completed the packing of his trunk.

Inquiry at the office brought out the fact that Lars had ordered his trunk brought down from the passage-way outside, and had left for Jersey City before daylight to catch an early train from the West.

When the porter lifted his trunk a white envelope was found on the floor, and the porter handed it to Horatio. It contained a roll of paper money, but Horatio thrust it into an inside pocket of his coat without looking at it.

Between nine and ten o'clock Horatio mounted the seat of the express waggon which carried his trunk, and started for the dock at the foot of Canal Street.

The old barn-like warehouse of the Pacific Mail was in a state of lively confusion. Teams were constantly arriving with loads of baggage, carriages drove in with passengers, men were hurrying around with packages and bundles, and in one corner a clerk was busily engaged in weighing trunks and boxes and collecting pay for extra baggage. In the office, near the street, a crowd surrounded the desk of the clerk who was selling passage-tickets, and it was fifteen minutes before Horatio could get near enough to secure his ticket. When he had paid for one first-class passage to Aspinwall, the roll of greenbacks he had brought from Oshkosh had a weary, desolate look. His trunk had been taken from the pile and weighed, and he was given a pink slip containing a number printed in big black letters, which he was told was a check to be presented to the clerk of the steamer at Aspinwall when he wanted his trunk. Then, with his passage-ticket in his hand, he walked up the gangway, and, for the first time in his life, he found himself on board an ocean steamship.

## CHAPTER XIII

### *HE GOES TO SEA*

THE *Ocean Queen* was one of the three steamers running between New York and the Isthmus of Panama. She was a magnificent specimen of the side-wheel steamer, now almost entirely superseded by the screw propeller. After the discovery of gold in California, the quickest and most comfortable route to the Pacific coast was by way of Panama, and the Pacific Mail steamers from New York, and their connecting steamships between Panama and San Francisco, carried the crowds of passengers afterwards handled by the Transcontinental railway lines, but the excitement and interest attending the traffic by water has long since passed away.

Horatio found his state-room, which was to be shared by two others, and after locating himself, he started to take a survey of the steamer. From below came a moist odour of cooking and boiled cabbage, but the decks were clean, and the broad cabin with its long tables, the long row of state-rooms, the immense wheel-houses, the officers hurrying about giving orders to the men, the passengers and their friends indulging in the usual parting interview, the general noise, bustle, and apparent confusion, all were so entirely new to him that he was interested in everything he saw. It was not until the last visitor had left the ship, the bell sounded, the gigantic paddle-wheels slowly revolved, and the huge ship moved slowly from her dock, that he actually realised that his journey had begun. More than a thousand passengers were

on the ship. Those of the first and second class were separated by the different decks, and were all stowed away in state-rooms more or less commodious, but the greatest number were in the steerage, where the accommodations were those of actual necessity, consisting simply of a blanket at night, and a dish of soup or boiled meat and vegetables at meal-time.

Slowly out into the stream the steamer moved, and then past the long succession of piers and docks with steamships and river steamboats moored and in motion, down by the Battery and out through the bay, the streets and large buildings of the city passing in rapid succession far astern and out of sight. The breeze felt on deck seemed to strengthen as the wheels revolved faster and faster, and the salt air of the ocean had an invigorating odour that made the blood move rapidly in his veins, and the passengers stood about the deck in little knots, some of them with opera-glasses, and all taking a last look at the city in the distance.

Horatio found himself among the mixed throng of travellers on the deck with a feeling of utter loneliness. It seemed as if every one else he saw had companionship, had assistance and consolation in the trying hour when the ship started on her long journey, but he realised that for himself there was nothing of the kind. As the last landmark in the direction of the city faded in the distance, and the coast-line became more indistinct, the ship began to feel the swell of the ocean, and the motion was not altogether pleasant; and as the dim line became still fainter, and before dark had passed completely out of sight, he was compelled to ask himself again and again if his departure from his own country was altogether the right thing.

The problem of life to a young man thrown entirely upon his own resources seems difficult and often impossible of successful solution. Childhood passes and youth merges into manhood. Then, with the vista of the future opening before him, diverse paths beckon him

onward. When age has brought wisdom and experience has taught him to distinguish good from evil, he can look back and say, This was good and that was bad, on one side lay danger and on the other safety; but youth means inexperience, lack of wisdom, a time of experiment, the enjoyment of sensual pleasure, a testing of theories, almost a groping in the dark. Then the innate qualities of mind and heart exert themselves. The best of men, men of years and discretion, are subject to human weaknesses, vanity, self-conceit, sordidness of spirit, unworthy ambition, selfishness, and the crowd of vulgar passions, but these men are restrained, like a single brick in a row, by environment, by love of approbation, by family ties and fear of the world, the thraldom of habit and a thousand connections that compel them to follow in the groove marked out for them. Many of these restraining influences are lacking to the young man, and the natural buoyancy of youth fires the passions at a time when the judgment is unformed and the lesson of life unlearned. When to all these complexities is added the necessity of actually deciding the question of his life-work and the direction in which he is to exert himself, and he realises that he must rely solely upon himself both for the design of his plan in life and the execution of its more minute details, the problem deepens in perplexity. Fortunate, indeed, is the youth then whose mind is sufficiently clear to enable him to form a distinct ideal, high and noble, whose moral susceptibilities are sufficiently strong to prevent colour-blindness as to things influenced by the passions, and whose will is powerful enough to carry forward to successful execution the designs and details engendered in his mind. With limited experience to sharpen his judgment, natural impulses have great sway, and it is well if he has been thrown under circumstances which give a healthful tone to his mind and train his ambition in an upward direction.

If the good spirits above look down upon this earth and keep watch over the struggles and efforts of poor weak humanity on its way through the world, surely they must watch with kindness and affection the trials and temptations of a young man as he starts out in the battle of life, for then, if ever, a man needs and deserves something more than human love and human wisdom.

Horatio lacked not a high ideal. He could not remember a time when he did not feel an aspiration for something above the horizon of his own life, when he did not feel that for him there was in the future somewhere a condition of superiority, and that in its own good time his merits would meet just appreciation. To most men and women, success in life means the acquisition of wealth, but to him the mere getting of money was a secondary, and even a more remote consideration. The attainment of a reasonable position in life and the proper training and development of his faculties would be followed by their legitimate reward in a pecuniary sense, but as he viewed it, in the sunny exuberance of youthful ambition, happiness was to come to him in the flowering and budding of his mind and the success of his plans rather than in the pleasure of accumulation. He realised that from his level of a poor, unfriended young man to the higher plane of intellectual superiority, and all that is comprehended in the word success in its true sense, the distance was immeasurable, but his confidence never forsook him, and he believed as truly as he did in his own existence that success would come to him if he lived.

The sudden determination to go to South America resolved upon, after careful deliberation, seemed wisest to him, the more he considered and reconsidered it. He was a boy, yet with a man's ambition, and in that far-off country he would be thrown under circumstances which would call for discretion and try him severely, that he was prepared for, but the opportunities for success would be correspondingly more numerous. He

had the belief common to all ambitious young men, that only the opportunity was lacking. Once placed where great actions are called for and good qualities are necessary, he would meet the emergency manfully, and he had no doubt of the result. He would work hard, make money, improve himself in every way, and in due time return to his own country, where he could enjoy the benefit of his labours in the congenial atmosphere of his childhood's home.

The first few days at sea passed uneventfully. When once entirely out of sight of land the sensation to Horatio was one of curious fear. In his berth at night he canvassed silently the probability of an accident which would sink the ship, and then the possibility of reaching land. Repeatedly he estimated the number of passengers which it was possible to carry in one of the ship's boats, and the danger of shipwreck to boats thus loaded so far from shore, the chances of securing water and supplies for the small boats, and the awful shock which must occur when the accident became known to the passengers. Every time the steamer lurched, and every time the wheels moved faster or more slowly, as the waves lifted them above the crest or sunk the wheel-house in a mountain of water, a thrill of terror almost paralysed him, and he was glad when sleep closed his eyes and shut from his consciousness thoughts so terrifying. In a short time, however, he became habituated to his surroundings, and the steady throb of the wheels acted as a lullaby, and the night brought sound sleep and sweet dreams, for youth and health aided by a clear conscience are proof against many evils.

In the great crowd of passengers there were few he cared to become familiar with. He had as companions in his state-room two Germans on the way to California. They could speak but little English, and his intercourse with them was very limited.

On the second day out of New York, he had a

conversation with a bright-looking young man, a few years older than himself, who proved to be an American from Philadelphia on his way to Valparaiso, where he intended to begin the practice of dentistry. Dr. Braddon he called himself. Soon a third young man appeared on the deck where the two were conversing, and Dr. Braddon introduced him as Mr. Sinclair, a clerk in the Panama Railroad office at Aspinwall. Mr. Sinclair was from Maryland, and had been at home on a short vacation. He was a thin, swarthy young man, who spoke English with a strong accent of the Southern States, while Dr. Braddon used excellent grammar, and showed in his conversation the results of education.

The next day he fell in with a young Englishman, Mr. Upton, who was returning to Peru with his wife, having married in England six weeks before. He had stopped in New York a fortnight, to visit his brother. Horatio was greatly interested in him, as one who had been in Peru, and could tell him about the country that was to be his home. Mr. Upton was employed in the office of the Steamship Company at Callao. Peru was a good country to live in, he said. A man had a much better chance to do something for himself there than in the old country, for money was abundant, business was good, the climate was pleasant and healthful, and foreigners had the advantage, because they could work harder, and accomplish more than the natives. Still, he did not expect to spend his life there. As soon as he had made some money, he should return to England, and settle down. England is so crowded, don't you know, that a young fellow has no chance to get a start.

While Horatio was talking with the young Englishman on the forward deck one day, Mrs. Upton approached, and, leaning upon her husband's arm, soon took part in the conversation, addressing him as well as her husband.

Horatio was charmed with her. She was about twenty years old, with a clear pink and white complexion, brown hair and eyes, and evidently the possessor of a sunny disposition that made every one her friend on first acquaintance. Horatio was surprised that her husband did not introduce him, but as the lady did not wait for an introduction, they speedily became fast friends.

There were Californians on the steamer in great numbers, and a few Chilians, Ecuadorians, Columbians, and Peruvians. Horatio was struck with the appearance of these South Americans, the first he had seen, and he studied them with an absorbing curiosity. They were generally short but well-formed men, with jet black hair and eyes and dark complexion. Almost always they were smoking cigarettes, and at the table whenever he had seen them, they seemed to be consuming great quantities of wine. The wine, however, did not appear to intoxicate them, but, on the contrary, they inevitably displayed great courtesy in their manners and were generally pleasing. But his greatest surprise was when, on the deck after dinner, two or three of the ladies who were going to their home in Ecuador began to smoke cigarettes as naturally as the men. The ladies had large lustrous dark eyes and olive complexions, but the habit of smoking seemed to obliterate all thoughts of their beauty from his mind.

The course of the steamer was almost due south. At noon each day a placard was posted in the dining-saloon giving the latitude and longitude of the ship and the total number of miles run in the preceding twenty-four hours. From this it appeared that the steamer followed a certain degree of longitude, and every day brought them nearer the equator.

For a few days after the ship left New York, the air was fresh and cool, but after the Gulf Stream was reached a genial warmth was apparent, and during

the day the heat became stronger, and at night the air was mild as midsummer. The water of the Gulf Stream was a rich dark violet, and day after day the steamer passed a continuous field of brown seaweed floating towards the north-east. Off Cape Hatteras, several sailing vessels were seen, and when the steamer was opposite Florida, she seemed to cross the track of the fleet of ships from Europe sailing for New Orleans and Mobile for cotton, and at times as many as a dozen sails could be seen, with occasionally a steamer, enlivening the day for all the passengers.

One evening in the Caribbean Sea, as the sun was sinking in the west, the whole sky, from the horizon to the zenith, was illuminated with tintings of golden yellow, while the few fleecy clouds seemed bathed in a soft light of purple and pearl. As far as the eye could reach in any direction, the water lay almost in a dead calm. The delicate orange of the western sky, warming into glintings of rich crimson and grey, melted again towards the east into slate and brown and blue, and the bosom of the ocean reflected back the stripings of light, until sea and sky seemed one homogeneous mass of colour, separated only by the distant horizon. A gentle breeze, odorous of tropical verdure and the sensuous breath of tropical spring on the distant islands, freshened the air without disturbing it. No sound broke upon the ear save the monotonous whirr of the steamer's engine and the soothing splash of the wheels.

Our young man from the north sat upon the forward deck lost in admiration as he gazed upon the scene, the sky and the brilliant sea of liquid colour surrounding him. In his life, spent among the prosaic scenes of the northern regions of America, he had never witnessed anything approaching it in beauty and impressiveness. His mind was lifted up by the contemplation, and the ship and passengers were for the moment forgotten.

"Do you admire the sunset, Mr. Juniper?" Mrs. Upton asked.

She had approached with her husband, and the two stood leaning over the rail gazing at the western sky.

"I can understand now why heaven is painted as a place of beauty and gorgeous with rich colouring," he answered, "and I can see why people have always believed that heaven was somewhere in the sky above us. Looking at those clouds, it is easy to believe in that direction is the place of eternal rest, and surely this delicious tropical atmosphere suggests a heavenly climate."

"Yes," said Mr. Upton, "the orthodox belief provides for a tropical climate, if we don't behave ourselves."

"Such a sight," said Horatio, without heeding the interruption, "enables one to imagine something of the beauty possible at the hands of God. I believe happiness in the next world will come with the perfecting of our earthly natures, and our ideas here will be expanded and come to full fruition in the world to come."

Dr. Braddon and Mr. Sinclair had come up while he was talking, and they joined the little group.

"But surely," said Dr. Braddon, "you do not believe in a personal God, who manages this business at the beck and call of Tom, Dick, and Harry who may address him?"

"What do you mean?" Horatio asked.

"Of course we will admit the idea of a God or a superior power. But now, if one of us should ask Him to change His laws for us—in other words, if we should pray to Him to save us from shipwreck or to interfere specially for us by changing the conditions of nature, do you suppose for a moment He would do it?"

"The Bible teaches it," said Mr. Upton.

"The Bible is a collection of traditions," said Mr. Sinclair, "and no one now believes in it literally."

"It is hard to understand infinity," replied Horatio, "but I can believe it possible that the Supreme Ruler can intercede in my behalf and yet not interfere with the laws of nature."

"If the laws of physical nature decree a storm, and the storm wrecks this ship, and you are in danger of drowning, how can prayer save you?"

"I can't measure the distance to the sun with a yard-stick, and I do not understand how any one can compute it, yet I believe that it can be accurately ascertained in spite of that; so the exact operation of prayer is difficult to describe, but because I can't describe it I don't feel like repudiating it entirely."

"The whole theory rests upon an exploded tradition," said Dr. Braddon.

"In the early dawn of civilisation men were like children. They were taught by the Church that God made the earth in six days, and rested on the Sabbath. The Church taught that God gave His Son to redeem the world, and that the coming of Christ had been foretold a certain number of years before. Everything that the Bible taught was true, and any principle of science that contradicted the Bible was false *prima facie*. Now science teaches that the biblical creation was impossible, and the earth has existed millions of years instead of a few thousand. The whole scheme of the Christian religion falls to the ground, a harmless superstition."

"We must look at the subject from a higher standpoint," said Horatio.

"I believe in the existence of God, and I cannot see that the discoveries of science necessarily disprove the biblical record. Mankind has always believed in a Creator. Even savages have a tradition that a Supreme Being at one time created the world. Science admits the act of creation, but calls it evolution, and extends the period over countless ages. Now, the preservation of the universe, subject as it is to inexorable

law, with all its countless myriads of living creatures, is as great a miracle, and calls for the exercise of as great power, as the original creation itself. Because I cannot understand it, am I to say that it cannot be? Once admit that the universe is obedient to law, and it is not difficult to believe that law had commencement when matter was brought into existence and placed in obedience to law; and once admit the act of creation and all the rest is easy. To an all-powerful Creator it is an easy task by one creative act to make strata of coal containing fossils, or a series of rocks lying one upon another, but these do not necessarily prove age. Suppose the creative power were to make an oak-tree, would the rings in the wood prove positively that the oak was a hundred years old, if we knew that it was created yesterday? You can resolve the universe into matter, and make matter subject to law, and call that law the Creator, and thus eliminate the personality of God entirely, but you then have nothing but matter, and the soul or intellectual part is omitted. Matter never created mind, and never can, and the perfection of mind or intellect is God. You cannot resolve thought into cubic inches, and you cannot limit the power of the Almighty by studying the formation of the earth's crust."

"But if we admit a positive creation," asked Dr. Braddon, "how does it follow that the operations of nature are suspended, as they must be whenever God answers prayer?"

"God is intellect in its perfection, and He is love itself. How He can answer prayer I do not pretend to explain, for I do not know, but there are many things I believe in that I cannot explain. Where does the maternal instinct come from? Why does a parent love a child? What causes thought itself? Where is the seat of the intellect? Can any one explain? I believe that God governs not only the universe, but watches over every created being. As the power of

God exceeds the power of man, so God's love excels the love of man, and nothing but infinity itself can understand either infinite love or infinite power."

"Then you do not agree with scientific men in the study of geology when they declare that the earth developed from vapour to liquid and from liquid to solid, and so through millions of years to the present?"

"It would be ridiculous in me to speak positively as to what I know so little about. It is much easier for me to accept the theory of an actual creation. No geologist ever evolved soul or intellect from simple animal or vegetable life. God created man and breathed into him the breath of life. The scientist can explain the evolution of matter from the lower forms of animal life through the reptiles, the fishes, the vertebrates up to the higher orders of animal life, but there he must stop. The highest type of brute creation is as different from man as man is different from God. Man's animal nature might be explained as a development from the brute, but no process of evolution can bridge the chasm between the instinct of the brute and the intellect of man. It is easier to believe that man gets his mind or soul directly from God as an actual creation than to think he is a species of improved brute."

"But some of the ablest thinkers believe in an actual development of man from the lowest forms of animal existence."

"True, the mind of man knows no limitations, and in his search after truth nothing is sacred from his investigations. No theory is safe against his experiments, and every discovery in science seems to necessitate a reconstruction of previous beliefs. The more deeply one studies, the less he believes, and among the advocates of evolution the perfection of wisdom seems to be the confession of ignorance. Agnosticism is simply the absence of belief. Now I prefer a little of the old-fashioned belief such as children are taught. Infinite

wisdom and infinite love in the Creator will cover a multitude of apparent inconsistencies. When I think of the Supreme Being as an all-wise, all-powerful, and all-loving Father, it gives me more satisfaction than to endeavour to reconcile the fragments of science which man has worked out with the story of his creation."

"Isn't it a childish conception of the Creator to believe that He exercises a personal supervision over man and answers prayer just as an earthly father grants the requests of a child? It seems a nobler idea of God to think He is a power who simply works through fixed law which is never varied. In other words, God is Nature, and man is an atom, like a leaf or a flower. It does not seem possible that the Divine economy, which holds in place an infinite series of worlds circling around in an infinite extent of space, can bother Himself to listen to my request when I pray to Him to save my life or to rescue me from shipwreck."

"It is difficult for man to comprehend the infinite. Take the movements of the heavenly bodies as an illustration. Science tells us that there are stars so far distant that it requires thousands of years for their light to reach the earth, and that beyond the farthest known star there are myriads of other stars, and worlds scattered about in immeasurable space. Now man may say it is impossible that any one power should see the whole of the universe because the rays of light cannot reach far enough or move fast enough to bring them in sight at any one point or one time. This is applying human instrumentalities to the measurement of the infinite. Man is too apt to make a God after his own image, and limit God's power by giving Him human capacity. An engineer standing on one side of a broad river can measure with his instruments the height of a tree upon the opposite side much more accurately than if he had climbed to the top of it, but an Indian who watched him might reason that the

engineer could not possibly have measured the tree because he had not touched it. Unless we can understand something of infinite capacity, we are not justified in placing it under finite limitations."

"Then you believe that God is a personal God, who looks after you, and watches over everything you do?"

"His power I cannot doubt, neither do I doubt His wisdom. Both are unlimited, and can easily be demonstrated. His love is equally without limit, and while its extent may not be easily proved, it is much more satisfactory to believe in it than to doubt it. Love is the power that gives life and happiness to the world. Divine love is as much superior to human love, as God is superior to man. Why should I limit it? I cannot understand God as I can understand the mechanism of a watch, or the petals of a flower, but if I grant a design in creation and wisdom in the operations of nature, why should I set up a limit and say, Thus far it is God, but beyond that it is all chance? Man lives but a few years until he realises that in himself he is weak and powerless, and it is only human to rely upon some strength greater than his own. If there is a design in the creation of the universe, and if the movements of the heavenly bodies, the succession of the seasons, all the operations of nature are controlled by Divine law, why should I stop there, and say that the movements of man alone are exempt from that law? That there is some connection, some vital connecting link between the mind of man and the Creator, by which one communes with the other, has been so often demonstrated, that it has long ago become a matter of belief. Mind acts often upon mind among men, and this operation of the mind cannot be satisfactorily explained. Scientists call it mesmerism, or mind-reading, but that does not explain it. Millions of men and women have lived and died firm in the belief that they have sent up requests to God, and that God has definitely answered them. You can call it super-

stition or ignorance, and say it is impossible, but that does not explain it any more than mind-reading is explained by calling it mesmerism. In dealing with questions which cannot be settled with mathematical certainty, the belief of vast numbers of people who have closely studied the question is generally admitted to be worth considering; and tested by this method, there is at least a very reasonable probability that the Supreme Being extends His watchful care over the minutest individual, and even listens to requests for help, and actually to grant such requests."

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Upton.

Dr. Braddon and Mr. Sinclair were willing to adjourn the discussion, and as the party separated, the stars were shining in the great vault of heaven with phosphorescent brilliancy.

## CHAPTER XIV

### *CROSSING THE CONTINENT*

WHEN the passengers came out of their cabins the next morning, the *Ocean Queen* was lying at anchor in the harbour at Aspinwall. The air was warm and damp. A low line of shore extended around the bay almost like a horse-shoe. Palm-trees could be seen on the land, and in the distance the city, with a monument on the point of land near the sea. Two or three small schooners passed near the steamer. Half-naked negroes made up the crew of each, and cocoa-nuts the cargo. The water of the bay was yellow, and the wind smelled like decayed vegetables. Before seven o'clock the engines started up, and slowly the huge ship moved towards the dock, where, after interminable backing and starting, and vociferation from the captain and shouting from the lower officers, she was finally moored, and the gang-plank run out to the wharf.

The dock was roofed over with dingy, unpainted boards. A railroad track extended almost to the edge of the wharf, and a long train of cars was drawn up and waiting for the passengers. The men on the dock were negroes from Jamaica, who spoke English like an Irishman, and jabbered among themselves and to the passengers like monkeys.

The steerage passengers were disembarked first. They hurried out of the ship as if glad to be released from their imprisonment, the men carrying bags, satchels, and trunks, and the women holding babies in their arms, many of them well dressed, and a few very

soiled and dirty. In fifteen minutes the train was loaded, and it slowly disappeared from sight.

An hour later another train backed in upon the dock, and by this time another load of passengers with their luggage was ready. Dr. Braddon, Mr. and Mrs. Upton, and Horatio said a hurried farewell to Mr. Sinclair, and prepared for the journey across the Isthmus. Tickets for Panama were $25 gold for each person, and Horatio's astonishment was great when he was informed that his paper money would be received only at a discount of forty per cent. When the ticket was paid for, his roll of greenbacks, with its integrity thus discredited, seemed to look still more lonely and feeble. The cars had large windows, which admitted the moist, tepid air. As the train moved out from the dock, it passed through the streets of Aspinwall, or Colon, as the South Americans call it, showing its odd-looking tropical vegetation, palm-trees, banana-trees, and great trees bearing bright red blossoms, the white-washed houses, with their swarm of negroes, little and big. The few white men in sight were dressed in light clothing, and all seemed to move slowly and composedly, as if haste or hard work was an original sin; and everything in sight from the windows of the car had an indescribable air of strangeness, and even the negroes appeared as if they might have just come from Africa, and not at all like the negroes in the United States.

Out of the city sped the train, over a low marshy country with an occasional cut through the red clay, and along the banks of the Chagres River, whose muddy current moved sluggishly, as if it partook of the lazy characteristics of the people. The population, wherever human beings appeared in sight at the little stations and at the crossings, seemed to be made up entirely of the Africans. Negro women clothed in a single short garment of white cotton sat in the doors of the low huts, laughing and chattering among themselves, and broods of black children basked in the sun

like little pigs, many of them absolutely naked, but all seemingly happy and contented. The whole country, as seen from the cars, was an idler's paradise, for of the hundreds of human creatures that appeared in sight, only two or three were at work, and these were evidently making light of their labour,

Agriculture, as it is understood in the North, was nowhere visible. There were thousands of banana-trees in sight from the train, with their bunches of green fruit; but the fields were not enclosed, and the great trees seemed to be growing in their native luxuriance, with but little attention from man. Rain evidently fell at times in copious abundance, for the whole country seemed reeking in moisture, and the vegetation was rank with tropical fertility. Curiously shaped trees, and flowers new to northern eyes, and dense jungles of tangled shrubbery covered the earth, as the train hurried along, and at last a long, piercing whistle announced the approach to Panama, and after a journey of three hours the forty-seven miles across the Isthmus were accomplished, and our voyager from the North had his first view of the Pacific.

If Colon seemed un-American and foreign, Panama intensified the impression, for here everything was cosmopolitan and strange. The same naked negro children and the same universal African were to be seen, but the white men were dark as to their complexion, and European as to their language and manners. The town looked as if its construction had been completed shortly after the discovery of America, and nothing had been done since to keep it in repair. Many of the signs on the shops were in Spanish, some in French, and a few in English, while the Chinese had appropriated a portion of the town, and several of the finest shops.

Horatio was fortunate in having for a companion Mr. Upton, who had been over the route once before, and whose knowledge of the Spanish enabled him to meet

the native on his own ground. At the station, the trunks were secured and placed in the hands of a *fletero*, who was to deliver them for five rials apiece at the hotel, and then a carriage was chartered for two pesos to carry the Uptons and Horatio to the best hotel.

Up-hill and down-hill, past rows of negro huts, and over roughly paved streets, went the carriage, propelled by a single half-starved horse, and it drew up at length in front of a large three-storey building opposite the Plaza. It was the Grand Hotel. In the centre of the Plaza was a small garden with flowers and flowering trees. Opposite was the cathedral, a large old-fashioned building badly kept, and on the other side of the square were shops, Spanish, French, Chinese, and English, many of them filled with cigars and cigarettes, and most of the others devoted to selling exchange and the business of a pawnbroker.

"Stranger here?" said the hotel-keeper to Horatio after the party had entered the hotel and the names had been enrolled in the register. He had examined the word Oshkosh, after Horatio's name, with some curiosity, as if uncertain whether it was Russian, or Mexican, or American.

"Finest climate in the world, sir," he continued. "Lived here five years, and never been sick a day."

He was a Spanish-looking man, but spoke English well.

"Are you a Spaniard?" asked Horatio.

"Born in Nuorlens," said the hotel-keeper, "but I'd rather live in Panama a thousand times. We never have any sickness here. Old people live to be ninety and a hundred years. If it wasn't for a revolution now and then to kill off the crowd, the Isthmus would be so thickly settled that you couldn't move. Finest climate in the world, sir. Go to your room, sir? Here, boy, show the gemman to No. 9. Best room in the house, sir; looks right out on the Plaza. Breakfast will be ready at twelve o'clock, sir."

Horatio walked up the dirty stairway, and noticed the damp spots on the walls where the paper had become mouldy and dropped off. A mirror had been so corroded with the humidity that the mercury on the back of the glass was peeling off.

No. 9 was a square room at the front of the hotel overlooking the Plaza. It contained an iron bedstead, on which was a mattress, two or three chairs, a washstand, and a closed armoire. The floor was bare. Several weeks before it had been clean. The mattress was marked with clearly defined squares from the rust deposited by the iron slats of the bedstead. Flies buzzed around the room with an angry and warlike tone, as if threatening dire vengeance because they had been disturbed.

At breakfast Mrs. Upton was almost in hysterics.

"Do you know," said she, "I want to leave Panama this instant. I cannot stay in the horrid place a moment longer."

"I don't see how we can leave," said Mr. Upton. "The steamer does not sail until day after to-morrow."

"Will you believe it?" she said to Horatio. "I have been talking with an American lady who lives here, and she says my room was occupied by people who died of yellow fever. Three people died in the room next to mine the last time they had the fever here. Oh, oh, oh!" and she covered her face with her hands.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Upton consolingly; "you never saw a hotel that had not been occupied by people who have died. There is no yellow fever here now. Your room is just as good as any room in the hotel. Wait until to-morrow, and then we can go on board the steamer."

"Just think of it!" resumed Mrs. Upton. "This lady says she looked out of her window one morning when she was stopping in the house, and right there on the Plaza she saw a dead man who had been killed

in a fight the night before, and the buzzards were picking his eyes out! Oh, oh, oh!"

Somehow Horatio did not like the taste of the food after that. The fried bananas had a disagreeable look, the steak was tough and the bread was hard, while the tea gurgled maliciously as it sputtered through the little strainer hanging under the nose of the tin teapot.

"Now, Algernon—Mr. Upton," said the lady, wiping her pretty brown eyes with her little lace handkerchief and looking her husband squarely in the face, "you must take me away from this nasty place immediately. I don't care if the tide is out; I'll walk. Go and hire a small boat, and let's go on board the steamer."

As soon as the breakfast was concluded, Mr. Upton and Horatio visited the steamship agency and bought their tickets. The tide was out, and the steam-launch would not go until eleven o'clock the next day. "Yes, you can hire a small boat to row you out, but it will cost more."

Horatio had intended to visit the famous Chiriqui prison, once the old Spanish fortress, where men were immured in dungeons beneath the sea like the cells of the Chateau d'If, but he was glad to go on with the Uptons.

In an hour the luggage had been despatched to the Panama Railroad docks, and the party were in a carriage trying to leave the Grand Hotel as far behind as possible.

A half-dozen prisoners, with ball and chain attached to their feet, were at work mending the street, with a New Granada soldier about four feet high, armed with a rifle and bayonet, standing over each.

For five pesos, two Jamaica negroes contracted to row the party, baggage and all, out to the steamer.

## CHAPTER XV

### *DOWN THE COAST*

A LONG mole extending into the sea was supported by iron columns. It was enclosed with rough boards, discoloured by the heavy rains, and the tracks of the railroad reached to the outer edge, and long lines of brown freight cars with merchandise stood ready to be unloaded into the barges, and then taken out to the steamships at anchor in the bay.

Slimy green rocks covered with seaweed, and foul, ill-smelling stones partially covered with water, made up the foreground, and from the floor of the dock to the water was almost thirty feet, for it was low tide. The steam-launch that rides safely alongside when the tide is in was out by the ships in the bay. She could not come within a mile of the pier while the tide was out.

Down a stairway of stone steps in another part of the harbour, where there was a little more water, the Uptons and Mr. Juniper passed into a broad, squarely built row-boat, with a single sail furled to the mast in the middle. The three trunks and two or three bags had been arranged in such a manner as to form a good ballast for the craft. Mr. Upton took the tiller, and with a coloured man at each of the oars the boat started.

No steamers were in sight, but the course of the boat took them out in the bay, where they soon had a fine view of the city in the distance. It was easy to recognise the cathedral, the grim sea-wall of the old fort of Chiriqui, and the quaint jumble of red-tiled roofs,

weather-stained walls, and old Spanish buildings, enlivened here and there with the green leaves of trees.

A mile or so from shore one of the Jamaicans loosened the sail, and as the boat increased her speed and dashed along over the yellowish-green waves, under the clear blue sky in a fresh breeze, the spirits of Mrs. Upton revived and Mr. Juniper was charmed.

In the distance, apparently out at sea, two or three islands came in sight, and as the little row-boat danced lightly over the waves, Mr. Juniper could distinguish several steamers. In an hour they arrived under the bow of the *Pachacamac*, the English steamship that was to carry them to Callao. She was anchored near one of the islands, and on either side of her was a long heavy barge from which boxes, bales, and barrels were being hoisted by a noisy steam-derrick and chain into the hold of the steamer.

The swell of the yellow sea made the little boat bob up and down like a cork, as the perspiring negroes paddled her to the ladder extending up the black side of the steamer. It was the work of a few minutes to reach the deck, secure the luggage, and once more to find the state-rooms, and to settle down into the routine of life at sea.

There was a peculiar atmosphere noticeable as soon as Mr. Juniper had passed over the steamer's side. She had fewer passengers than the *Ocean Queen*, and the officers and servants had a foreign look, and when they spoke, they all seemed to have a broad Irish or Scotch accent. They trolled their *r*'s and broadened their *a*'s, and although Mr. Juniper was compelled to admit that it was still the English language they used, it was surely English with a brogue, as all foreigners speak it, and not at all like the clear-cut, straightforward English spoken in Oshkosh.

The same difference extended to the food. There was an abundance of roast beef, mutton, bread and butter, ham, potatoes, tea and coffee, canned fruits, and

bananas, with an occasional plum-pudding. Everything on the table was good but plain. There was no pie or pastry, no sweet potatoes, no cake or griddle-cakes, but nearly all the passengers used wine or beer or porter, even for breakfast.

About noon the next day, the steam-tug came out from Panama, towing two launches loaded with cargo, and bringing several passengers. Dr. Braddon was the only one among them whose face was familiar, and Mr. Juniper's heart was gladdened to see him, for in the midst of so much that was new and strange the sight of one acquaintance was deeply gratifying.

Dr. Braddon had already come under the influence of his new surroundings. His moustache had been waxed and the ends were curled upwards, Spanish fashion, completely changing the expression of his face. He wore a new white Panama hat, and instead of a cigar he was smoking a cigarette, and when that was smoked, he spent nearly ten minutes in trying to roll another one.

"Where did you people go?" he asked, as he rushed on deck and eagerly saluted Mr. and Mrs. Upton and Mr. Juniper.

"I called to see you at the hotel, but Mr. Shiner said you had gone to San Francisco. That gentleman that met me at the station was Dr. Robinson, a classmate of mine. He's a *dentista* in Panama and he's making lots of *dinero*. Have a *cigarillo*, Mr. Upton? Mr. Juniper, you no *fuma*, no?"

While Dr. Braddon was rolling the yellow paper around the tobacco for his next cigarette, he described with good-natured volubility his meeting with his friend Dr. Robinson, and his call at the doctor's office, his dinner at the club, the Englishmen he had met there, the visit to the Chinese store, the old cathedral, the market, the American consul, and the prison of Chiriqui.

By this time the party had been seated on the shady

side of the steamer, in sight of the men unloading the launch. Dr. Braddon went to his cabin to look after his luggage, and on his return started to roll another cigarette.

"Panama is a funny old place," said he to Mrs. Upton. "I could stay there a month and find something interesting every day."

Mrs. Upton looked crestfallen.

"Did you see the old city?" asked the Doctor.

"I did not see anything but the Grand Hotel," said Mrs. Upton, "and I never want to see it again."

"The old city is where Panama was first built, three miles away on the coast farther east. It was completely destroyed by the Buccaneers more than two hundred years ago; and then there's the old fort the Spaniards built to protect the city, with the sea-wall and the prison and the little toy-soldiers. Why, it's as good as a museum any day."

"I did not see anything very attractive in Panama," said Mrs. Upton.

## Story of Pedro and Angelica.

"I am sure you would have been delighted with the Chiriqui prison," the Doctor continued. "Outside, it is a great fort, built on the edge of the sea, with a parapet and promenade on the top, and at high tide the sea completely covers the lower part of it. Inside, it is a fort, with the old cannon falling to pieces on the decayed mountings, and part of it is used for a prison. Soldiers are quartered in the citadel, those little boyish-looking fellows, carrying rifles as long as themselves. I would hate to be a prisoner there. The cells are low and damp, and a man must suffer the torments of the damned to find himself shut up in such a place with the light of day barred out, and the noise of the sea rolling over him.

"They have an interesting little love-story connected

with the old prison, but it made me shudder when I heard it. Long years ago, under the Spanish dominion, a rich old hidalgo in Panama had a lovely daughter. She grew up in the seclusion of her own home, cared for by her mother, and her education looked after by the nuns in the convent. She had the lustrous dark eyes and black hair of the Spanish señorita, and, as the girl budded into the woman, she gave promise of matchless beauty. She had many admirers, but her father had promised her hand in marriage to one of the officers in the garrison, a gallant colonel from Catalonia. One day her mother made known to the young girl the disposition her father had in store for her, but the charming Angelica received the announcement with an outburst of tears, and threatened resistance to the parental command. That night in the garden the maiden met a young man who was discovered by the nurse set to watch them. By the moonlight the domestic could see his face, and he proved to be a handsome young student who was studying for the priesthood. The next day a file of red-capped soldiers marched to the *colegio* and arrested the young *clerigo* on a charge of conspiring against the Government, and that night he slept on the stone floor of the Chiriqui prison. The maiden mourned his absence for a fortnight, when Marie, a sweet, mild-faced Sister of Charity, entered the garden gate and handed her a note from Pedro, telling her of his imprisonment. Woman's wit was equal to the emergency. In the disguise of a French Sister of Charity she went the next day with Sister Marie to take medicine and jelly to the sick prisoners in Chiriqui. In a few minutes of stolen whispering with her lover, he told her that he had found an old unused drain leading into the sea from the passage near his cell. If he had a small chisel or bar of iron, he could loosen the stones and make his way out at low tide, and then he would join her, and they would fly together and be happy. The demure nun who passed the armed guard

at the gates the next day carried under her long white apron a small crowbar, and then for a day or two she remained at home. Nothing was heard of Pedro, and on the third day the two nuns again visited the prison, only to find that the young man had disappeared. The doors were locked and barred as usual, but he was missing. The guard was indifferent, and muttered something about *El Diablo* when Sister Marie inquired about the prisoner. Angelica was broken-hearted. At her request, Sister Marie accompanied her to the parapet, where they closely scanned the sea, in the hope that Pedro might be concealed in some of the small boats in the bay. Wearily she watched the sea, but no Pedro gladdened her sight. It was low tide, and suddenly, as she looked down into the sea, she caught sight of the white face of her dead lover, with his open eyes staring into the sky above. He had been caught in the drain as he tried to escape, and when the tide arose he was drowned. With a shriek that blanched the black hair of sweet Sister Marie, Angelica threw herself from the parapet, and when they picked up her lifeless form, one hand was clasped in that of poor Pedro; and now every night as the stars begin to appear in the heavens, the soldier on guard at the Chiriqui prison keeps a look-out for the sad figure of a Sister of Charity that appears for a few minutes on the parapet and looks wistfully out to sea."

"It is most extraordinary, Dr. Braddon," said Mrs. Upton. "I wish I had stopped to see the prison."

The rattle of the chain and the noise of the derrick continued all the afternoon, as the cargo was hoisted into the ship.

In the distance, near another island, Mr. Juniper could see the American flag floating from the California steamers, which were taking on cargo and passengers and getting ready for a voyage up the coast.

The next day the *Pachacamac* discharged her last launch, took leave of the officials on the steam-tug,

lifted her anchor, and leisurely got under way. The islands slowly faded out of sight, the yellow water of the Bay of Panama gave place to the blue green of the Pacific, the steady thump, thump, of the machinery furnished an incessant accompaniment, the servants hurried around to prepare the dinner, and the passengers settled themselves in steamer-chairs on deck or in their cabins, and another voyage of fifteen hundred miles was begun.

A new set of passengers appeared at the table. There were English and French, and many South Americans. Spanish seemed to be spoken quite commonly, and the bill of fare at dinner was in Spanish. One or two priests were at the tables, wearing long black robes. The last vestiges of American life were disappearing, and Mr. Juniper began to realise that he was getting into foreign customs and among foreigners. He still had the company of the Uptons, who were familiar with the coast, and of Dr. Braddon, who seemed to have absorbed an astonishing amount of practical knowledge, including quite a smattering of Spanish words, during his stay of little more than twenty-four hours at Panama.

Two Americans who had come down the coast from San Francisco interested Mr. Juniper. They were the Rev. Mr. Garrison and wife, missionaries, on their way to Chili. Mr. Garrison was a young student, who had just completed his studies in the seminary, and his wife had been a teacher. Both were intelligent, good-natured people, and neither had ever before been five hundred miles away from home. With the natural freedom and lack of restraint that characterises American young people, Mr. Juniper, Dr. Braddon, and the Garrisons soon became on terms of intimacy, and the Uptons were as friendly with the Garrisons as with any one on the ship.

For three days and nights the old steamer *Pachacamac* puffed with a good deal of noise, the paddle wheels splashed, and the passengers looked in vain for

land. Mr. Juniper could not entirely conquer the sensation of novelty when he found himself at sea and land nowhere in sight. The air was bracing and cool, despite the fact that the ship was very near the equator.

In his berth at night Mr. Juniper could hear loud voices on deck, the engines stopped and then started again, and moved slowly, and finally stopped, and all was still, and in the morning he found the *Pachacamac* anchored in the middle of a mighty river, with the city of Guayaquil near at hand. Scores of row-boats surrounded the steamer. Bare-headed and bare-footed negroes clamoured for a customer to take the ride to the shore. Hucksters patrolled the steamer's deck, trying to sell Panama hats, monkeys, parrots, hammocks, and fruit. Another noisy little steam-tug brought two or three launches alongside, and part of the day was spent in unloading cargo from the steamer, and then in the afternoon the turn of the tide swung the old ship's prow around in the opposite direction, and soon after her anchor was taken up the wheels again revolved, and she moved rapidly down-stream, with the low, level land of Ecuador on either side, covered with green and thick with tropical vegetation.

Mr. Juniper found Mr. Garrison in a steamer-chair on the forward deck studying a Spanish grammar. A mutual confidence resulted in an interchange of experiences as the afternoon wore away. Mr. Garrison was born in Ohio, where he had worked his way through college by teaching. He had taken the honours of his class when he finished his course at the age of twenty-two, had spent a year or two as a professor in the college, and then graduated at the seminary. As soon as he was ordained he had married, and started for South America by way of San Francisco. He expected to teach in an English school and to preach, but looked forward to no astonishing degree of success. The pay promised him by the school for his services and those of his wife was not large, and the difficulty of accom-

plishing much in religious work among a people who spoke a different language did not make him feel very confident. However, he consoled himself that the experience in the way of travel and contact with people in a foreign land would always figure as part of the assets from his three years' term of service. First, he would master the language, which he did not believe would be difficult, as it was so much like the Latin, and then he hoped to have time to carry on his studies for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, which he coveted, as a necessary part of his equipment for the work of teaching. Mrs. Garrison was to take charge of the girls' school, with special work in teaching deportment and physical training.

Mr. Juniper and Dr. Braddon, with Mr. and Mrs. Upton and Mr. and Mrs. Garrison, had been seated together at the dinner-table. Neither Mr. Juniper nor the Garrisons used wine, but Dr. Braddon had already adopted the custom of his neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Upton, and indulged in claret at breakfast and dinner. It was plain that the Ohio clergyman was deeply shocked at what he considered the gross impropriety of Dr. Braddon's conduct. Indeed, Mr. Garrison had already expressed to Mr. Juniper something of the horror and indignation he felt at the reckless dissipation which he saw going on around him every day.

Mrs. Garrison was frequently absent from the table. She was suffering from sea-sickness, Mr. Garrison said. On one or two occasions, Mr. Juniper had noticed something peculiar in the manner in which she held her knife and fork, and closer observation discovered the fact that her husband shared the habit with her. The knife was held firmly clasped as if for the purpose of carving, with the forefinger at the back of the blade. The fork was also solidly grasped with the end of the handle extending into the air through the thumb and forefinger, and the food was carried to the mouth on the flat side of the knife. As Mrs. Garrison was a teacher

of deportment, it occurred to Mr. Juniper that the system taught in Ohio contained some modifications which had been overlooked in Oshkosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrison invariably spoke in a loud, honest, sincere tone of voice, that could be easily heard in any part of the dining-room, or on any part of the deck, unless the steamer's whistle was blowing. This produced on the part of their hearers a feeling of confidence in their integrity and the purity of their motives, but, somehow, to Mr. Juniper it did not seem quite so pleasant as the voice of Mrs. Upton, which was low and cooing, like the note of a dove. He had also noticed that nearly all the English, both men and women, spoke in a soft undertone, as if anxious not to disturb any one else, and, while this was a little peculiar, the more he heard it the better he liked it.

Mrs. Garrison seemed to be the only one who was seasick. The Pacific had no waves, but the ceaseless roll of the water caused the steamer to rock slightly. As the lady seemed particularly fond of strong coffee, cheese, boiled ham, cold tongue, plum-pudding, and other indigestible articles of food, which the other passengers partook of only slightly, it was evident that her seasickness inevitably followed an over-indulgence at the table.

The process of thought in the mind of Mr. Juniper was in the direction of a query whether an abstinence from wine at the table justified an excessive use of other kinds of food, and if somewhere between the two extremes the true course did not lie.

In a day or two, the *Pachacamac* cast anchor in the sea off Paita, the first port in Peru. A rude village of mud huts, with a custom-house and a market-place, lay on the coast, with a high mountainous country immediately back of it, and ships anchored in the sea without a dock or wharf of any kind. All cargo had to be transferred to open launches, which were rowed to shore by a crowd of bare-footed natives. One of these launches coming

from shore with eight or ten oars on a side reminded Mr. Juniper of the pictures of a Roman galley he had seen in Goldsmith's History. It seemed a desolate spot for a city, as there was no sign of the slightest vegetation, nothing but dry, dusty, sandy soil, as far as the eye could reach. He had now entered the rainless region of the Pacific coast.

Then followed three or four days of steady steaming to the south and south-east, a few miles from the coast-line, with the dull dry mountains in the distance, and a brown barren shore in the foreground, where the incessant swell of the Pacific dashed against the rocks with such force that it threw high into the air a column of water often one hundred feet above the sea. Every afternoon great flocks of pelicans continually passed the ship. Mr. Upton said that it was a well-known fact that these birds would never fly alongside a ship or cross her stern. For some unknown reason, they insisted upon flying athwart the steamer's bow, and, as they moved slowly and leisurely in single file, like the figures on a Japanese screen, flapping their extending wings as if ready to drop into the sea with exhaustion, they were compelled sometimes to increase their speed. Their immense bills made these birds resemble the pictures of the stork, used so much in decoration. The cause of their deliberate movements was the fact that the birds had been on a fishing excursion, and the long pouch that each one carried under his bill was filled with the prey he had captured, and was carrying to his nest, where it would be digested at leisure.

Occasionally a drove of porpoises rose in the sea near the ship. The fat awkward animals jumped entirely out of the water in their gambols, and while in the air each gave vent to an audible grunt, very much like the sound made by a hog.

But in the matter of marine life, the voyage, both on the Atlantic and Pacific, had been disappointing. Mr. Juniper had read of the abundance of strange fishes and

aquatic monsters always seen in the seas of the tropics, and he could remember stories of the vast flocks of birds hovering over the coast, and always seen in the waters of the equatorial regions. The Pacific coast was barren, and the waters were evidently almost as devoid of life as the land. One long dead line of coast with a few pelicans, without a tree or shrub in sight, was all that could be seen day after day as the steamer slowly ploughed her way southward.

Inexpressibly lonely and dreary the Pacific always appeared. From Panama to Callao, not a ship or steamer had been seen, except at Guayaquil and Paita. When land was not in sight, there was nothing but a desolate expanse of greenish-blue water, which moved with an uneasy, supernatural moaning motion, as if it were a great evil spirit, always unhappy and never at rest. At night especially, the view of the sea was not at all cheerful when the moon was not shining, and the dim, uncertain, ghastly, gloaming light of the stars on the grim, restless sea always produced a sensation of home-sickness, and the traveller was glad to seek the retirement of his cabin or the company of his friends, and shut out the unwelcome sight and sound.

The first sight of the Southern Cross caused a tremor of excitement to the Americans when Mr. Upton pointed it out one evening on the deck. Shining in the south with a clear soft radiance, made more brilliant by contrast with the dense black of the Coal-Heap beneath it, the Cross was thenceforth a familiar sight. The comparative insignificance of one of the four stars which made up the Cross rather weakened the figure, and at first the False Cross, in another part of the heavens, was often mistaken for it; but a little practice familiarised the eye with the difference between the two, although the real Cross itself was rather disappointing, for there were many constellations which shone with a stronger light. All the stars seemed brighter than in the north. The North Star and the

Dipper had disappeared in the Atlantic, and many of the constellations were entirely new, although Jupiter, Venus, and Mars could be recognised, yet in a much higher position than in the north.

When the moon appeared, as it finally did, it seemed to be almost directly overhead. Up among the stars it floated, so high and clear that the crescent appeared to be only an enlarged star shining in the zenith.

"I wish you could have seen the Paita moon," said Mr. Upton, "for Paita has a moon of its own."

"It is part of Peru in other respects, is it not?" asked Mr. Garrison, smiling.

"The belief is general in Peru," said Mr. Upton, "that the moon at Paita is twice as large as it is anywhere else in the world. I have seen it there, and I must say it looks very large, certainly much larger than it is in Callao. Whether it is the imagination influenced by the tradition, or the effect of the clear, dry atmosphere, I cannot tell, but the fact remains, whatever may be the true explanation."

"How fortunate are the lovers in Paita!" said Mrs. Garrison. "Think of having double the moonlight and twice as much promenading after the sun goes down!"

"From what I saw of Paita," said Mr. Juniper, "any one who would live there must be influenced by the moon."

"But, Algernon," asked Mrs. Upton gently, "isn't there some explanation of the phenomenon, some theory of refraction of light, or is it only a superstition?"

## Legend of the Paita Moon.

"When I was at Paita last year," said Mr. Upton, glancing slyly at his wife, "I met one of the charming señoritas of the country, who explained to me the mystery of the moon at Paita. It is rather a long story, but if you don't mind, I will tell you how it came about.

"In the interior of Peru there are rich valleys that are watered by the rivers coming down from the perpetual snows of the mighty Andes. Rain falls only once in six or seven years, but the farms are fertilised by streams carried in the *acequias* that tap the river and carry the water for many miles through the valleys. The land is covered with a thick growth of the *algorrobo*, a tree whose trunk is five or six inches thick, and as hard as the lignum vitæ. These trees are cut down, the trunks and branches are left three or four months in the tropical sun to dry, and then burned. Water is then let in from the *acequia* for a day or two. When the land is partially dry, a crop of rice is scattered broadcast, and then teams of bullocks harrow it among the stumps with the branches of a tree, and in a few days a thick crop of rice springs up. In April or May it is ready to harvest, and a crowd of Sambos are turned in, each provided with a sickle, and the rice is cut in handfuls and left in the sun to dry. It is afterwards stacked for a few weeks to cure and then to thresh it, the rice-straw is scattered on the ground in small enclosures, and all the horses on the farm are turned in to tread on it. After the animals have been tramping on it long enough, the rough straw is picked up and removed, and the rice is winnowed by throwing it into the air with shovels. The wind blows off the chaff, and the grains of rice are put up in sacks and shipped on the backs of mules and donkeys to the coast, where it finds a market.

"During the last year of the viceroys there lived on one of these rice farms an old *hacendado* named Don Cæsar Gutierrez. His *hacicndo* was more than ten leagues in length, and he was the richest man in Northern Peru. He had a family of twelve children, and the third one was a beautiful daughter, named Filomena. Now, Doña Filomena had a lover in Lima, young Sanchez, who was attached to the court of the Viceroy. The gentle Filomena had been educated in

the convent of the mothers in Lima, and when she was at the house of her aunt, who was a relative of the Viceroy, she had met Señor Sanchez. The young man was of a good Castilian family, and they had fallen in love at first sight. Don Arturo, for that was his name, had been unable to conceal the passion which burned in his bosom, and had secretly declared his love to the damsel, but had not made known his purpose to the aunt, when the sudden sailing of a vessel for the port of Paita, while he was absent at Pisco, necessitated her hasty departure with her uncle for her home in the north.

"When she reached the old house among the rice-fields, after four days' journey on a donkey from Paita, the charming Filomena was disconsolate, and sighed day and night for the busy streets and quiet churches of Lima.

"Every day she rode her white *burro* to the little adobe church in the village, and said her prayers before the figure of Our Lady of Miracles, and when old Father Tomaso, the good padre, came to say mass, which he did twice a month, the most devout attendant and the first one at confession was the demure señorita who had been so long absent at Lima.

"The burden of her prayers before the gentle face of Our Lady was that she might see her lover, and that the love she bore him might be blessed. She wanted to tell good Father Tomaso, but as it was no sin, she did not dare to take him into her confidence. If Our Lady could hear the sweet confessions poured into her ear by the fair Filomena, I actually believe the prayers must have been answered.

"And her piety did not end in saying her prayers and going to *misa* and confession. A new altar-cloth of finest linen took the place of the old one that was soiled with the dust and the rough hands of the *cholas* who dressed the church, and Our Lady appeared one morning in a fine new black velvet robe, with a head-dress of beautiful lace, like that made by the mothers of San Pedro; and who could perform these acts of

Christian benevolence but the good señorita, who came every day with her prayer-book? And then the paper flowers, that had grown dingy and discoloured, were all removed from the altar, and four stands of bright red and white roses, from the same dexterous hand, made the little church seem fresh and inviting.

"Well, one morning in October something happened. The pious Filomena was riding home from church, attended, as she always was, by her old *chola* nurse, who rode behind her on a brown donkey. Their pathway led along the edge of a field that was being prepared for the rice. The water had been let in from the *acequia* two or three days before, and the ground was still damp, and the men were at work with the bullocks on the farther side. Beyond the rice-field was a thick growth of *algorrobos*, and the pathway for the donkeys wound in and out among the trees. Just as they had crossed the watered field, Filomena, whose eyes were cast down and her thoughts absorbed in her devotions, was alarmed by the sudden jumping of her white *burro*. Filomena looked up, and there, under the branches of an *algorrobo*, stood the beautiful figure of Our Lady, whom she had left half an hour before in the little church in the village. Her quick eye had taken in the sweet face of the saint, the soft flaxen curls under the beautiful lace, which she herself had learned to make from the good Mother Josefina in San Pedro, besides the rich robe of velvet, spangled with silver stars, whose construction had cost her so many hours of labour with her needle. Before she realised what she was doing, Filomena had jumped from her *burro*, and thrown herself upon her knees, where, after she had made the sign of the cross, with her rosary pressed to her lips, she began her Ave Maria. With a gentle motion of the hand, the saint signalled her to stop, and then spoke in the softest and sweetest voice these words:—

"'My child, I have heard your prayers, and your gentle piety has found favour in my eyes. I love you,

and your life shall be made happy. Go immediately to Paita. The moon will be a sign of my love for you. Do not forget me, for I shall always watch over you.'

"While she gazed in astonishment at the lovely face of the saint, the bark of the *algorrobo* tree appeared where the velvet robe had been, and then the white lace and the curls disappeared, and in an instant the figure had actually faded away. Filomena looked around, but she could see only old Marta, the nurse, on her knees, with her hands over her face, and the two *burros* nibbling the leaves of the *algorrobo*.

"After a few minutes in prayer, Filomena mounted her *burro* and resumed her ride homewards. She was lost in thought, but her mind had a sweet contentment it had never known before.

"When she reached the old house among the rice-fields, she found everything excited. A messenger had just arrived from the *comisionista* at Paita with news that the last lot of fifty sacks of rice sent over by donkeys were all short weight, and there was trouble about it, and her father was obliged to start at once for the purpose of clearing it up. Breakfast was being hurried, the best mule was saddled, and even the dogs seemed to understand that something was the matter, for they frisked around her white *burro*, and played with each other in an outburst of canine happiness.

"Without saying a word about what she had seen under the *algorrobo* tree, Filomena begged permission to accompany her father. Don Cæsar was a gruff man generally with his children, but as Doña Filomena had seemed despondent since her return from Lima, at the mother's solicitation he consented, and with Alejandro, the trusty *mozo*, they started as soon as breakfast was finished.

"That night, and every night until they reached Paita, the moonlight was as bright as day. The moon seemed double the usual size, and by its light Filomena could easily read the pages of her prayer-book before she went to sleep in the *posada* where they lodged.

"When they reached Paita on the fourth day, a schooner had just arrived from Callao, and great was Filomena's surprise to meet Don Arturo, who had come from Lima on the first vessel after her departure. He brought with him an autograph letter from His Highness the Viceroy, and another from Doña Marguerita, the kind aunt in Lima, both addressed to Don Cæsar Gutierrez, and commending the young *cabellero* in the highest terms. Don Arturo lost no time in pressing his suit upon the father, and after a short interview with Doña Filomena, the old *hacendado* gave his consent, and the young people were betrothed.

"The next day, the business about the rice having been arranged, the whole party started for the *hacienda*, where Don Arturo spent a delightful week, making the acquaintance of the *señora madre* and the brothers and sisters of Filomena, and then returned to his duties at Lima.

"At the end of the next *pascua*, the good Father Tomaso celebrated the sacrament of marriage in the little adobe church, and the gallant Don Arturo returned to Lima with his beautiful bride.

"The calm face of Our Lady still looks out upon the visitor at the church of San Pedro in Lima, and the descendants of Doña Filomena to this day keep it always fresh with soft lace and a rich velvet robe, while the traveller at Paita continues to look at the brilliant moon, which always shines with redoubled brilliancy.

"Doña Filomena died at the good old age of eighty-five, surrounded by her family of ten dutiful daughters, and her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are yet among the first families of Lima, and they keep in pious remembrance the name of their good ancestor."

"I think that is perfectly lovely, Mr. Upton," said Mrs. Garrison, "and I want to thank you for it."

All the light in the sky above had disappeared. Neither moon nor stars were to be seen; nothing but the dull leaden clouds of a Peruvian winter.

## CHAPTER XVI

### *FIGHTING FOR A FOOT-HOLD*

In the distance could be seen the masts of hundreds of vessels, resembling a forest bereft of leaves, and the passengers gathered on the forward deck to get the first view of Callao. In an hour or so, the old steamer puffed lazily along in sight of the harbour. To the right towered aloft the island of San Lorenzo, which formed a breakwater to keep off the swell of the Pacific, leaving the broad bay as quiet as an inland lake, and giving shelter to a mighty fleet. The flags of England, Germany, France, Spain, and the United States floated from the shipping, and there appeared a certain uniformity in the vessels. As the old steamer made her way towards the harbour, it was quite perceptible the odour of ammonia from the ships lying at anchor, for many of them were laden with guano from the Chincha Islands.

With slackened speed, the *Pachacamac* worked her way along the bay. The boatswain took his place at the bow with the lead, and when his soundings indicated a certain number of fathoms, the first officer gave the order to the man at the steam-winch, and the big anchor dropped into the blue water, carrying after it the heavy iron chain with a loud rattling noise until it touched bottom, and the voyage was ended.

A small boat flying the Peruvian flag and rowed by ten sailors in white suits, with two or three officials in blue and gold uniforms, put out from shore, and the captain of the port and the health officer mounted

the companion-way. The passengers were collected in the dining-room to be inspected by the doctor, and a crowd of small boats surrounded the steamer at a respectful distance, waiting until she had been officially received.

When the inspection was ended, the passengers began to leave, and the small boats did a thriving trade. Trunks and boxes were let down by ropes into the boats, and in half an hour the ship was deserted. Mr. Juniper said good-bye to the Uptons, whom he expected to meet soon again in Callao, and also to Dr. Braddon and Mr. and Mrs. Garrison, who were to continue the journey down the coast to Valparaiso.

A small boat rowed by two coloured men carried him with his trunk and bag to the shore, and the men removed the luggage to the station. The town looked somewhat weather-beaten, but crowds of men were on the streets, the shops appeared full of people, and there was a general air of prosperity in everything visible. The signs on the shops were in English and Spanish, and he heard English spoken in the streets, principally among the sailors.

Mr. Upton had furnished him with sufficient Peruvian money to buy his ticket for Lima, and he took his seat in the cars. The nine miles of distance was traversed in half an hour, and he found himself in Lima, and soon after at the Hotel Victoria, whose principal attraction was that its proprietor spoke English.

It was a dull, disagreeable winter day. His first view of the famous City of the Kings was not at all attractive. A thick mist was falling, and the air was cold and clammy. The narrow side-walks, made of rough flag-stones, were slippery and wet. Narrow streets, scarcely wide enough for three carriages to pass at once, were paved with uneven, irregularly shaped stones, and in the middle of each was an open sewer, through which ran the slops and filth from the

houses. Flocks of ugly black buzzards, each as large as a goose, hopped with awkward jumps along the edge of the trench, fighting among themselves for the pieces of carrion and dead rats or putrefying refuse that floated along on the slimy current, over the stones that were green with decomposing sewage, and when a pedestrian or a carriage crossed the foul stream on the little bridge built here and there over the current and frightened them away, these fiendish scavengers rose in a dark cloud and settled on the roof of the nearest house or building, where they craned their crooked necks and peered searchingly with their hard bead-like eyes at the intruder; and when the field was clear, trooped back again, one by one, to the ditch, to begin once more their unclean work.

The Plaza was a large open square. On one side was the cathedral, on the other the palace, a straggling one-storey building, covering a whole block, with an open court in the middle, where soldiers paraded, and where horses and donkeys were kept. The other sides of the Plaza had broad side-walks of rough, uneven stone, and the second storey of the buildings extended to the outer edge of the side-walk, making a covered arcade in front of the principal shops. The houses had painted fronts in imitation of marble, and the windows were barred with iron railings in fantastic designs, and the second storey was usually provided with a balcony, where the inmates could look down upon the street below.

Mr. Juniper's walk around the city did not make it appear more cheerful to him. Everything he saw intensified the feeling that he was in a foreign land. The people he met seemed to be a strange mixture. There were elegantly dressed men and women with beggars showing the most horrible poverty; people with the fairest complexion and Africans as dark as coal, with all imaginable shades of colour between; Indians in sandals wearing ponchos, the women carrying their papooses strapped behind as he had seen them in the

woods of Wisconsin; and Chinese with the long queue, and others carrying two baskets, each suspended from the end of a pole swung over the shoulder, like those he had seen in pictures of Chinese scenes; with priests and nuns, military officers and soldiers, foreign sailors, and men who looked like Americans, all made up a motley crowd.

Without a single acquaintance, and surrounded by people of a different nationality thousands of miles from home, Mr. Juniper was beginning to feel the pangs of home-sickness.

He carried in his pocket the letter given him by Miss Appleton introducing him to her cousin, Mr. Chandler. No one at the hotel could tell him anything about Mr. Chandler. He was advised to inquire at the American Legation, where a list was kept of all Americans in Lima.

After some difficulty and numerous questions, he found the Legation on a side-street, with a large sign over the door portraying in vivid colours the well-known American eagle grasping in his talons a bunch of arrows.

The Minister was seated at a big desk. Mr. Juniper hesitated before passing into the presence of such an august personage, but the coloured attendant motioned the second time, and Mr. Juniper entered the room with his hat in his hand.

The Minister waved him to a seat, and continued writing for a moment. At length he looked up, and Mr. Juniper stated his inquiry.

"Chandler? I don't know any such person. Is he an American?"

"Yes," said Mr. Juniper; "he is from New Hampshire."

"What is his business?"

"An engineer; works for the Government, I believe."

"Sure he is in Lima?"

"I saw a letter he wrote from here in March last."

The Minister opened a door in his desk, took out a thin blank book, and began looking it through.

"Chandler? Frank Chandler, is it?" he asked, holding his finger on an entry in the book.

"That is the one."

"Oh, he is dead. Died at the Hotel Maury, May 15. I thought he wasn't here."

"Dead?" Mr. Juniper's heart sank. "What was the matter with him?"

"*Perniciosa.* Sick twenty-four hours. Well in the morning, fever in the afternoon, dead the next day, funeral the day after."

"Where was he buried?"

Really Mr. Juniper did not feel like carrying his inquiries further, but duty to Miss Appleton required it.

"At Bellavista. Left no directions about his property. Consul at Callao took charge of his things and notified the department. Relative of yours?"

"No, but his cousin in Wisconsin is my best friend."

"Better write him and tell him that Mr. Chandler's gold watch, trunk, and all his clothes are in charge of the Consulate."

The Minister spoke in a kind voice, and evidently sympathised with the young man when he saw how cruelly his abrupt announcement had wounded the feelings of his visitor.

Mr. Juniper thanked the Minister and retired. As he went down the white marble stairs to the street, his feeling of loneliness seemed doubled. Now he certainly was alone. His hope of having a friend and adviser in Mr. Chandler was wiped out, and his sorrow was intensified at the thought of writing such sad news to the dear, kind Miss Appleton, who had been so good to him, and the pain his letter would give her.

Then the necessity of obtaining some Peruvian money dawned on his mind as he walked down the street. On the arcade or portal, as the Lima people called it, he had seen a number of little shops where money was exchanged, and into one of these he made his way. The proprietor stood behind the counter, on which was

a show-case containing a tempting array of gold coins, English sovereigns, American eagles and double eagles, and rows of paper money. He was a German Jew, a short fat man wearing spectacles, who spoke all languages.

"What is American money worth?" asked Mr. Juniper.

"Dot debends on vedder you vant to buy or sell."

"I have a little I want to sell for Peruvian money."

"I gif you forety cents."

As the rate of discount at Colon and Panama was 40 per cent., Mr. Juniper accepted the offer. He counted out $100 in American greenbacks and laid them on the show-case. The old man eyed the bills closely, counted them twice, and then handed out $40 in Peruvian gold and silver coins. Mr. Juniper's jaw fell when he saw the amount, but as he had accepted the old man's offer, he did not make known his misunderstanding.

"I vas padly shwindled on Yankee money last summer," said the Jew, pointing to a stack of soiled paper currency neatly piled up in one corner of the show-case. Mr. Juniper looked at it more closely and saw it was Confederate money.

"All last year ve bought both kinds, nordern money and suddern money, and sometimes one vas high and den de odder. Shust about de first of May a big tall feller he comed into my store, and he says—

"'Vell, Uncle, haf you heard de news?'

"'Vat's de news?' says I.

"'De Confederates has taken Washington, and Abe Lincoln has run away, and Sheff Davies is in de Vite House.'

"'Moses and Aaron,' says I, 'den my greenbacks is no good.'

"'Dat is all de better for your Confederate money,' says he, pointing to de odder pile.

"'Vish I had more of it,' says I.

"Den he bulls out a bocket-book mit fife hundred tollars in de Confederate money, and I puys de whole

lot for feefty cents on de dollar. Next day de steamer from Panama prings de news dat de rebels is licked, and I lose mine two hundred and feefty tollars."

And then began for the young man a disagreeable struggle. The search for employment was embittered by the difficulty caused by his ignorance of the Spanish language. To walk the streets of a foreign city completely ignorant of the words spoken around him, vainly searching for an opportunity to earn his living, and conscious that his little stock of money was wasting away day by day with no chance of replenishing it, was not a pleasant occupation.

It is said that in great crises of history the events of centuries are compressed into a week. Surely, in those anxious days, the young man lived almost a lifetime of fear, tribulation, and suffering.

Given a conscientious high-minded man, place him in the world without money and without the means of earning his daily bread, with starvation staring him in the face, and no opportunity of helping himself, and the picture is a sorrowful one. When a man is willing to work and can get no work to do, and is about to suffer for the want of work, surely he is to be pitied.

Naturally his applications were made to the Americans and English who could understand his language, but all the situations were filled. His sensitive disposition probably prevented such a presentation of his case as might have enlisted more sympathy in his behalf, but day after day he made the rounds among the offices, the few manufacturing establishments, and the business houses, wherever he could hear of an American or an Englishman, and everywhere he was refused, sometimes harshly, but generally with evident kindness.

The last of his greenbacks were disposed of at forty-five cents, and the same day he removed from the Victoria Hotel to a small lodging-house kept by an Italian near the Palace, because it was cheaper.

He still had untouched the envelope containing the

money left him by Lars Johnson in New York. He had counted it over many times, $125 of it there was, but he could not use it, for it did not belong to him. He had intended to send it back as soon as he could find out Larry's address.

The day came when he spent his last *centave* for his breakfast, and yet no work. For his dinner, he did not have the heart to use Larry's money, but in his waistcoat pocket he had a small vial of homœopathic pills, given him in Oshkosh by the good Miss Appleton. Half-a-dozen of these stayed the hunger that was gnawing his stomach. Never did sugar taste sweeter, and before dark half the bottle had been used.

That night he tossed on the narrow bed in the dark room after he had blown out his candle, and it was half an hour before his hunger would allow him to sleep. Then he dreamed he was in the Wolf River pinery again, and Celia was there, and she made a dish of maple-wax for him. She wore her calico frock with the blue ribbons at her throat, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink flush she had the day he saw her making the doughnuts. When she handed him the saucer of maple-wax, he was about to raise a spoonful of it to his lips, and then he awoke with a start, to find himself still in Peru with the awful load upon his mind, and he tossed again until daylight, when he arose and went out upon the street to walk up and down, and by walking to drown the terrible sensation within him.

At last he began to consider the question of using some of Larry's money. Of course Lars had given it to him, and expected him to use it, and he could not starve with the money in his pocket that would buy food. Lars had deserted him at the critical moment, and it was no more than right if he did use the money to keep himself from actual starvation. He had his watch and a trunk full of clothes, and if necessary he could probably sell the watch, and possibly he might sell some of his clothes; but the watch was the one his

brother had when he was killed in the army, and the chain was made from his dear mother's hair, and it showed the mark of the fatal bullet that had killed his brother. To sell it or to sell his clothes seemed so unmanly and cowardly, that he felt almost as if he would prefer to die rather than to do either. On the other hand, he felt that lofty sentiment and heroic resolutions were all very well to a man with a full stomach, but he had eaten nothing but the pills for twenty-four hours. He was young and vigorous, and all his life he had been blessed with a good appetite, and now the lack of food and the strange intoxication or derangement of his system produced by the homœopathic medicine made him desperate. He walked from the Plaza to the Bolivar Monument in the Inquisition Square, and then to the Plaza again, and as he crossed to the Portal towards the bridge he came to a decision. He would use two dollars of Larry's money and go and see the Uptons.

He had intended to go and see Mr. and Mrs. Upton as soon as he had secured employment, which he had hoped would be very soon, but as day after day passed he felt too proud to call on them. Now his pride was effectually burned out of him. In the desperation of his hunger, he decided to do what he ought to have done at first.

A money-changer on the Portal gave him five pesetas, or one sol, for his two-dollar greenback. He really felt as if he was receiving stolen money as the Frenchman counted out the silver pieces and laid them one after another in a row on the glass. In a neighbouring *tambo* he secured a smoking hot dish of *cazuela*, a piece of *lomito* with fried potatoes, and a cup of coffee. Somehow the world seemed brighter to him at once, and he felt that his visit to Mr. Upton was exactly the right thing.

At Callao in the afternoon it was an easy matter to find the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's office, and in the office Mr. Upton was busily at work standing at a high desk.

"You rascal! Where have you kept yourself?" was Mr. Upton's salutation as the young man entered the room.

Mr. Juniper explained that he had been expecting to obtain a situation of some kind before coming to see Mr. Upton, and his efforts to find a place had occupied his time, so that it had been impossible to come.

"And here I have been holding a place for you for a week," said Mr. Upton; "if you had not come to-day you would have lost it."

He then explained that one of the clerks in the office was going to England on a six months' leave of absence, and Mr. Juniper could have the vacant position if he could do the work. The salary was $125 per month, the hours from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, and although it was for only half a year, yet it was better than nothing.

Mr. Juniper felt like embracing him on the spot. The preliminaries were soon arranged. He was to come to Callao at once and begin his duties in the office the next day. A short call at Mr. Upton's residence after office hours enabled him to see the lady, and thank her for her interest in him, for Mr. Upton had explained that it was his wife's persistent questioning, and her kind solicitation, that induced him to secure the place for Mr. Juniper.

Mrs. Upton was pleased to see him, and her gentle brown eyes shone with a sisterly affection upon him as she urged him to dine with her husband and herself. To the young man, who had not seen a friendly countenance or heard a word of sympathy for a month, the kindness of these two people melted him into a feeling that there was, after all, much real kindness in the world.

He excused himself, however, and returned to Lima. His luggage was transferred to the station, and in a dingy lodging-house in Callao, over a ship-chandler's shop, he secured a room. It was furnished with a bed

and a cabinet for his clothes, a table with a small marble-top stand at the bedside, a washstand, and a few chairs. The floor was bare, except for a rug near the bed, and the door opened on the *patio* in the centre of the building. Near him, all around the *patio*, were other rooms, occupied mostly by young men like himself.

In a restaurant or *tambo* a few doors distant he made arrangements for his meals. At half-past seven o'clock a cup of coffee was served with two or three slices of bread. This was the *desayuno*. At eleven o'clock came the breakfast, which consisted of *cazuela*, *sanchochado*, *caldo*, or some other soup, beefsteak, fried plantains, boiled rice, potatoes, bread without butter, eggs, and coffee. At the close of the day, generally between six and seven, the dinner was served. This consisted of soup, fish, roast beef or mutton, one or two kinds of vegetables, bread and coffee. Mr. Juniper had not yet fallen into the customs of the country sufficiently to take wine, but he was the only one in the dozen or more at the restaurant who refused it. It was said that the water was not good, and that the climate required the use of liquor, but he determined to get along without it.

## CHAPTER XVII

### *BUDS OF HOPE*

CALLAO had a population of about 30,000 people. The guano trade made it the busiest port on the Pacific south of San Francisco. Thousands of ships came from the United States and Europe every year to load with guano at the Chincha Islands and other points on the coast, and the Peruvian law required each ship to enter at the Callao custom-house, receive a permit from the Government, and take on a Peruvian official before it could begin loading, and then, after the cargo was taken on, another visit was necessary to Callao in order to pay the last of the tolls at the custom-house and obtain the necessary clearance papers. The annual revenue to Peru from this source reached into millions of dollars. So abundant were the resources of the Government, that, instead of requiring taxes from the people for its support, it actually fed the people, like a cherishing mother, by a gigantic system of pensions, and the distribution of official patronage in the way of appointments to Government positions. Fortunes were made by Peruvians and by foreigners domiciled in Peru in the purchase and sale of the guano, and the abundance of money in the country produced a reign of extravagance and luxurious living scarcely paralleled in America. The old adobe houses in Lima were enlarged and beautified, and adorned with the richest furnishings from Paris and the centres of fashionable life in the Old World. People who inhabit the tropical and semi-tropical countries understand best how to

arrange the home and the surroundings of every-day life so as to produce the greatest degree of ease and sensual enjoyment, and the Italian from Rome and Venice, the Spaniard from Barcelona, Cadiz, and Seville, the Portuguese from Lisbon and Oporto, and the Frenchman from Marseilles and Lyons, found in Peru a climate fanned by more delicious breezes, and a temperature softer and more equable, than those of Southern Spain or the Riviera; and the European was not long in teaching the wealthy Peruvian how to arrange his house and adapt his system of living to the scale of life in Southern Europe. Every man of means lived in magnificent style, with a horde of servants, carriages, and horses, and the shops displayed the finest fabrics from French and English factories.

Business everywhere was inflated. Prices were high, everything was activity. Men who made fortunes in a year spent their money with a prodigal hand, and the liberality of the gentleman was imitated on a small scale by the improvident *mozo*, the lazy *sambo*, and the pleasure-loving *cholo*, so that for the time it was a paradise to the industrious and frugal.

The steamship line up and down the west coast of South America was organised by an American at Valparaiso, who soon transferred his interest to an English company. Panama was made the head-quarters, and the steamships were despatched from the Isthmus to Chili in connection with the Panama Railroad; but a breach soon occurred with the railroad company; the offices were transferred to Callao, and the steamship company extended its line from Liverpool to the coast, thus gaining control of the carrying trade from Europe, and giving to the west coast regular communication with Europe. The rise of the guano business had stimulated the entire trade of the coast, and the steamship company had increased its fleet and improved its facilities until it was now almost the first of the large companies sailing from Liverpool.

Mr. Juniper found his duties in the company's office not onerous and rather agreeable. He was in the department of supplies, where the accounts were kept with the stewards of the twenty odd steamships of the company's fleet, and the purchase of provisions, food, liquors, bedding, and other articles used by the steamers for the feeding and lodging of passengers and crew. Each steamer was a floating hotel, and each consumed an enormous amount of supplies in the course of the year. Accounts were also kept at the home office in Liverpool, but the individual accounts with the different stewards, and accounts for the purchase of meats, vegetables, fruits, and other supplies necessarily purchased on the coast, and the distribution of goods received from Liverpool, made this department at Callao one of great importance.

One of the first features of the business that attracted his attention was the enormous quantity of wines and liquors disposed of in each year. To one who had been reared in the belief that intoxicating liquor was an infernal invention designed by the Great Adversary for the physical and moral ruin of mankind, the inordinate consumption of alcoholic drinks by the English and all Europeans was a surprise and a revelation. Every Englishman used wine, beer, and whisky as he used coffee or tea, yet he had seen none who were intoxicated, and none who seemed at all injured by the habit.

To his North American sense of refinement there was something inexpressibly vulgar and commonplace in the use of liquor. He had always associated the habit of beer-drinking with low characters, and in the United States, whenever he saw an American using the amber liquid, he deemed it a degradation and a defilement, and if a lady were to be seen drinking a glass of beer, he thought her good reputation was at once irretrievably ruined.

But in Peru the atmosphere was entirely different. Here the English were all strong, vigorous people.

Evidently they were not altogether wrong in declaring that in this climate the use of liquor was necessary to health. At any rate, he began to believe that much of his dislike of the practice might easily be attributed to education and the force of habit, and he was compelled to admit that the mere act of drinking possibly did not imply any moral delinquency whatever, and, that being settled, it seemed only fair to believe that the question might properly be left to each individual to decide for himself.

There was another view of it that attracted his notice for many years in the United States. He had observed that the use of intoxicating liquor, like the habit of smoking, was almost universal among the poorer classes. It was rare to find a poor man who did not use whisky or beer, and the poor man who did not smoke was a still rarer exception, so that he had come to associate these vices with the condition of poverty. Which was the cause and which the effect he never could exactly determine, but the fact existed and was patent to any observer.

Thus associating the kindred vices as the actual concomitants of poverty, if not to a large extent its cause, it was not strange that he early determined that he would avoid them. He reasoned that although he started in the world without means and without friends, he would at least be free from the thraldom of the two vices that almost invariably accompanied a condition similar to his. And yet it was evident, before he had been three months in Peru, that his determination in this respect was rapidly giving way. The habit which, in the United States, was a stigma upon the good name of a young man, was here universally regarded as perfectly innocuous. Besides, he felt from his own experience that there was a depressing and enervating influence in the climate, and the use of stimulants after all might be necessary. In all probability, he would eventually adopt the use of wine, as he had

been compelled to take up the use of the cold bath, simply as a health measure.

Before he left the steamship office he had begun the use of claret at dinner, and after dinner he had taken to the cigarette; and experience under the climatic influences surrounding him only confirmed the wisdom of his action.

The head of the department in which he was placed was a young Englishman named George Steele. He was short and wiry, with grey eyes, light hair, and a red moustache, and was the possessor of a restless, energetic disposition, stimulated by an ambition that promised well for his future. Mr. Juniper's nearest neighbour was a young man of twenty-five, just "out" from the old country, and the contempt with which he viewed everything Peruvian seemed to flavour his thoughts day and night. Mr. Murdle, as he was called, wore glasses, wrote a good plain hand, and filled his position well. The young man on the other side was Mr. Nokes, a jovial, light-hearted young fellow, who "came out" on a three years' contract with the company, and was diligently trying to discharge his duties to the satisfaction of his employers. All these were good specimens of the class of men known as English clerks—men of good habits, strict honesty, and good business training; but they were almost without intellectual culture beyond the narrow range of their daily work. Mr. Juniper was surprised to see how limited was their stock of general information. In miscellaneous reading and knowledge of books and of current events they seemed little, if any, superior to the men in a Wisconsin lumber camp, although they lived under circumstances much more favourable to the growth of the mind.

Before Mr. Juniper had been in the office a week, Mr. Murdle confided to him as a secret the fact that music was Mr. Murdle's great weakness. He played the piano and violin, and was about to begin the study of the guitar. When he lived in Liverpool as a clerk in the house of

Jinks, Sloat & Dasher, he practised four hours a day on the piano.

The next week Mr. Nokes also had a secret to confide to him. Somehow people naturally liked to trust Mr. Juniper with their secrets. He did not talk much, which probably inspired the natural confidence that a secret entrusted to him would not be repeated; and then there was a quiet, manly frankness about him that begat a confidential feeling at once.

Mr. Nokes turned his face away from Mr. Juniper when he began talking about it, and pretended to be very greatly interested in a long column of figures in the ledger, but the fact was he did not see a single figure while he was telling the secret. It came out all at once, with the explanation afterwards. He was going to be married!

The first year he was in Peru he had met the charming señorita, Rosita Lopez, who was a sister of the wife of an English gentleman in Lima, to whom he had brought letters of introduction. The young lady was only twenty, the sweetest and handsomest girl in Peru, and of course he fell in love with her at first sight. In three months they were engaged, and now in another month they were to be married. Of course the young lady was a Catholic, and she would consent to marry him only on condition that he also became a Catholic. This had troubled him a great deal, for he had a brother in the Church at home, and he feared that his old mother in England would worry over it; but after all, there was not much difference between the English Church and the Catholic. Both had the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, and, as far as he could see, the main difference was that in our Church we say our prayers in English while the Catholics say theirs in Latin. Anyway, he could be a Catholic until after he was married, and then see about it, but he was bound to get married in spite of everything. If you could see the young lady you would not wonder, for her large black eyes

seemed to burn right through a person, while her voice was soft and low, her lips were ruddy, and her complexion as pure as that of a baby.

It was not long before Mr. Murdle confided to Mr. Juniper another secret. This was about George Steele, the head of the department. Mr. Steele had influential friends in the directory at home who wanted him to succeed to the management of the company. Further, Mr. Steele was engaged to be married to an English girl at home, and as soon as his advancement warranted it, he would go to England and bring back his bride.

Mr. Upton was in the ticket and transportation department, where he was universally esteemed and had good prospects of promotion, and although Mr. Juniper saw him every day, he had nothing to do with him in his daily duties.

And now that our young man from the North was regularly settled down to his work, he began to enjoy the peace of mind that comes from the performance of duty and the knowledge that he is making some progress in the battle of life. While he was only a supernumerary, who held his situation for a limited period, he could learn something of the language of the country and prepare himself during his six months in the office, so that he might be ready for something better. He had naturally desired a position in the lumber business, but he could find nothing of the kind open, although a large concern in Lima had promised him a chance at the first opportunity. That kind of work, handling boards and timber, and keeping the accounts of the business, seemed more in the line of his work in Wisconsin; so he kept in communication with Mr. Hayner, the manager.

The dull, foggy, drizzling, misty weather of the Peruvian winter gradually gave way to the spring, and as October was succeeded by November, the warm weather became a trifle more pronounced, the cloudy days less numerous, the wind freshened the air, and

there was a promise of enjoyable weather. To Mr. Juniper the prevailing dampness of the sea-shore made the temperature appear much lower than it really was. While the thermometer rarely indicated a greater cold than 65° Fahrenheit, stoves or artificial heat were never used, and the degree of discomfort was almost as great as in the cold winter of Wisconsin; but after a few months, the tonic effect of the cold bath counteracted the dampness, and he began to like the climate.

Early in November he received a white envelope, addressed to him, and on the sheet within he read in Spanish that Francisco Xavier Lopez and señora would be pleased to have him attend the marriage of their daughter, Rosita Maria, with Guillermo Shakspere Nokes, at the church of Belen, on Tuesday evening, 10th, at 8.30; also that, after the ceremony, he was invited to call at the house, No. 205 Calle de San Mateo, altos. The same messenger also handed him another envelope with a second invitation, also in Spanish, from Guillermo Shakspere Nokes, inviting him to the marriage of Guillermo Shakspere Nokes with La Señorita Rosita Maria Lopez, time and place as in the first.

Mr. Juniper had been in consultation with Mrs. Upton in regard to this wedding, and his arrangements had been nearly completed. First, he had ordered from a *sastreria* in the Calle Bodegones, Lima, an evening suit, and from a shop in Calle Espaderos, a London silk hat, and at a small shop in the Portal he had purchased a stylish-looking cane. While making these purchases he could not avoid thinking of the condition of mind he was in three months before, walking the same streets in his weary search after employment.

When his wardrobe had been received, he arrayed himself for the first time in his new clothes. It was Sunday afternoon, and as he viewed his reflection in the mirror in the little room in the lodging-house, he was surprised to see what a transformation was made by his white tie and the work of the tailor.

In company with Mr. Upton and Mr. Murdle, he went up to Lima on the evening train on Tuesday. The church of Belen was part of an old convent. A crowd of carriages surrounded the door, and a throng of men and women of the lower class reached to the end of the square, and it was only by the use of the bayonets on their guns that the policemen could keep open a passage-way through the crowd.

The three young men, with their hats and canes in their hands, and each wearing white gloves, made their way into the church. Immediately within the doors, one on either side, stood two very handsome young ladies, one a sister and the other a cousin of the bride, each in full evening costume. Mr. Upton was in the lead, and as he attempted to pass, one of the young ladies stopped him, and affixed to the front of his coat a silver medal, suspended by a white ribbon. The medal was in the form of a pansy, and it bore on one side the names of the *padrinos*, or god-parents, and on the other those of the bride and groom, with the date of the wedding. Each of the others was ornamented in the same manner by the young ladies before he was permitted to enter.

Within, the church presented a beautiful and imposing sight. In the pews on the right sat about twenty ladies, members and relatives of the Lopez family, all in white or light gowns, made in evening dress, and on their heads each wore the picturesque mantilla, or light scarf, of white Spanish lace. On the left were seated the gentlemen, upwards of three hundred in number, all in full evening dress with white gloves. The whole end of the church was a mass of light. Figures of saints, decorations carved in wood, and painted in gold and brown, were illuminated by hundreds of tall candles. Two or three boys in long red robes, partially covered with white lace, flitted to and fro in front of the grand altar, and the old sacristan in his robes kept adding to the number of lighted candles with a long pole.

In the corner near the door were the uninvited guests. Some thirty or forty women sat by themselves, with their identity concealed under the *manta*. This is the black garment of the country, worn over the head and pinned around the body. As ordinarily used, it shows only the face, and drapes a lady's figure to good advantage. When used as a disguise, the whole face is concealed except one eye, and thus the women of the neighbourhood could satiate their curiosity and remain completely unknown. It was whispered that, on occasions of the kind, ladies of good social standing in Lima sometimes attended weddings uninvited under the friendly concealment of the *manta*.

The clock near the high altar indicated 8.45 as the solemn notes of the organ pealed forth the wedding-march, and the ladies turned their heads towards the door to catch a glimpse of the procession. First came Don Francisco Xavier Lopez, a substantial old Peruvian, wearing his beard and moustache after the style of Louis Napoleon. On his right arm was the lovely Doña Rosita, in white, with orange-blossoms and veil, and carrying a white fan and a bouquet of white roses. Following was William Shakspere Nokes with Señora Lopez on his arm, and then came Dr. Aranibar, a friend of the family, with a sister of the bride.

Arrived at the front of the altar, the bride and groom knelt on a *prie-dieu*, and the ceremony began. Mr. Juniper could understand but little of the Spanish which the good-natured old priest used, but it was evidently very much like the same ceremony in English. The curious part was when the groom pulled from his pocket thirteen silver dollars and handed them to the father of the bride, thus symbolising his purchase of the wife. Senor Lopez received the money on a plate handed him for the purpose by the priest, then passed it to his daughter, and she then turned it over to the priest.

The origin of this singular custom was never fully

explained to our inquisitive young man, except that it typified the actual purchase of the woman, as wives were bought in Scriptural time; but why the mystic number thirteen did not appear.

When the ceremony ended, the bridal procession passed out of the church and the company dispersed. Carriages were taken, and our young men proceeded to the house in Calle San Mateo. Here the bridal couple received the usual congratulations, and Mr. Nokes proudly stood by the side of his beautiful bride, with his blue eyes fairly radiant with triumph as he met his friends from the steamship office. In an adjoining room the wedding gifts were displayed. These consisted largely of bouquets from the relatives and friends, with several handsome pieces of silver-ware. In the dining-room, wine and liquors with cakes and ices were served to all.

Only the ladies of the family and immediate female relatives were invited to either the ceremony or the reception, while all the male friends of either the bride or groom were bidden to both.

After the festivities of the reception, Mr. Nokes and wife proceeded to Chorrillos, a neighbouring village, where they spent a week in the retirement of a hotel, and then took up their residence in Callao.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### *AN UGLY VISITOR*

DECEMBER was warmer and more sunny than November, and Christmas Day was radiant with tropical sunshine. The steady winter weather of Peru is a succession of cloudy days, but the summer weather is uninterrupted sunshine. Roughly speaking, the winter and summer each have four months, while the spring and autumn are reduced to two months each. After Christmas in each year the bright, clear, dry summer weather begins, and by the middle of January the temperature reaches 81°. It remains at this point for three months, with scarcely the variation of a degree, day or night.

The fresh sea-breezes and the bright sunny weather had its effect upon the young man from the North. He was in excellent health, and the success he was meeting with in his work made him reasonably contented with his surroundings. True, he had not decided to remain quiescent and relapse into a condition where mere existence was the sole end of life. He had in view always the object for which he had left his own country, and only waited for the opportunity when he could improve his condition by some master-stroke.

A queer thing now troubled him. The fingers that had been amputated the year before in Wisconsin began to pain him with an annoying, itching pain. In the night he was often awakened with a feeling that something was pinching the ends of the poor fingers that had been cut off by Dr. Rundle, and often when he was at work in the office he was compelled to stop

for a moment by the uncomfortable sensation. It was probably the effect of the change of climate, but during the whole of the first summer the disagreeable sensation in these members returned at irregular intervals to molest him.

And Celia, had he forgotten her? She was never absent from his mind. The whole trend and aim of his life was based on the thought of some time seeing her and fitting himself for the event. At night, in the loneliness of his room, he lived over again the winter in the pinery and the meetings with Celia; while the purity and sweetness of her disposition, her gentle manner, and bright kindly interest in him all seemed to linger in his memory, and furnish a sweet relief to his thoughts. When he threw himself upon his bed, his brain tired with the labours of the office, the thought of Celia came as a solace and soothed him at once into calm and sleep.

Constant brooding upon the subject which operated with such a quieting effect upon his nerves induced a continuous action of the mind even in sleep, and after a few months his dreams seemed to turn in the same channel, and he at length began to look forward to the night as the time when he would enjoy the company of Celia. She appeared to him always with the same angelic purity, the same soft love-light in her eyes, and the old happy flow of spirits. So powerful was the mysterious influence, that he began almost unconsciously to guide his action by the hope of her approval, and often, through the day, when in doubt as to certain acts or thoughts, he found himself wondering if Celia would like it; and when night came, and in his dreams appeared the saint-like face, he turned to her in the hope of recognition and approbation, and at length he made himself believe that sometimes his conduct pleased her, and she rewarded him with the old, sweet smile, while occasionally a serious look upon her face warned him that something had occurred which was not quite

what it should have been. Thus, waking and in dreams, that subtle, almost evanescent, agency appeared to control him, always for his good, always as an inspiration to higher and nobler thought, and always as a shield and a defence against the natural consequences of human weakness and human proneness to the things of earth.

January brought a succession of clear, warm days. The men in the office began to complain of the heat, and Mr. Murdle and Mr. Juniper commenced sea-bathing. After the *desayuno* in the morning, it was a great luxury to dive into the salt water, and the tingling, healthy glow on the skin remained all day, causing a cool and delicious sensation that nothing else could give.

In February Mr. Upton closed his house for a month, and occupied a room in the company's building, while Mrs. Upton went to Chorrillos to spend several weeks with her friend, Mrs. Alexander. Mr. Upton preferred the company's room to one in his own house, for it was nearer the sea and more convenient for the baths, and Saturday evenings he took the train for Chorrillos, and returned to his duties on Monday morning.

One forenoon towards the last of the month, Mr. Steele came to Mr. Juniper's desk and in a low voice said—

"Mr. Juniper, I wish you would drop in and see Mr. Upton after breakfast. You will find him in his room over the way. He is not at all well."

"Very good," was his reply; "I will see him at once."

After hurrying through his breakfast, Mr. Juniper climbed the stairway and found the room, a large, airy apartment, with high ceilings, and two windows facing the sea.

Mr. Upton was lying upon the bed with his eyes closed, his face flushed so badly that he would scarcely be recognised by a casual acquaintance, and by his side sat the company's physician, Dr. Carnation. The

doctor seemed alarmed, and the appearance of the patient evidently gave good reason for serious apprehension.

Mr. Juniper's first thought was to summon Mrs. Upton. It transpired in a moment that the man was in a high fever, which made him delirious and entirely unconscious of his surroundings; so he spoke of it to the doctor.

"We will wait until to-morrow," said the physician. "The crisis will come to-night. He is completely out of his mind, and if his wife were here it would only frighten her, and she could not possibly do him any good. He will have the best of care, and we can only trust to God for the outcome."

"How long has he been ill?" asked Mr. Juniper.

"He was taken yesterday morning. Night before last he was out on a boat-ride with some of the officers from the *Amethyst*, and he probably over-exerted himself."

"What kind of sickness is it?"

"It is the regular fever—the yellow fever."

Just then Mr. Steele came up the stairway, three steps at a time, and walked into the room with a cloud upon his face.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said he sadly, as he placed his chubby little hand soothingly on the forehead of the unconscious sufferer.

The doctor pulled out his watch and counted the pulsations of the main artery.

"There is no change. Still 125."

All the afternoon Mr. Juniper sat by the bedside, and after dinner Mr. Steele and Mr. Murdle relieved him temporarily. When it was dark the sick man grew worse. In his delirium, he was at home again, where he spent his boyhood days in England, with the green fields, the roses, and the poppies, and the old place among the trees. When he called for his wife, which he did two or three times, Mr. Juniper was in an agony of pain; but the doctor was firm, and insisted that she should not be sent for before the morrow.

About midnight he was taken with vomiting, and as the physician bent over his patient, he gave utterance to the words, "O God save us!"

It was the black vomit.

In an hour the fever seemed to leave him. Mr. Juniper and Mr. Murdle had been watching over him, and the forehead of the poor sufferer appeared less heated. Mr. Juniper began to hope that the crisis was past and recovery was near.

When he spoke about it to the physician, Dr. Carnation did not answer in words, but shook his head sorrowfully.

Soon the fever seemed gone, the patient shivered as with cold, then seemed to struggle as if to rise, and then sank back completely exhausted, like a child dropping to sleep.

Dr. Carnation arose, felt the pulse, and then drew the sheet up over the face, and smoothed it out carefully and reverently.

"You can go, gentlemen," he said in a low voice to the young men. "It is all over."

Early the next morning there was a consultation. Dr. Carnation, Mr. Steele, Mr. Murdle, and Mr. Juniper were present. The manager was absent, and Mr. Steele was acting in his place.

It was a bad case of yellow fever, and the question was how to dispose of it. It was the only one yet developed in Callao. If it was reported regularly to the health officers of the port, all the company's ships and officers would be put under quarantine, and the whole business interrupted for months, causing an immense expense and annoyance to every one. On the other hand, if the body could be buried and the case hushed up, and the disease did not spread, no one would be the wiser, and all the trouble would be averted. Of course, if the authorities discovered it, fines, and perhaps imprisonment, would be the penalty visited upon every one implicated.

Mr. Steele was equal to the occasion.

"Our poor friend is dead," said he. "Nothing now can help him. Our duty is to the living. Let us bury him at sea to-night."

Accordingly it was arranged that the company's carpenter should be sworn to secrecy and ordered to construct the coffin, and after dark the steam-tug would take the remains to sea, where they would be committed to the deep.

Mr. Juniper suggested that Mrs. Upton ought to be notified. The others were united in the opinion that she must know nothing of the matter until after the burial, for the danger of contagion, and the greater risk of exposing the secret, justified such action. It was, therefore, agreed that Mr. Steele was to notify Mrs. Upton the next day that her husband was ill, and later he was to break the sad intelligence to her as best he could.

In the afternoon Mr. Steele visited the carpenter's shop, which he could enter only after the door had been unlocked. The coffin of Oregon pine had been put together, and the carpenter was finishing off the lid.

With an eye to details, Mr. Steele suggested that the inside should be thoroughly air-tight, to confine the virulent disease within the box. So the carpenter was directed to fill all the joints on the inside with thick varnish; and after the body was placed in the coffin, the lid was to be glued as well as screwed down, and the seams closed tightly on the outside with more varnish. As soon as the employés had left the offices, the coffin was secretly conveyed to the upper room, the remains of poor Mr. Upton were laid to rest by the kind hands of his friends, and a quantity of old iron and large stones placed at the foot of the coffin, in order that it might readily sink.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Steele, Mr. Murdle, Mr. Juniper, and the doctor met at Mr. Upton's room, and the coffin was carried down to the side-door. It was then

removed to a small boat in waiting, and taken alongside the steam-tug, where it was easily placed on board.

The night was clear and mild. The stars were shining with a white light, that almost made up for the lack of a moon. The doctor left the party at the side-door, and the others then went on board the tug. As she slowly crept out of the bay under light steam, to avoid the notice of the port officials, the outline of the island of San Lorenzo towered aloft against the sky, and astern the lights of Callao faded away in the distance. Once out of hearing, with San Lorenzo far astern, full steam was turned on, and for an hour or more the little tug steamed steadily out to sea.

It was a mournful party that gathered in the little cabin of the tug. To Mr. Juniper it was one of the saddest events of his life. The tragic scenes of the past two days seemed like a horrible dream, and his sorrow was intensified by the recollection that his friend Mrs. Upton had yet to hear of the awful fate of her husband, who had left her in perfect health only a few days before. Mr. Murdle undoubtedly realised the terrible misfortune which had befallen his comrade, but under his spectacles he maintained an air of composure which might indicate self-control or a lack of feeling. The third member of the party was overcome with grief at the frightful catastrophe which had come in the absence of his chief, but his admirably balanced organisation enabled him to carry out all the arrangements as quietly as if he were superintending the loading of a steamer.

Half an hour after midnight Mr. Steele went to the deck, and in a few minutes gave the order for the tug to stop.

"My friends," said he to the other two, "I believe it is now time to commit the body of our companion to the sea. We must be more than twelve miles from shore."

The coffin was then removed to the forward part of the deck, and placed on supports so that it could be easily dropped into the water.

A slight wind was blowing from the south, and the roll of the sea made the little tug move up and down with an awkward motion, while the water appeared to moan and almost whisper, as the young men looked around on the dim grey expanse of limitless ocean which met their gaze. Occasionally a black-winged bird flew past the boat in the dark, attrac ed, doubtless, by the light in the cabin, but this was all there was to break the silence since the stoppage of the engines.

Mr. Steel advanced to the head of the coffin with a prayer-book in his hand, and, by the flickering light of a lantern held by Mr. Juniper, he began reading the solemn Prayer for the Burial at Sea. His voice was clear and musical, and as the impressive words of the service sounded on the silent air, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," Mr. Juniper was sadly reminded of the last time he had heard these words in the church at Oshkosh. When Mr. Steele reached the passage, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up its dead), and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ," he gave a signal to Mr. Murdle and the officer of the tug. The head of the coffin was raised on the plank beneath, and the box slowly slid into the sea. Mr. Steele read the remainder of the service in a voice which plainly showed a feeling of relief, and at its conclusion the young men put on their hats as they started to return to the cabin.

"My God! what is that?" asked Mr. Steele, who was about to order the tug to start and return to Callao.

He pointed with his finger in the direction of a dark object which could plainly be seen in the water thirty or forty feet distant from the bow of the little steamer.

The young men could see in a moment that it was the coffin which they had just dropped into the sea. Mr. Steele's unfortunate directions to the carpenter had made it absolutely water-tight. The iron and

stones at the foot made that part of it sink, while the other end stood out of water two or three feet, and it seemed to move up and down with the roll of the sea, almost as if it were alive.

"It will sink in a moment," said Mr. Steele, the beads of perspiration forming upon his forehead. "Let's wait and see."

The three men stood there in the grey starlight, with strained eyes watching the dark object that seemed to circle around the steam-tug, now approaching it at the port bow until the watchers on the deck could see the ends of the screws on the lid, then sheering off towards the stern until it was almost lost in the distance, and again nearing the little steamer on the starboard side, all the time nodding and changing its position with the motion of the sea, until it almost seemed as if it was directed by some definite intelligence, either human or supernatural.

An hour passed under the most painful excitement. What could be done? Mr. Steele, as usual, was ready with an expedient. He went into the cabin and soon returned with a revolver in his hand.

"God forgive me," said he; "but it is the only thing we can do. "If I can let in the water, the thing will sink."

The dark object was right in front of the tug, not forty feet away. The sharp crack of the revolver-shot rang out on the air, and then another and another, and then Mr. Steele rested. Perhaps the peculiar excitement of the occasion had affected the accuracy of his aim, for the coffin still nodded and moved with the roll of the sea. Three more shots were fired, and finally, to the great satisfaction of the weary watchers on the tug, the dark object slowly settled in the water, and at length sank out of sight near the starboard side.

Immediately the tug put on all steam for Callao, and as the first rays of the morning sun reddened the sky over the tops of the Andes, the young men reached the shore.

## CHAPTER XIX

### *HE WATCHES THE FIREWORKS*

To a foreigner living in a strange country and ignorant of its language, the events which are transpiring about him day after day may be entirely unknown to him. Under ordinary circumstances, intelligence of current transactions is transmitted almost intuitively. News spreads through a crowd by a sort of electric influence: a word, a phrase, or a single sentence gives the alarm, and like lightning it flashes to hundreds of people. But a man may live among a people whose language he does not know and be as completely isolated as if he were in the middle of Africa. What does he hear of the gossip of the neighbourhood, the town-talk, the street rumours, even the important affairs of the country?

The first six months after Mr. Juniper arrived in Peru had been a season of great excitement among the Peruvians, and yet, as the preceding record will show, he knew but little of what was passing. Gradually he had acquired some knowledge of the language, and could make his wants known in a contracted, disjointed way, but, as he was surrounded by those who spoke his own language, he was not situated so as to come into close contact with the natives of the country, and so he lived the life of an outsider, being in the country, and yet scarcely forming a part of it.

In November there had been fighting in Lima, and the sound of cannonading was heard all one night. The next day the streets of Callao were in possession

of a mob. Shops were openly pilfered. Merchandise was forcibly taken by the crowd, many of the soldiers participating in the riot, and a reign of terror lasted two or three days. This had but little interest to the young men in the steamship office when the danger was over. They were occupied so closely that the internal dissensions of the Peruvians were dismissed as something irrelevant and uninteresting, provided their personal safety and the well-being of the company were not menaced.

The fact was, however, that in these six months the government of Peru had been in the hands of three different factions. Revolution succeeded revolution, and President had been succeeded by President and then by Dictator, and the social and political world of Peru had been rent from centre to circumference. Domestic differences had overturned one Government after another, while a serious dispute with a foreign nation was rapidly bringing the country into a state of actual war.

The regularly elected President of Peru was an old man, General Pezet, who was known to be favourably inclined towards the Government of Spain. A revolutionary movement was organised to drive him from power, and General Diez Canseco, the Vice-President, was selected to succeed Pezet.

On the 5th day of November General Canseco marched upon Lima with an army of six thousand men, and at four o'clock on the morning of the 6th an assault was made on the palace. In the main Plaza a severe conflict took place, and about three hundred men were killed. The palace was defended by artillery and three regiments of infantry, and the fight lasted until half-past nine in the forenoon, when the revolutionary forces gained the victory and took possession of the Government offices and archives. General Pezet left Callao in an English steamer, and General Canseco was proclaimed President.

Mr. Nokes had come to the steamship office in Callao with an exciting story of the fight as he had witnessed it. The old palace, which dated its existence from the time of Pizarro, was riddled with bullets, and many of its walls were torn wide open by the cannon, while the Plaza was thickly strewn with the dead and the hospitals were filled with the wounded.

The relations between Spain and Peru had been badly strained for several months. Peru had obtained her independence from Spain in 1824, but the mother country had persisted in a series of petty persecutions against her former South American colonies very much as England had domineered over the United States in the first fifty years of the American Republic. After the development of the guano business and the discovery that the islands of the Pacific were the depositories of immense wealth, the Government of Spain made pretensions to the ownership of these islands, and actually attempted by force to gain possession of the Chincha Islands, where the richest deposits of guano were being developed.

Among the Peruvians, the indignation of all classes against Spain was at the greatest height. The Spanish consul was attacked in the street, the Consulate was mobbed, and the houses of well-known Spaniards were violated, the windows broken, and the lives of the inmates threatened. All ties of consanguinity seemed sundered, and although acknowledging Spain as the mother country, the Peruvians seemed to cordially detest the sight of everything Spanish. The popular frenzy worked up to fever heat, and it was this hatred of Spain that precipitated the revolutionary movements. General Pezet was known to be completely controlled by the Spanish influence, while General Canseco proved to be weak and vacillating, and unable to cope with the wily forces against him.

Accordingly, on the 26th of November, scarcely

three weeks after the battle which elevated him to the Presidency, General Canseco was quietly removed and Colonel Mariano Ignacio Prado proclaimed Dictator.

Colonel Prado was one of the ablest men in Peru, and it was confidently believed that he would be able to govern the country vigorously and wisely, and meet the encroachments of Spain with patriotic firmness.

The three changes had been made with the celerity which comes of experience and long practice. The *vivas* which had gone up for Canseco were fully as loud and enthusiastic as those which rent the air a few weeks later for Prado.

Peru suffered from the Spanish encroachments equally with the other republics on the west coast, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Chili, and the Dictator had not long been at the head of affairs before he had combined the four Governments in an offensive alliance against Spain, and on the 14th of January 1866 war was formally declared against the mother country.

On the morning of the 25th of April, the young men in the steamship office at Callao noticed a strange fleet in the offing. With the glass, it was discovered that there were seven war-ships bearing the colours of Spain, and as soon as the news spread through the streets of the town, the excitement became intense.

The squadron proved to be the ironclad *Numancia*, the corvette *Vencedera*, and five frigates, *Resolucion*, *Almanza*, *Villa de Madrid*, *Blanca*, and *Berenguela*. It was under command of Admiral Casto Mendez Nunez, one of the ablest officers in the Spanish navy.

Admiral Nunez on the 27th declared the port of Callao in a state of blockade, and at the same time sent an official notice to each of the foreign Ministers in Lima, saying in substance, "The Peruvians have violated the treaty with Spain, insulted the Spanish flag, and committed barbarous outrages upon Spanish citizens. I am here to chastise them for their bad

conduct. I have blockaded the port of Callao, and on the 1st of May I shall bombard the city."

The Peruvians had been at work several months in putting the port of Callao in a state of defence. On the south of the city a fort had been constructed of stone and adobe and called Torre de Merced, and on the north a similar fortification known as Santa Rosa, while several smaller batteries had been erected on the beach. One of these was composed of a turret received from the United States to be placed upon one of the Peruvian ships which was to be converted into a Monitor. The turret was built after the style of those on Captain Ericsson's *Monitor*, of heavy iron, circular in form, with port-holes for cannon.

The armament of the Peruvian defences, including two or three small gunboats, did not exceed fifty guns, but some of these were very large. One of the Armstrong guns carried a projectile weighing six hundred pounds, and the calibre of the Blakely and Parrott guns ranged from fifty to three hundred pounds.

On the other hand, the Spanish squadron carried two hundred and seventy-five guns, the largest of which threw a ball weighing a hundred pounds, but the fleet was in a more perfect state of discipline, and the men were familiar with the working of the guns, so that the whole force was able to discharge one hundred guns a minute.

The Peruvians were unaccustomed to the business of war. It was only within the previous year that the new guns had been put in position, and it required the aid of American and English soldiers and sailors to teach the native soldiers how to operate them. So slow and uncertain were their movements, that in the whole Peruvian defences, only three or four shots could be fired in a minute to oppose the frightful storm of shell and ball from the fleet.

Three or four American naval ships were in the

harbour, and on the 30th, the American Minister, General Hovey, went on board the flag-ship *Powhatan*, in command of Admiral Pearson, to watch the bombardment.

The 1st of May dawned upon Callao in the midst of a curious scene. The fire company "Chalaca," under command of the gallant Foreman Crosby, was on duty immediately in the rear of the city with its American hand-engine to extinguish any possible fire. Nearly all the better class of people had removed to Lima to get out of danger. Many of the shops were closed, yet in others business was going on as usual. The *cholos* and coloured people evidently regarded the occasion as a gala-day, for they thronged the streets in holiday attire, laughing and drinking *chicha*.

No bombardment took place, however. The Spanish Admiral happened to remember that on the 2nd of May a famous victory was won in Spain over the Moors, and at a late hour on the 30th he decided to make the date still more glorious to generations yet unborn by his victory over the Peruvians.

On the 2nd of May business was generally suspended. The young men in the steamship offices were given a holiday and warned to keep out of danger. Mr. Steele and Mr. Juniper remained in the company's office, under the protecting folds of the British flag. From the upper rooms, the squadron could easily be seen at anchor with steam up in the bay, two or three miles distant. As far as could be seen, the forts were alive with men, and all was activity and animation. The shrill sound of the bugle could be heard at intervals, and frequently the distant sound of cheers.

At noon, the watchers at the steamship office noticed that the Spanish fleet was in motion. The Admiral's flag-ship, the *Numancia*, led the attack on the right opposite Fort Torre de Merced, and was followed by the *Almanza* and *Resolucion*. On the left the *Berenguela*

advanced against the Peruvian Fort Santa Rosa, with the *Villa de Madrid* and *Blanca* following, and the corvette *Vencedera* in the rear. As the Spanish ships approached within a mile of the forts, they opened a vigorous fire, which was at once returned by the Peruvians.

Mr. Juniper, from his position in the company's building, could easily see the attacking squadron, and at first the noise of the guns from the ships as well as those in the forts was deafening. A little white puff of smoke was seen on the side of the ships, in the centre of which was a gleam of light like a flash of lightning, and several seconds later the noise and concussion was heard and felt. Then the white puffs of smoke came faster and faster, and almost a continuous gleam of light lit up the sides of the ships. When the great guns in the fort were fired, the ground trembled as if an earthquake had rent the earth asunder, and every discharge of artillery was followed by the crash of broken glass in the buildings in Callao. Once, as Mr. Steele and Mr. Juniper stood at one of the windows, a fearful noise came from the ships, as if a hundred guns had been fired at once, and immediately the glass above them fell in solid pieces, which narrowly missed striking them.

The first disaster to the Peruvians was the result of an accident. Señor Galvez, the Minister of War, had taken command of the Monitor turret on the beach. His guns had just been discharged at the approaching fleet, when a shell was dropped by one of the men, who was greatly excited by the unusual circumstances. It fell in the pile of ammunition, exploded, and blew the whole fort into a thousand pieces, killing the brave Colonel Galvez and twenty more men, and completely silencing the battery.

A few minutes later the *Villa de Madrid* was struck by a shot from the Fort of Santa Rosa, which tore open her steam-chest, killed sixteen men and wounded

twenty, and disabled the ship so that she had to be towed by the *Vencedera* to San Lorenzo, where she was out of range.

The *Berenguela* advanced to take her place, but in ten minutes she had a hole in her side caused by a Peruvian cannon-ball. At once she began to settle in the water, and a small steamer towed her to shoal water near San Lorenzo, where she was run on shore.

It required only a few minutes more for the *Blanca* and *Vencedera* to come into range of the heavy guns of the fort, when they, too, were disabled and compelled to withdraw. Thus in less than two hours the Peruvians had silenced four of the enemy's ships and kept the other three under a galling fire.

After a pause the *Blanca* returned to the fight, and with the *Resolucion*, *Numancia*, and *Almanza* renewed the attack on Fort Santa Rosa, but in twenty minutes the four ships were compelled to retire to long range, and desultory firing was kept up until nearly five o'clock, when the Spanish fleet withdrew to San Lorenzo, leaving the Peruvians the victors.

To the young men who watched the bombardment it seemed more like a display of fireworks than an actual bombardment. In Callao, many of the streets were filled with people, some frightened, and others as unconcerned as if oblivious to danger. On the seashore near the batteries, women and children were seated, watching with great interest the rings of smoke curling up from the ships.

A milk-woman riding a donkey came around the corner of one of the streets just as a shot from the *Numancia* came whizzing along. In an instant she was rolling in the dust on the opposite side of the street, while the milk was streaming from the cans. The donkey's head was cut off as smoothly as if it had been done with an axe.

The fire of the squadron was directed at the forts, but stray shots passed through the warehouses and

shops. In a liquor store where a quantity of rum was stored in *botijas* or large earthen jars, an eight-inch shell cut off the tops of three *botijas*, and fell into the third, where it was found the next day unexploded.

A flock of buzzards, disturbed from their usual occupation in the streets, circled high in the air immediately overhead, evidently scenting blood, and waiting for the smoke to clear away so that they could begin their foul work upon the slain.

When Mr. Juniper returned to his room over the ship-chandler's shop that night, he found a hole in the wall over his bed and the room littered with earth, where a ball had crashed through the adobe, passing in on one side and out on the other. His absence from the room had undoubtedly saved his life.

The Spanish squadron remained under the shelter of San Lorenzo until the 10th, repairing damages and plugging up the holes made by the Peruvians. Two of the ships were so badly damaged that it was with difficulty that they could be repaired sufficiently to put to sea.

So far as losses were concerned, each side had about three hundred killed and wounded. Both sides claimed the victory; but as long as Peruvians have a history they will celebrate as a national holiday the "Dos de Mayo," in commemoration of the great day when they whipped the Spaniards. With equal pride, the Spanish Queen honoured the Admiral, Don Casto Mendez Nunez, by making him Duke of Callao.

About a week after the battle, the Admiral issued another manifesto to the foreign Ministers residing in Lima, in which he used almost this language: "I came here and chastised the Peruvians, as I said I would. Now if they dare to abuse any more Spanish subjects, I will come back and chastise them again." Then the fleet set sail for the Philippine Islands, and was seen on the Peruvian coast no more.

It was the largest and most powerful squadron that

had ever been seen in the South Pacific. That the undrilled and untried Peruvians could successfully withstand its attack and beat it off with great damage was a surprise even to the Peruvians themselves.

The dictator, Colonel Prado, with his staff, had personally directed the defence, and when it was understood that the haughty Spaniards had been vanquished, the enthusiasm of the volatile Peruvians broke out in the most feverish demonstrations. He was hailed as the saviour of his country, crowned with laurel, and his pathway strewn with flowers. Crowds of his excited and excitable countrymen called on him at all hours of the day and night to serenade him and give him a vote of thanks, and wherever he rode in the streets a mob of his admirers stripped the horses from his carriage, and drew it in triumph to its destination, amid the plaudits of the grateful spectators.

## CHAPTER XX

### *A CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY*

A MONTH after the death of her husband, Mrs. Upton sailed for England by way of Valparaiso. Mr. Steele had broken the news to her with a great deal of prudence and sympathetic kindness, but for the time she was broken-hearted from the shock. Yet sorrow rarely kills, and as soon as she could rally sufficiently to consider her situation, she decided to return to her friends in England. As the south steamer was about to sail, Mr. Steele and Mr. Juniper accompanied her on board, and Mr. Steele introduced Captain Langham, the master of the ship, a manly young Englishman, in whose charge he placed the lady. The parting on the steamer's deck was an ordeal to Mr. Juniper that he never forgot, for the kindness of Mrs. Upton to him had been the one bright spot in all his South American experience. To see the girlish figure in its garb of mourning, and the soft, bright eyes, and the kindly smile shrouded in the greatest sorrow, and the loving wife left desolate and alone in a foreign land, awakened his pity and regret, and the steamer left her anchorage with a thousand good wishes for a safe voyage.

Two or three months after his marriage, Mr. Nokes had given up his situation in the company's office and removed to Lima, where he joined the family of his father-in-law. Don Francisco Lopez was the owner of a large sugar estate in the Chillon valley near by, and the young *extrangero* was placed in charge of the books as an assistant in the management of the business.

Mr. Sloat, the clerk whose place Mr. Juniper had temporarily obtained, did not return from his vacation until more than eight months had elapsed. Before Mr. Sloat's arrival in May, Mr. Juniper had made an engagement at Lima in the house of Hayner & Co., lumber dealers, and on the 1st of June he removed thither, and began his new duties with an increased salary. Mr. Steele objected to his departure, and offered him a permanent position in the company's office, but the arrangement had already been closed in Lima.

At Lima his quarters were much more comfortable than those he occupied in Callao. Six young men had clubbed together and rented a house in the Calle Cadiz, where they lived as one family, with a cook, *mayor-domo*, and an assistant, and Mr. Juniper was fortunate enough to secure the place of one of the members who was leaving the city for an *hacienda* in the north.

The hotels of Lima were poorly furnished and badly managed, and the boarding-house as it is known in the United States, or the *pension* of Europe, was not to be found in Lima. A young man of respectability was compelled to take a house and keep up his own establishment, in order to secure the comforts of a home.

Housekeeping was conducted on a different system from that which obtains in Europe or the United States. Every family or household maintained at least three servants, a *mayor-domo* or steward, a cook, and chambermaid or *mozo* to attend to the beds and rooms. In large families these were increased by the addition of a nurse for each child, maids for the ladies, coachmen, porters, and others, sometimes to the number of twenty-five.

All the domestic arrangements were in charge of the *mayor-domo*, who hired the other servants, looked after them, attended to the table, and officiated generally as

the housekeeper. All the purchases for the kitchen were made by the cook, who went to market in the morning, and returned with all the supplies needed for the day. The mistress of the house was entirely relieved of responsibility, even in time of illness, for every part of the domestic machinery was in charge of a servant. Everything was planned to secure the greatest degree of ease and comfort to the master and mistress of the family.

"The Mess," as it was called, was under the management of Mr. Niklowski, a Pole, who was principal clerk in the house of Lake, Stone & Co. Mr. Niklowski was about thirty years old, and spoke with equal fluency English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. The next in point of seniority was Mr. Bloss, an Oxford man, who had been educated for the Church, but at the last moment changed his mind and went in for a commercial career. He had powerful friends at home, and although only twenty-six, was assistant-manager of the rival house of Runnion, Cox & Co. The third was a modest young man named Gray, from Manchester, apprenticed to the house of Tracy Bros. & Co.; and the next, Mr. Booker, of the house of Beaumont, Booker & Co., and a relative of one of the firm; while the fifth was Mr. Bly, a junior clerk in an insurance office, serving a three years' apprenticeship.

Each of the young men had a separate room, while the *sala* and *comedor* were used in common. Mr. Juniper's room opened on the *patio*, with abundance of light and air. It was well carpeted, and furnished with a brass bedstead, a large mirror, two or three wardrobes, several marble-topped tables, and five or six chairs.

The establishment of Hayner & Co. covered half a block. A line of railroad track extended down the middle, so that lumber from the ships at Callao could be transferred from the car directly to the place where it was stored. The only roof was a thin covering of

canes, which simply excluded the rays of the sun, but as the rain never fell, this was all that was necessary. Piles of Oregon pine covered the ground, embracing the various sizes used in building and finishing the interior of houses and shops. In the front there were planing and matching machines, and the different kinds of saws for cutting up the lumber, with a department for the carpenters and joiners, who finished the doors, windows, and frames, as well as stairs and general woodwork.

It was a pleasant change for Mr. Juniper to find himself again in an atmosphere where the smell of the pine was the prevailing odour, and the shavings from the surfacer and the pine-dust from the saws all reminded him of his former life in Wisconsin. The coarse, heavy pine from Oregon lacked the soft delicate fibre of the white pine that he had been accustomed to, but the lumber and machinery all touched a familiar chord in his memory.

His work was in the office, where he took a position at the desk near the manager. In a few weeks he had learned the routine of the business, so that his duties became intelligible to him, and his constant efforts to master the details and intricacies of the trade were rewarded by a facility of action that soon made him an invaluable assistant.

On Wednesday night of the second week after his removal to Lima he experienced a new sensation. He had retired about ten o'clock, and, exhausted with the labours of the day, he slept soundly. About half-past twelve he was rudely awakened by a strange buzzing noise, like the hum of the planing-machine in the shop of Hayner & Co., and his first impression was that he was dreaming of the work on the machines. But at the same instant the house shook violently, as if a locomotive had run into one side of it. The sides of the building seemed to tremble, the roof moved so that the timbers creaked, the dust fell on his face, and

a framed photograph of his mother that was hanging upon the wall was thrown to the floor, breaking the glass. He sprang from the bed, lighted a candle, and was about to dress himself, when he found that the commotion had subsided; but in an instant the same phenomena were repeated with greater intensity, and the weird moaning sound was so loud that it almost stopped the beating of his pulse. He could hear sounds as of chairs being overturned and furniture knocking about in the other rooms, and even the bell in the *patio* outside began to ring; but the noise finally ceased and all was calm. Then in the still night air came the sweet sound of the church-bells of San Pedro, pealing a thanksgiving for happy deliverance from the earthquake, and then another church set its bell tolling, and soon from every quarter of the city the sound of the bells made the night alive with their music.

Mr. Bloss came rushing into the room, clad in his bath-robe, to see if any damage had been done. Mr. Bloss and Mr. Gray had rushed from their room to the *patio* as soon as the first shock of the earthquake was felt, and stood there to avoid the danger of falling walls.

"Always get into the *patio* if you can," said Mr. Bloss, "for there you are safe. If the roof tumbles down on you, you're a dead duck."

"But you don't think there's any danger, do you?" asked Mr. Juniper.

"There's no telling anything about it. We can expect a serious earthquake at any time, and yet it may not come for years. Callao was completely destroyed by an earthquake in the last century, and Lima has had several severe shocks since then."

They both went to the balcony looking into the street, and found the people of the neighbourhood just recovering from their fright. Many of the Peruvians habitually rush into the streets at the first sound

of the earthquake, and if it comes in the night, they do not stop to dress, but rush out in their night-clothes. A few women were to be seen by the gaslight still kneeling on the side-walk, rosary in hand, saying their prayers, but in ten minutes the church-bells had ceased, the people had retired, and all was still again.

There had been light shocks of the earthquake before, but they had come in the daytime, when other noises helped to modify the sound, but this was the first one he had experienced in its intensity, and he was afterwards told that it was the most severe that had been known in ten years. Still no one had been injured, and a slight cracking of some of the walls was the greatest damage reported.

When Mr. Juniper had become fairly settled in his new home, and had his work at the office well in hand, he began to enjoy his surroundings much better than when he lived in Callao. Lima was a much larger city, having a population of about a hundred and fifty thousand. While there was an air of commercial activity about it, and the old-fashioned shops around the Plaza seemed crowded with purchasers until after ten o'clock at night, yet among the residences there was every sign of dignified quiet and easy-going luxuriousness of living that distinguished it from an American city, while the old churches appeared as if they had been removed bodily from Europe, so un-American were they, and so quaint in their old Spanish architecture, combining the Moorish effect with the Italian ideas of the seventeenth century.

Mrs. Nokes was the only lady with whom he was intimately acquainted. Mr. Nokes had frequently invited him to dine, and at the hospitable table of Señor Lopez he had always been kindly treated. The three sisters of Mrs. Nokes were beautiful girls, with the regulation dark eyes, coal-black hair, olive complexion, and ruddy lips of the Peruvian beauties. They eyed the young *gringo* across the table as if desirous of

cultivating his acquaintance, but his defective Spanish prevented any very close acquaintance. Mrs. Nokes had learned from her husband enough English to carry on a limited conversation with the aid of Mr. Juniper's Spanish, so they contrived to become very good friends.

The manners of the Peruvian ladies, and especially of the señoritas, were excellent. On the street, no lady of whatever age appeared alone. A female servant was the constant companion of every one who ventured away from her own home, unless accompanied by her mother or other female relative, and it was not quite good form for two young ladies to appear on the street together, unless in charge of the mother or the faithful nurse. In walking on the street on the way to church or to make visits, the ladies invariably walked with downcast eyes and the most perfect decorum.

To attend mass in the morning was the urgent duty of every lady. The streets at certain hours were thronged with ladies, prayer-book in hand, going to or returning from the churches, clad in a black gown and the ever-present *manta*.

Mr. Bly, the insurance clerk, seemed desirous of cultivating Mr. Juniper's acquaintance. Mr. Bly was a tall, bony young man, with an immense head of yellow hair. He was almost twenty-two years of age, and had been educated at Christ's Hospital, London. Whether it was the habit acquired at the Bluecoat School, or the effect of the Peruvian weather, the record does not state, but Mr. Bly was never known to wear a hat or cap, except when compelled to do so in going into the streets.

One evening after dinner Mr. Bly dropped into Mr. Juniper's room, as he had been in the habit of doing occasionally for several weeks previous. At the end of ten minutes' conversation, Mr. Bly invited his friend Mr. Juniper to go with him to call upon some young ladies, the Señoritas Sancochado.

At first the young man from the North was inclined

to refuse, but he at length decided to go, and the two young men started, after arraying themselves in Prince Albert coat and light-coloured trousers, with silk hat, gloves, and cane. The señoritas lived in the Calle Madrid. A long narrow parlour on the ground-floor, opening immediately from the paved *patio*, was lighted by a large crystal chandelier. The furniture consisted of two sofas and twenty-four chairs, all concealed, except in outline, by white linen covers, a French piano, a marble-topped table in the centre of the room, two or three small stands containing *bric-à-brac*, half-a-dozen French engravings in gilt frames, and two or three large mirrors, also heavily framed in gilt. On a cabinet was a collection of ancient pottery from the Inca tombs. In front of one of the sofas on the French carpet was a beautiful yellowish-brown *vicuña* rug, and surrounding the rug on two sides was a row of chairs, forming a parallelogram, with the rug in the centre, and seats on three sides of it. The other chairs were regularly arranged around the four sides of the room at equal distances apart. The walls were papered with a light gilt paper, which set off the engravings to good advantage. A small cabinet held a collection of Peruvian *huacos*.

A coloured servant, evidently a *chola*, answered the bell, took the cards, and showed the visitors to seats. In a few minutes, Señora Sancochado entered the room, followed by two of her daughters. The señora was short, fat, and good-natured. Her forty-five years had added to her weight, and her twelve children had increased her responsibilities, but she was always happy, always devout and attentive to her church duties, and always hospitably inclined towards visitors. She greeted Mr. Bly very cordially, and met Mr. Juniper with a motherly welcome that made him feel quite at home. Mr. Juniper was presented to the Señorita Sancochado, and then to her sister Sara. The two girls were as nearly alike as two beans. Each

had the usual complexion, the stated eyes and hair, regular features, and pouting red lips that looked as though they wanted to be kissed, and each wore a bright-coloured gown and crinoline, with chignon, and each carried a fan of the same colour as her frock, and each gave out an odour of some very strong perfume.

The mother took her seat at the end of the sofa in the quadrilateral, and placed the two young men beside her, while the señoritas sat bolt upright on the chairs in front. The señora could speak no English, but the young ladies had learned the language in the convent of San Pedro, and their good-natured efforts to carry on a conversation with the young men were quite amusing. Both were sprightly and vivacious, with soft musical voices, and when the large, liquid, languishing dark eyes of the Señorita Sancochado were turned upon Mr. Juniper, he moved uneasily in his seat, as if he were subjected to some mystic influence he could not describe.

During the visit, Mr. Juniper observed that the ladies appeared somewhat restless and moved uneasily in their seats, and at times the impression began to dawn upon him that they were afflicted with a cutaneous disturbance. Before he had been in the room fifteen minutes, however, he began to experience some of the symptoms himself, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could control his actions. Demons seemed to be persecuting him along his spinal column, and then his arms had a feeling as if they were immersed in a bed of thorns, when the unseen enemy changed his tactics and appeared to execute a flank movement, evidently bound to drive him to desperation.

It was afterwards explained to him as an invasion by the minute insect known as the *pulja*, an insect which makes life a burden to the stranger in Peru. No age or rank or condition and neither sex is exempt from its attacks. It is well known that a *sala* or any

room which is little used becomes thoroughly alive with these pestiferous animals, and the ingenuity of man has never yet discovered an absolute remedy for their attacks.

It is true that in some of the shops you will be offered something with a Spanish name which is declared to be a perfect trap for the *pulga*. Mr. Juniper had suffered from the ravages of the animal, and he was once induced to try the *pulga* trap, but he found that it was nothing but a piece of woollen cloth in which the animals were expected to hide, but a trial proved its absolute inefficiency.

"I am sorry you cannot see my eldest daughter," said the señora. "She is married and lives at Pacasmayo, where her husband has an *hacienda*. She came down last month, and she will stay here until she has her baby. She has gone out this evening with her husband to visit her cousin."

At the end of half an hour the visit terminated, and the young men retired, with a kind invitation from the mother to call again.

A week later, the two Prince Albert coats and silk hats were again produced, and again the door-bell rang at the Sancochado residence in Calle Madrid. In less than a month Mr. Juniper ventured to call alone, for Mr. Bly was busy at the office, and it was not long after that he called twice in a single week. Always he was met by the matronly señora, who showed him to the seat beside her on the sofa; always the charming daughters seated themselves on the row of chairs directly opposite; always the elder señorita beamed on him with the luminous dark eyes; always the most perfect decorum mingled with kindly interchange of lively feeling, and always the visit ended with regret on the part of the visitor that it was so short.

It was the sixth week after he had made his first visit. He called without his friend Mr. Bly, and was shown to a chair as usual. The señora entered the

*sala* according to her custom, but the señoritas did not accompany her. There was a troubled expression on the kind, fat face that Mr. Juniper could not exactly comprehend. Immediately behind her walked Señor Sancochado, whom Mr. Juniper had never met. He was a tall, swarthy Peruvian, with gold eye-glasses and distinguished presence. The señora made the introduction and motioned Mr. Juniper to his usual seat on the sofa, and then abruptly left the room. Señor Sancochado took the seat beside his guest, with a great deal of polite motioning, and chatted for a few minutes, partly in English, spoken with studied effort, and partly in Spanish, which seemed to drop out of its own accord and tangle itself with the English.

At length the subject that was evidently on his mind came out. He straightened himself in his seat and began :—

"Meester Juniper, you haf came to my house many times to see my *hija*, my daughter. I spick vary leetle Inglese, but *ye pregunto*—I ask you *á decir* me—I wish you to tell me your *intencion*—what you mean. Do you want to marry my daughter ?"

If another earthquake had split open the earth in front of him, our young American would not have been more astonished, and when he tried to explain his position, his tongue seemed dry and gummed to his palate, and he began to wish that another earthquake really would come and swallow him up, and thus get him out of his predicament. Señor Sancochado was extremely polite, and as kind in his manner as if Mr. Juniper had conferred a great favour on him and his family, and yet it was plain that he wanted the uncertainty cleared up. The ladies, too, were evidently sincere in their kindness to him, but suddenly the idea flashed across his mind that he had run counter to a custom of the country which was new to him.

In a minute or two he found his speech. With a crimson flush reaching from his collar to the roots of

his hair, he explained to Señor Sancochado that while he had the greatest admiration for the señorita and her sister, and respected the señora deeply, because she reminded him so much of his own mother, and he greatly enjoyed a visit with them all, yet his circumstances would not permit him to marry, and, as his visits were liable to be misunderstood, he would not come again, but he asked pardon of the señor and his family for having caused them annoyance, but trusted that his ignorance of the customs of the country would excuse him if he had been guilty of any impropriety.

Señor Sancochado listened attentively to what he said, and was apparently translating the words into Spanish, and when he had concluded, the señor suddenly jumped up, took him by the hand, and then put his arms around the young man and gave him the Spanish embrace, one arm over the shoulder and the other hand patting him on the small of the back.

The señor seemed fully as much relieved by the explanation as Mr. Juniper was. He thanked the young man for his honourable explanation, and invited him to his room, the back-parlour, to play a game of *rocambor*. Mr. Juniper pleaded ignorance of the game, and then the señor called a servant, who reappeared in a moment with a tray of glasses and a decanter of port, and paterfamilias insisted on a drink. This ended, the señora made her appearance again, and Mr. Juniper, in his best Spanish, renewed his apologies. She shook his hand warmly, and he parted with the good people, deeply impressed with their politeness and sincerity, and his memory enlarged by another lesson in the customs of the country.

As he walked along the Calle Madrid, in spite of the evident kindness of the Sancochados, he felt as if he had received a severe blow in the face. How fortunate that the father had called him to account! What were his intentions toward the young lady, any way? Why should he show such marked attention to

the girl? What was he thinking of to get so interested in her? It was perfectly proper for the father to watch over the daughter, and he was glad that his eyes had been opened and the thing was ended, but he felt a sudden twinge of disappointment when he remembered that he was now stopped from calling at the house, and the pleasant visits that he had been looking forward to so eagerly for the past three or four weeks were now to cease for ever.

The truth is, that, with all his strength of mind, when it came to the young ladies he was a very impressionable young man. The sight of a pretty face always had a great interest to him, and in this city of beautiful women, his æsthetic soul was continually stirred to its uttermost depths in distant admiration of the sparkling eyes and classic features that perpetually haunted his vision. The same impulse that caused him to admire a beautiful flower, or a gorgeous sunset, or a little child induced him to adore a handsome woman, and in a company of men and women, his eyes instinctively and unconsciously settled upon the most attractive, as naturally as the magnetic needle points to the pole.

And yet in his heart an ideal still existed in its perfection as it was found in the woods of Wisconsin many months before.

## CHAPTER XXI

### *HE SKATES ON VERY THIN ICE*

Mr. Juniper told Mrs. Nokes all about the Sancochado incident. The lady was surprised, but with true sisterly affection she pointed out to the young man that his marked attention to the young lady was highly improper, and that Señor Sancochado had acted perfectly right in demanding an explanation.

From the conversation he learned that among the Peruvian families a young gentleman is never permitted to see a young lady alone. The señoritas invariably received the young gentlemen in the company of the mother, or, if the mother is not living, the grandmother or aunt acts in her stead. If the young gentleman desires to invite the young lady to the opera or concert, he must always include in his invitation the mother and as many of her sisters as are in society. The code of rules governing the social intercourse of the sexes is based on the theory that the young girl is a blossom too delicate and fragile to be carelessly exposed to the rude wind of the public, and every restriction is thrown about her to maintain the purity and innocence of her mind and the absolute integrity of her associations. She must never recognise a male acquaintance when she meets him in the street until he takes off his hat to her first, and all loud conversation, laughter, or boisterous conduct among ladies is strictly forbidden. Even after betrothal a young gentleman is not permitted to visit his fiancée except in the presence of her mother.

He pondered deeply over these regulations, which seemed so different from the unconventional and unrestricted conditions at home, where every one was trusted, and the social life of men and women was as free and natural as that of children. His rebuke at the hands of Señor Sancochado had taught him a salutary lesson that he determined not to forget, but events proved that his memory was defective in its operation.

Every Sunday morning the church of San Pedro was crowded. On the left of the main aisle the men were seated, each in a suit of black, and the *mugeres* were on the right, with black gown and *manta*, for a woman is not allowed to enter a church wearing a bonnet or hat. The view of so many people all in black was very impressive to the visitor, and with the beautiful altar illuminated with hundreds of long candles, the priest in his robe of fine linen and gold ornamentation, the high ceiling tinted a light blue, supported here and there with graceful columns, the life-size figures of Christ and the saints at intervals along the sides, with one or two original paintings by Murillo on the walls, one could not help admiring the interior; and when the low, sweet-toned organ in the distant choir broke out in an offertory, the notes seemed to fill the whole air, floating dreamily in space, as if the music was an actual, tangible substance that was confined within the walls, like the cloud of incense which rose above the altar; and as the voices of the men and boys chanted the service in an agreeable tenor, exactly harmonising with the music of the organ, the whole effect was satisfying to the senses, and Mr. Juniper could readily understand how it was that a system of worship which so strongly appealed to the eye and the ear had secured such a powerful hold upon the simple-minded Indian and the descendants of Pizarro.

But it was not the interior of the churches that was the most attractive to the visitor. On Sunday morning

and on feast-days it had long been a custom of the young men to form in line at the door of the church to stare at the señoritas as they came out, and even the principal thoroughfare, the Calle Mercaderes, and the two Portals, were always ornamented with an expectant row of youths, with cane in hand, watching the long procession of pretty girls on their way from church. This custom had become so firmly established that the señoritas were said to look forward to the walk to church and the return after mass as a sort of diversion; and if the gauntlet of masculine admirers was deficient in numbers, the young ladies were disappointed. In olden times it was said that on occasions of this kind it was the custom of the young men to ejaculate "Qué bonita!" at the sight of a pretty face, and the señorita who passed a crowd of the young men without hearing the flattering expression went home with a feeling that her attractiveness was going into a decline.

Not that the young ladies ever gave any sign that these impertinent manifestations were agreeable. On the contrary, they invariably looked at the side-walks or straight ahead, and their conduct on the street was always the most exemplary. But it is to be presumed that the love of admiration which is so natural to the feminine heart was innocently gratified by these demonstrations, and a habit was established which could never have been permitted under circumstances where the relations of the sexes were more unrestrained.

In walking about the city on Sunday afternoon or on one of the numerous feast-days, when all labour was suspended, another custom of the young ladies was noticed which seemed very singular to Mr. Juniper. At the balconies in the second storey of the houses, crowds of young ladies in afternoon-dress were always to be seen, looking down upon the people passing in the street below, and whenever a gentleman went by who was acquainted with the family, he politely raised his hat, and the señoritas returned the salute with a plea-

sant smile. Scarcely a block was passed which did not present two or more of these groups, and it was easy to be seen that the best families countenanced the custom. In many instances, the railing of the balcony was upholstered with a beautiful *vicuña* rug, or a bright red sofa-pillow to make it comfortable for the young ladies in their long watch. Thus a promenade on the narrow side-walks was enlivened by the sight of whole batteries of bright eyes, and the casual visitor of an afternoon could see more of the beauty of Lima from the street than he would encounter in the ordinary way in a year.

There was a house on the Calle Seville that Mr. Juniper passed on his way from his home to the office. At the balcony he had frequently noticed the two young ladies of the family, and it was not long before he thought they observed him with more than friendly eyes. They were never absent from the balcony on Sunday afternoon, and many times he had noticed them there during the week. They had the usual characteristics of the Lima beauties, coal-black eyes and hair, delicately tinted complexions, full busts, and exquisitely rounded arms and shoulders. One afternoon, it was the feast-day of one of the saints, and he wore his silk hat and carried a cane, the elder of the two girls followed him with her full dark eyes until he was directly opposite, and then her features broke out in a smile and she bowed unmistakably. He returned the salutation, but walked on with his mind in a maze. It was the only time that he had ever noticed anything in their conduct that was not strictly and sedately proper. When he considered the uniformly correct manners of the young ladies, the exception struck him with all the greater surprise, and he resolved to ask Mrs. Nokes about it.

He proceeded in his walk to the Plaza. Crowds of people in black were coming out of the cathedral, and the old bell was tolling rapidly for the afternoon service that begins at three o'clock. He passed up the Calle Judios and bent his steps toward the Plaza de Inqui-

sicion. As he came up the street, a carriage drove across from the direction of the market. He noticed casually that the little sign "*Occupado*" was displayed, and that it was No. 91; and as he looked at it, the driver turned in his seat as if some one had called him, and then pulled up the horses and stopped the coach just at the corner where Mr. Juniper was about to cross to the Plaza. At once the door of the carriage partially opened, and some one beckoned to him. He went to the door, and was surprised to see a very handsome young woman on the seat within. She wore a broad red hat trimmed with a red plume, and a red gown and gloves, and had a red parasol in her hand; and he noticed that the perfumery that she used was very strong. He had never seen her before. She smiled on him with an expressive look that he could not understand, and with a low voice, and in the most insinuating manner, said—

"Venga á mi casa, á la noche, no?"

"Por donde está?"

"En la Calle Carpinteros, Numero Ciento-quarenta-cinco."

"Voy á ver."

"Hasta luego."

And then the carriage drove on to the corner of the Calle San Francisco, and turned down towards the cathedral.

Mr. Juniper drew a long breath and furtively looked around to see if any one was watching. Coming along the marble pavement of the Inquisicion Plaza were two Peruvian ladies, and as he passed them his face was flushed as if he had the scarlet fever. He was quite sure the ladies must know all about it, and as he sank into one of the seats he felt the perspiration gather on his forehead, and his throat became parched and his lips dry as with fever. His head seemed in a whirl, and for the time he forgot where he was, and as he thought of what had just happened, he could scarcely

believe his own recollection. The more he considered it, the more confused he was.

The young woman had invited him to visit her. With the strict ideas of propriety prevailing in Lima among the ladies, and especially the señoritas, her act was open to but one construction, and he shuddered as he thought of it. When he asked where she lived, he did it from simple curiosity, and without the slightest thought of accepting her invitation ; and when he said, " I will see," it was with the firm resolve not to go.

Still she was very attractive. Her features were regular, and her mouth luscious, with red lips and the whitest of small teeth, and her dark eyes as seen from the carriage reminded him of an opening in a shutter which admits a ray of sunshine in a dark room, a metallic gleam reaching to every object within range. As well as he could judge, she was about twenty, and from her manner and appearance accustomed to good surroundings.

Perhaps he might at least see her. There was nothing wrong in calling on her, as she had invited him.

Then the thought of Celia struck him as an electric shock. He sprang from the seat like a lunatic, and walked hastily down towards the cathedral.

And he said to himself—for he was a man—" This is life, this is sin, this is temptation. I will conquer it."

The palm of his right hand began to bleed slightly where he had dug his nails into it. He determined to control himself, and in his energy he doubled his fingers closely together, and walked along with rapid strides, his fists closed as if in anger, and his arms violently gesticulating as he walked.

When he reached the Plaza, the cool breeze from the sea fanned his forehead, and he dried his face with his handkerchief. He stopped for a moment, undecided as to where he should go, and then walked slowly across towards Calle Mercaderes.

On the corner, near the Portal, stood a policeman

holding a gun in his hand. Moved by a momentary impulse, he asked the officer in Spanish—

"Where is Calle Carpinteros?"

He had to repeat the question before the intelligent *cholo* could understand. Then he was told to go so many *cuadros* in that direction, and then turn to the left and go three *cuadros* more.

He was out for a walk, and he might as well go in that direction as anywhere; so he sauntered on, trying to convince himself that he had entirely conquered the temptation, and now he only wanted to see what kind of a street Carpinteros might be. It was a holiday, and few people were in the streets then as he walked slowly along in the direction indicated by the policeman.

On the corner about where he expected to find it was a drug-store, a small one-storey building with the sign, "Botica de Carpinteros," and his pulse quickened as he recognised it. Beyond, on either side, was a block of one-storey buildings reaching to the next corner. The front of each of the houses was exactly alike. Each had a *reja* or barred window on either side, and in the middle was a door situated ten or twelve feet back from the street. Every window was closed with a white blind, and the door of each had a small window which was covered with a white curtain.

He found that the odd numbers were on the opposite side, so he crossed over from the drug-store and walked slowly along until he passed No. 145, which was near the middle of the block. It was precisely like all the others, with the door inside a passage-way paved with small stones and a *reja* on each side. When he reached the corner, he decided to return by the same street, and as he walked back, he began unconsciously to count the doors in the block. He found that there were just twenty-five, and No. 145, painted in small blue figures on a tin sign, was exactly in the middle, with twelve doors on either side. He could not tell why he had counted the doors. Some operation of the

mind had started it quite independently of the will, and he had completed it just as he had often counted the steps going upstairs, or when he was a boy at Oshkosh he counted the fence-posts on his way to school.

He walked back to the Plaza, pleased that he had overcome the temptation, and yet entirely unable to keep his thoughts from the event of the afternoon. Who was the young woman? Evidently she liked his appearance. When he arrived in front of a hat-store on the Calle Espaderos, he looked in a mirror in the window, and for the first time in many months gazed attentively at his own reflection. With his silk hat and black coat, he admitted to himself that he was not really plain-looking, and as he curled his black moustache, he thought that he was dark enough to be taken for a Peruvian. Perhaps the young woman had mistaken him for an acquaintance or a relative, and possibly he had worked himself into a commotion for nothing. He laughed and started for his home in the Calle Cadiz.

As he moved along the street, he found himself wondering if it was the young woman's corset that made her look so in front, and then, before he could control his wandering thoughts, he began to conjecture if her stockings were red, to correspond with the colour of her frock and gloves. He knew so little about the other sex, and had thought so little about any other woman besides Celia and his mother, that this sudden irruption of a woman's presence into the even tenor of his life disturbed him like an infectious disease. He rushed up the stairs, hurried to his own room, and threw himself upon the bed, where he covered his eyes with his hands, and tried to shut out the images that were continually rising before his sight.

When dinner was announced, he seated himself at the table next to Mr. Bly, but after the soup and fish, he excused himself on the plea of illness, for he could eat nothing, and when he returned to his room, he

actually felt sick. His pulse was high and his head hot. He attempted to read, but on the page of Macaulay's Essays, two round yellow spots appeared which obscured the letters, and before he realised it the round yellow spots grew into a pair of dark eyes which glistened and sparkled, and then appeared the outline of a red hat with a red plume, then a red gown, very full in front, and a pair of red sleeves, and he threw aside the book in disgust. He walked the floor for half an hour, trying to repeat some of the theorems in geometry he had learned at school, "all the angles which can be found on one side of a straight line;"—but his mental machinery was running wild, and he could not bring it under control.

When the clock struck eight, he took his hat and cane, and went into the street in the hope that the cool night air might quiet his nerves. The gaslights in the Plaza shimmered with a yellowish haze in the dampness, and the narrow side-walks were wet with the mist that had begun to fall. Before he realised what he was doing, he was in front of the Botica de Carpinteros, and then he was counting again as he passed the doors on the street. There was a gaslight at either side of the block, but twenty feet away from the corner all was darkness. Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and unconsciously he stopped, and almost without knowing it, he walked into the passage-way. A light was burning behind the white curtain, and he stepped forward like a man in a state of somnambulism and tapped gently with his cane at the bottom of the door. He could hear a regular thumping noise, like the sound of a loom or some piece of machinery in operation, and he had just time to decide that it was the beating of his heart, when the door opened wide enough to allow the woman within to look out. She was a Peruvian, as he could tell by her eyes, and she wore a brown wrapper loose at the waist.

"Está la señorita aqui?" he asked.

"Qué señorita?"

He was puzzled. Her name was unknown to him, and the woman evidently looked at him with suspicion. Shame and fear overcame him completely. He muttered something to the woman by way of apology, and crept out into the friendly darkness.

The revulsion in his feelings was exquisitely delightful. He had exposed himself to the temptation clear to the point of danger, almost against his will, it is true, but he had been saved. His delirium was gone. As he walked directly back to his home, tears gathered in his eyes, and before he retired he thanked God from the depths of his heart that he had somehow passed through the ordeal unscathed.

But a cheerful temperament and the natural inexperience of a young man made him susceptible to sinister influences. A kitten plays with fire until its paws are burned, and then it is cured. The average young man has but little more sense than a kitten in exposing himself to the flames, and he often lacks the instinct of the kitten to profit by his experience, and avoid the fire after his eyes are opened to the danger. He generally took his walks alone. In the companionship of his own thoughts he derived more pleasure than from that of the young men with whom he was associated. Once when he was walking towards the old stone bridge with Mr. Booker, he began to talk about books and reading. He had read something in Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," which he quoted, but it was lost on Mr. Booker, whose mind was full of the Derby and the bet he had made on the sweepstakes.

"Who is this Ruskin?" said he in his slow, drawling manner. "Is he—er—an American writer?"

So Mr. Juniper was forced to talk about the races, and the price of guano stocks, and the next game of cricket.

One Sunday afternoon he was walking in the Alameda. The band was playing, and the long sanded promenade was filled with gaily-dressed people. As he went past

the statuary and the great rows of blue and white flowers down towards the fountain, he noticed two young ladies, with their mother, seated on one of the marble benches. On near approach, he discovered that they were the señoritas he had noticed so often at the balcony in the Calle Seville. They wore gowns of a light salmon colour, with large crinoline, hats of the same shade, and carried parasols to match. He kept his eyes away from them as he passed, and, after gazing at the fountain a few minutes, he started to return, and then seated himself for a while to listen to the music. As he looked up, he found that the three ladies were sitting directly opposite. The señorita nodded to him, and then, in a moment, he could see that she was slyly marking in the sand with the end of her parasol. She looked at him in a mischievous way, and then the three ladies arose and moved slowly out of the garden.

He could not resist the temptation of looking at the sand where she had been sitting, and in five minutes he had walked to the fountain again, and then seated himself on the stone bench. After a respectable interval he let his eyes fall to the sand, where he read the word "*Venga.*"

Here was another invitation thrown out to follow an unknown siren, but this time he was firm. He remained seated for half an hour to enable the party to get out of the way, and then he arose and walked directly home. He was to dine that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Nokes at the Lopez residence, and the preparation of his toilet served to drive the subject from his mind.

After the dinner he asked Mrs. Nokes—

"Who is it that lives in the *altos* of the second house from the corner as you go up the Calle Seville, on the left-hand side? Two young ladies and their mother."

Mrs. Nokes reflected a moment.

"La Paz—Viuda La Paz and her daughters."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know."

"I see them nearly every day as I come down the street."

"Yes, I know who you mean. The señoritas were at San Pedro when I was there. The oldest, Anita, was a great musician. Their father has been dead many years, and I do not know them now."

There was something in her manner which forbade further conversation on the subject.

When he took his leave of Mrs. Nokes that night, Mr. Nokes accompanied him to the door and whispered to him that Mrs. Nokes wanted him to know that the La Paz girls were not considered good girls, and he must have nothing to do with them. He grasped Mr. Nokes warmly by the hand and thanked him for his kindness.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Bly came into his room.

"Well, Juniper, old chap," said he, running his right hand through his shock of yellow hair, "what do you say to making a visit on some of the señoritas?"

"Not on the Sancochado family if you please!"

"Bless my soul and body, no!" and he laughed heartily as he remembered the unfortunate outcome of their visit at the residence of Señor Sancochado.

Mr. Juniper would have preferred to remain in his own room and finish Macaulay's Essays, but he did not want to become a recluse, and if he refused all invitations to go out, he would soon be dropped entirely. So he consented.

They walked down the Calle Seville, and suddenly Mr. Bly turned and said—

"Here we are!"

There was a gas-light burning at the head of the stairs. A *cholo* servant admitted them, then locked the door again, and showed them to seats in the *sala*, the usual long room, with two sofas and twenty-four chairs, all draped with white linen covers, and a cabinet with Inca pottery from the *huacos*.

In a moment the rustle of feminine skirts could be heard, and as two young ladies made their appearance, Mr. Juniper's heart stopped beating for an instant as he recognised the La Paz girls. He went through the formula of an introduction in a vacant manner, and then Anita invited them to the *salita*, and they passed into it and were shown to seats.

The *salita* was a small square room adjoining the *sala*. It contained a piano, a sofa, half-a-dozen chairs, two or three pieces of statuary, and some pictures. The carpet was old, and the appearance of the furniture indicated decay and incipient poverty. Mr. Juniper was meditating the best way to escape. He and Mr. Bly were on the sofa, and the young ladies on chairs opposite. Again the odour of musk or some dense perfume almost stifled him. After the usual greetings, Mr. Juniper asked—

"Donde está su mama?"

"Ha salido, señor!" said Anita, with a broad smile.

A chill ran through him as he remembered that according to the Peruvian etiquette young ladies were never allowed to receive gentlemen alone.

Mr. Bly asked Anita for some music. She seated herself at the piano, where she played one or two of Beethoven's sonatas and a Spanish piece with a lively movement. Mr. Bly arose and began talking in a low voice to the sister, and before Mr. Juniper knew it, the two had left the room. When the Spanish piece was finished, Anita turned, and seeing that the others were gone, she thrummed a moment on the piano, and then arose and seated herself on the sofa by his side.

Mr. Juniper would have given a year's salary to be at home, and he resolved to settle the matter with Mr. Bly for getting him into such a predicament. At the first reasonable opportunity he would take his departure, and never again would he make a visit until he knew whom he was to call upon.

Anita seemed to be an intelligent, well-bred young

lady. With his limited Spanish, it was not easy to carry on a conversation, for he often lacked words to express his ideas, and sometimes his verbs were hopelessly stranded between the mood and the tense, but the señorita, smiling, assured him that he spoke the language "*perfectamente.*" The very shyness and evident embarrassment of his manner seemed to excite her to more aggressiveness, and she plied him with questions and endeavoured to draw him out. Did he like music? Did he sing? Did he play the piano? Did he like to hear the piano? How did he like Lima? Did he think the señoritas very pretty? Had he been to the bull-fight? Did they have bull-fights in his country? and didn't he think the cathedral a very fine building?

All this time she kept her dark eyes beaming upon him. She wore a pink gown with a pearl brooch and pearls in her ears, and he began to think her rather an interesting girl, and perhaps people were maligning her, for, except for the exceeding friendliness of her manner, he had seen nothing wrong in her. Occasionally he ventured to glance at her, but he was afraid, and so he determined to hold himself aloof and break away at the first chance. He wondered where Mr. Bly had gone, and looked around towards the door of the *sala*. And then came the great surprise of his life. Something struck his knee, and looking down he saw a little foot clad in a black cloth gaiter with a high heel, and above it a white silk stocking directly across his lap, and at the top were two springs from a hoop-skirt. Before he could recover his breath, there was a tinkle at the door-bell; he jumped from his seat and rushed into the *sala*. Mr. Bly and the sister sat at a table looking over some photographs.

"Bless my soul and body!" Mr. Bly exclaimed, "what ails you now?"

Señora La Paz entered the *sala*, but Mr. Juniper simply bowed to her, and then, without taking leave

of any one, he grasped his hat and cane and hurried down the stairs closely followed by Mr. Bly, who honestly thought his friend had lost his senses.

Once in the street, he breathed freely. In five minutes he had explained everything to Mr. Bly, but Mr. Bly assured him on his honour that he had known nothing against the reputation of the young ladies. He had been introduced the week before by a young Peruvian, Mr. Fresa, and had met the señoritas with their mother. They had invited him to call again and bring some of his English friends, and upon his word that was all there was to it. If that was the kind of people they were, he was glad he had found them out, bless my soul and body! for he never would go there again.

Mr. Juniper retired that night in deep sorrow. He was a big fool, that was certain. No sooner was he out of one difficulty than he found himself in another. Only a week or two before he had been face to face with serious danger, and had escaped by something that looked like a miraculous intervention. On that occasion he had vowed a thousand times that he would never allow himself to be exposed to like peril again, and here he had just been in a greater predicament than ever. Then, as he thought of the señorita, the hot blood surged up through his cheeks to his temples. He wondered if the white stocking really was silk or cotton, and then he asked himself if it really would have done any harm had he simply touched it with his hand when it was nestled so cosily on his lap. Was silk softer than cotton? He found himself almost regretting his hasty action, and then, what would any other young man have done under the circumstances? But his soul revolted at the tendency of his thoughts, and he repeated the Lord's Prayer slowly and carefully, as if to cleanse the channel of his mental action. He tried to fix his mind on his mother, the purest and the most sacred of images in his memory, and then he

endeavoured to think of Celia. He could remember just what she wore the last time he saw her—the gown and the ribbons, her hair, her arm and hand, and the pretty white throat, but her face seemed to have faded from his recollection. It was like the photograph of a lady who had moved her head just as the plate was exposed in the camera. The whole figure was perfect up to the throat, but the face was a blur. This hurt his feelings. Had he forgotten her? Then it occurred to him that perhaps she was watching over him, and that it was her love and influence that had saved him in the past month. Surely the divine love extending from God to His children is constantly exerted on our behalf, and as the affection of a pure woman partakes of the same nature, so he really believed that Celia's love had been around him as a protecting ægis in the time of danger. But why could he not recall her features? He could easily bring before his mental vision the face of Mrs. Nokes, Mrs. Upton, Señorita Sancochado, and even Anita. It must be that she was offended at him.

And so his mind wandered, and the clock struck twelve, one, two, and three before he could close his eyes in sleep. Then as he was saying "Our Father who art in heaven" he lost consciousness for a moment. He went into a room where there was a little white bed, and by its side was Celia kneeling. As he entered the door she looked up, and his heart smote him when he saw that her face was discoloured with tears, and her soft, fluffy, brown hair was dishevelled, and at once it struck him that she looked like the picture of the Mater Dolorosa by Guido Reni that he had seen at home. When she recognised him, the wan, pale face, with the dark marks under the eyes, lighted up in the old sweet smile, and he could see the tear-drops glisten in the long lashes, and then she sprang towards him with both hands extended in welcome, and a look of forgiveness on her face. He held out his hands to her in the deepest humiliation, and he awoke to find his

cheeks wet with tears, and his pillow cramped and twisted with his movements.

He could sleep no more, and as soon as it was light he arose. After he had been at his desk in the office an hour, the manager spoke to him—

"I think you had better go out to Chorrillos for two or three days, Mr. Juniper. You don't look very well, and I am afraid you are going to have the fever."

Mr. Juniper thanked him, with the assurance that he would be entirely well in a day or two.

Thus, through much travail and anguish, his mind recovered its serenity; but now the lesson sunk deep into his heart. From that time on, the recollection of Celia's face never left his memory, and in his dreams she came to him again in her youthful freshness and innocence, and the old happy light in her eyes, and, waking or in the slumbers of the night, she never left him. In times of depression and discouragement she was his inspiration and comfort, and temptation seemed inconsistent with her presence.

A month or two after, as he passed up towards the church of San Pedro, he met the Señoritas La Paz coming from mass, prayer-book in hand, but they passed him with downcast eyes; and several times later he saw them on the street, but there never was anything in their conduct to distinguish them from the hundreds of well-dressed young women to be seen on the street every day. He changed his walk to avoid passing the house in the Calle Seville, and soon forgot all about them. Possibly they were no worse than many others he saw, but of this he could not judge.

The young woman in the Calle Carpinteros never appeared again. He tried in every possible way to forget the incident, and if it came up in his mind unconsciously, it was met by a feeling of shame.

With these exceptions, the Peruvian ladies invariably impressed him with a feeling of respect and admiration. The constant habit of attending mass and spending hours

in adoration of a saint or the Virgin Mother, gave a spiritual, or at least a religious cast to their thoughts; and the thoughts inevitably chisel the countenance into some sort of a reflex of the mind within; so these ladies seemed habitually reverent and pure-minded, at least to all outward appearance.

As to the phenomenon involved in the appearance of these exceptions, when all other women appeared so unusually refined and elevated, he explained it in after years by the philosophical belief that if he had not been looking for them he would not have met them, a belief which was thoroughly substantiated by all his later experience.

## CHAPTER XXII

### *NOT DUST TO DUST OR ASHES TO ASHES*

Mr. Juniper was sitting in his room one night after dinner reading "The Origin of Species," when Mr. Bloss rapped at the door, and walked in with a copy of *El Comercio* in his hand. With his finger on the department headed "*Defunciones*," he laid the paper on the table before Mr. Juniper, who read a notice to this effect:—

"The widow, sons, daughters, son-in-law, nephews, nieces, brother-in-law, and other relatives of him who was Francisco Xavier Lopez (Q.D.D.G.) request the friends to please to accompany them in the removal of the remains of the deceased to the General Cemetery to-morrow, Wednesday, the 7th, at 4 P.M., from the house, Calle Santa Maria, No. 125, a favour which will be gratefully received.

"Lima, *January 6th*, 1867."

This news of the death of Señor Lopez struck him as very sad. Only on the previous Sunday evening he had dined at the Lopez residence, and Don Francisco Lopez seemed particularly cheerful. While he was considering the matter, a servant came to the door and handed him a note enclosed in an envelope heavily bordered with black lines. On opening it, he found that it was the same notice he had read in the *Comercio*, printed on a broad sheet with wide black border, and having for a crest an immense black cross. The envelope was addressed to him, so he was invited to the funeral.

He at once arose and proceeded to the Lopez residence in the Calle Santa Maria, to call upon the family. He found the front door covered with streamers of black crape and a huge black rosette in the middle. His ring at the door brought a servant, and in a few minutes he was admitted to the *salita*, where Mr. Nokes joined him. Mr. Nokes was feeling very sad. Mrs. Nokes, he said, was heartbroken at the death of her father, and her *señora madre* was like one in a trance. Señor Lopez had come in from the *hacienda* the night before complaining of severe pains in his head. He went immediately to bed, and Dr. Marco was sent for. A high fever with great dryness of the skin alarmed the *medico*, who pronounced it a bad case of *perniciosa*. The señora and her daughters watched over him through the night with every attention that love and affection could suggest, but just as the day began to dawn he died. The father-confessor was present, and administered the consolations of religion before death. Although the dying man was unconscious, it was a great comfort to the family that he had enjoyed the last rites of the Church. He had died without making a will, and his affairs were badly deranged, yet there was no doubt that he had left property sufficient to support his family in good shape.

The next day, Mr. Juniper, at the hour appointed, went to the funeral. He had been advised by Mr. Bloss as to his dress, and when he reached the house in the Calle Santa Maria he was surprised to see how uniformly the costume of the ceremony had been observed. Nearly three hundred gentlemen were present in the *patio*, on the side-walk, and in the different rooms, and every one of the number, without exception, was dressed like himself, in black coat and trousers, black gloves, black neck-tie, and silk hat. No ladies were present, and no gentlemen except those of a mature age. The coffin lay in the *sala*, nearly covered with floral offerings, and in an adjoining *dormitorio* an altar had been erected, with

a crucifix, candles, and all the paraphernalia for the service, and at this altar the father-confessor had celebrated mass in the forenoon. The members of the family had taken their leave of the dead in private, and the coffin was closed before the friends arrived, and the ladies and children were seen no more. A large card-receiver was heaped with the cards of the friends who attended the funeral.

At the hour appointed, the coffin was raised on the shoulders of six *peones,* each one wearing a soiled robe of black velvet trimmed with silver lace, and carried to the hearse, while the six honorary pall-bearers walked by the side of the coffin, each holding the end of a black scarf which passed over it. In the hearse the usual wreaths, crosses, anchors, and pillows of flowers were placed around and upon the coffin. The driver wore a black velvet robe, the hearse itself had six gigantic ornaments of black ostrich feathers, and the horses were concealed by great black velvet coverings which almost trailed upon the ground.

When the procession was formed, with the hearse in the lead, followed by twenty or thirty carriages, the driver of the hearse whipped up his horses and started at a break-neck speed for the Pantheon. Mr. Juniper was in the third or fourth carriage, and as the horses all started off as if entered for a race, he thought an accident had happened, but he soon learned that all funerals were conducted in this way.

It was a long ride of two miles or more to the Pantheon, but the procession reached it in a short time, after a most disagreeable jolting over the rough and poorly paved streets. It was surrounded by a high wall, and the main entrance was through a very imposing gateway, ornamented on the sides with statuary and figures in bas-relief. Here the *cortège* halted. The coffin was taken from the hearse with its floral mementoes, and placed on a movable platform with four handles, and then carried at the head of the procession

of gentlemen on foot, with the venerable *padre* limping along in his robes at the side.

Under an arched arbour covered with luxuriant green vines the procession passed, among numerous tombs ornamented with the usual white marble monuments, and along the long row of niches, until it came to one where a piece of black crape was suspended, and there it stopped.

When the assembly had become settled into a condition of respectful expectancy, with every head bared, Señor General Eduardo Cavallo, an intimate friend and relative of the deceased, with a piece of manuscript in his hand, said "Señores," and then read a short address, setting forth the virtues of the dead man, and the lesson of his life to the living. It was closely listened to by those present, and then the old *padre* limped forward, took up the holy water from the hands of a boy in a black robe, and sprinkled the coffin three times, saying in a low voice certain words in Latin. The *peones* lifted the coffin to the niche, which was about three feet square and deep enough to take it in, and about six feet from the ground. As the coffin slid into its place with a hoarse grating noise, Don Jose Lopez, the eldest son of the deceased, standing by the side of Mr. Nokes, burst into tears, but in a moment he had recovered his composure. A workman stood ready with a broad square piece of white marble fitted to the opening of the niche, and when the coffin was in its place, he closed the orifice and cemented the edges with fresh mortar.

The ceremony was over. The assembly broke up, the men resumed their hats and slowly walked back to the gate, where they took the carriages again and were driven back to the city. As the gentlemen passed out of the gate, Don Jose Lopez stood just outside and took leave personally of each one, expressing in polite terms the thanks of the family.

When all was ended, Mr. Juniper excused himself to

Mr. Nokes and returned to the Pantheon, as he never had visited it before, and it had a mysterious attraction for him. More than forty acres were included within the enclosure, and the view from the main entrance, with the trees, the beautiful flowers, the white monuments, statues, and long rows of burial niches, was picturesque and novel.

The dead, except the very poor, were not buried in graves, as in the United States. Probably on account of the Roman Catholic belief in the actual resurrection of the physical body, every care was taken to preserve the remains, as in Père La Chaise in Paris. Around the high walls of the Pantheon on every side were tiers of niches, like pigeon-holes in a desk or letter-boxes in a post-office, each of which contained a coffin, and on the square marble front was chiselled the name of the deceased, and frequently were wreathed in immortelles, and in many cases with fresh flowers renewed every day. When the space adjoining the outer walls was thus filled, many years before, additions had been made by extending the lines into the field, towards the centre, and many double rows of niches could be seen, the entrance being made from either side. It was in one of these that the remains of Señor Lopez had been entombed.

While the most numerous interments were made in this manner, many wealthy families owned vaults made by erecting buildings of stone. These were scattered about through the grounds, and it was at these vaults where the elaborate monuments and marble statuary had been erected. There was still another class to be provided for, the very poor. These were buried either in pits in a general pile, or else in a section corresponding to the "Potter's Field" of English and American cities, where the bodies were buried in the earth for a year, and then the remains were removed to the quarter, where they were stacked in piles and treated to quicklime.

The preservation of the bodies in niches above ground

seemed to Mr. Juniper a very strange custom. No attempt was made to stay the process of decay, and the air appeared tainted with foul odours. He had been told that in the interest of the general health an order had been issued limiting the number of vehicles in a funeral procession, and in times of epidemic, or even when any general illness prevailed, the number of mourners in attendance was likewise limited.

It was also well known that in the natural disintegration of the bodies noxious gases were evolved, and he had been told that these gases were so powerful that the door of the niche was blown from its place unless a vent was left for their escape; so it had become the custom to leave an opening for this purpose, varying with the size of the body, a stout person requiring a much greater one than a lean one. In many of the private mausoleums a glass door permitted the friends or the public to look upon the coffin containing the mouldering remains within. When the season of summer brought the temperature to a high pitch, the condition of these tombs was a perpetual menace to the public health. He had been told by Mr. Bloss strange stories of these old vaults, stories of huge worms crawling over the glass front and measuring their horrid length in the broad light of day, and peering at the passers by as if, having feasted on the noxious food within, they were trying to find their way out in search of pastures new.

True there were beautiful trees and many flowers and plants within the walls of the Pantheon, kept alive and flourishing by streams of water through the *acequias*, and some of the marble statues were made by distinguished artists in Florence and Rome, and vast sums had been expended in the construction of the elaborate crypts built of stone and white marble; yet, after an hour spent inside the walls, Mr. Juniper began to realise more fully than ever before the real meaning of the Scriptural figure of a whited sepulchre filled with dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

In the quiet serenity of the cemetery at Oshkosh, where the dead were peacefully mingling their substance with the earth, the surface carpeted with green, the walks diversified with nature's decorations, and the adjacent river flowing in a pensive murmuring, which added a fitting accompaniment to the hallowed surroundings, there was a feeling of sweet sadness which toned the thoughts of the visitor into a silent communion with the dead, and produced a state of mind which shut out the cares of daily life and made the next world appear close at hand, and the transition from this a matter of indifference; and he never visited such a place without being impressed with a little of the spirit that pervades the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." But in the Pantheon there was so much of the horrible reality of death, and the destruction which follows death, all held up to be looked at, as if to frighten and terrify the living, that he could compare it only to some of the scenes from Dante's "Inferno," or the undying woe depicted in Angelo's "Last Judgment." Yet, with all its realistic terrors, some strange fascination held him there long after he should have gone; and he walked through the aisles, and past the rows of niches, reading the inscriptions, and noting the fresh bouquets placed by the hand of affection near the tomb of a father, or a husband, or a brother, long since gathered to his reward, and always with the hope strangely expressed to himself that it would never be his fate to find a resting-place amid such harsh and uncanny surroundings. He could fancy that a weary soul doomed to part from its earthly tabernacle placed in one of these awful repositories might suffer the pangs of disappointment and remorse at such treatment of the body; and that in the night, when all was still, the disembodied spirit might well be expected to return to earth and resent the inhumanity of the living.

The Lopez residence with its full equipment of the appendages of mourning was a dismal sight. One of

the *dormitorios* was converted into a chamber of lamentation. The windows and doors were all tightly closed and the walls hung with crape. Every picture was either turned with the front to the wall, or else strips of black ribbon were tied diagonally across it. No piece of furniture or ornamentation containing any light or cheerful colour was left in the room. Then, in this sombre apartment, with every ray of light excluded, the widow took her seat, and here she was to remain for thirty days, sitting in utter silence and alone to pass the first month of her bereavement. All of the other apartments were draped in black in the same manner, and the piano was closed. Every member of the family, even the children, put on mourning. No visits were made, and none received, except those of condolence. Intimate friends, who called to offer their sympathy, were received by Señora Lopez in the darkened chamber; but after a few days, the ladies of the family were seen no more by visitors. Their only appearance in public was at the church, and then they appeared only in the deepest mourning. The children who were receiving lessons on the piano were compelled to stop, and the most absolute quiet and isolation reigned in the home which had always been the scene of the most lively and good-natured activity.

The term of mourning endures for one year. During this period the outward semblance of sorrow is maintained in every particular. The young people withdraw entirely from society, and every embellishment and habit is encouraged to emphasise or increase the appearance of deep sorrow. For the time at least the feminine members of the family are dead to the world, and the ordinary duties of life are comprehended in a strict and frequent attendance upon the church service.

The custom of going into mourning for the death of relatives is general, and whole families put on the sable emblems of sorrow when the affliction is only in the loss of a cousin or an aunt. The consequence is that

many people are never out of the weeds, and the public streets are often dark with the habiliments of sorrow.

On the second day after the funeral, Mr. Juniper read in the *Comercio* another curious notice. It was to this effect:—

"*Multa.*—The Intendente of Police has put upon the Señora Amalie Viuda de Lopez a fine of one hundred soles, because at the recent funeral of her husband the order was violated which prohibits more than six carriages from going in the procession to the Pantheon."

The order was said to have been made on account of the general fear of a visitation of the yellow fever.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### *A BAILE ON A BIRTHDAY*

"ADELE MARIA DE FLORES and daughters politely salute Mr. Juniper, and will be glad to have him take a cup of tea with them to-night at eight o'clock."

This was the translation of a little note written on the visiting card of Señora Flores, which was enclosed in a small white envelope and addressed to Mr. Juniper. He had called at the residence of Señora de Flores in company with Mr. Bloss, and found the family rather agreeable. The señora was very stout and had a double chin. She impressed Mr. Juniper as a lady of excellent mind, exceedingly kind and polite, and a most devoted mother. Although but little more than forty, she was the mother of ten children, five *hombres* and five *mugeres*. The eldest son, Don Sebastiano, had just completed his study of the law, and had been regularly admitted as an *abogado* like his father. The two eldest daughters, Maria and Isabel, were approaching twenty, and had finished the course in the convent of San Pedro, while the other children were too young to appear in society, and they remained in charge of the nurses.

The *tertulia* to which Mr. Juniper had been invited was given in honour of the *cumple-años* of the second daughter, Isabel, according to the custom of the country, which marked the natal day of each member of a family by some demonstration in the way of a party or celebration of some kind.

At a little after the appointed time, Mr. Bloss and Mr. Juniper, arrayed in full evening dress, went to the

Flores residence. It was on the *bajos* or ground-floor, and the *sala* was reached by crossing a wide *patio*. The guests were received by the señora and her two daughters in the *sala* opposite the door, and the father, Don Nemecio Flores, also appeared to welcome the two young *extrangeros*. Carrying their hats and canes, the young men saluted the members of the family and then withdrew to the *salita*, where their hats and canes were left for the evening. The long *sala*, with its twenty-four chairs and two sofas, had been cleared of the tables and stands and made ready for dancing. Immediately adjoining it, and exactly parallel, was another *sala* of exactly the same size and shape, similarly furnished, and containing the piano, and this room had also been prepared in the same way.

The guests were arriving rapidly as the young men entered, and excepting those who came as escorts, they all appeared to be young people from twenty to thirty years of age. The young gentlemen were all in evening dress, and seemed to have an air of extreme courteousness and formal politeness, which quite impressed a stranger. All were Peruvians except Mr. Juniper and Mr. Bloss. As the young ladies met their feminine acquaintances they saluted by kissing each other on both cheeks. They were all dressed in light colours, and some of the shades of red and blue were very striking. The conversation of all the young people was carried on in a low tone of voice, and while they appeared to be in good spirits, the party was entirely free from loud or boisterous conversation or laughter.

In nearly every case the young ladies came in charge of the mother or father. The young lady is not usually left to attend an evening party without the watchful eye of the parent. In a few instances a brother accompanied the young lady, but almost invariably it was the father or mother.

When he met the young ladies, our young man from the North was struck with the strength of the perfumes

in common use, as well as the universality of their use. Every señorita seemed to float in a cloud of sweet odours, and at the close of the party, when he had returned to his room, his hands and clothing seemed to have become saturated with the powerful perfumes.

About 8.30 some one exclaimed, "There is Pablo!" and a tall, swarthy man entered the rear *sala* with a roll of music and seated himself at the piano. Soon the young people began forming in both *salas* for the dancing. Mr. Juniper invited the Señorita Flores for the first dance, and Mr. Bloss was on the floor with Señorita Isabel. Pablo struck up a lively air on the piano, and the dancing began. The single instrument gave sufficient music, and proved really more serviceable for dancing than a more complete orchestra.

At the close of the first quadrille the gentlemen conducted their partners to a small room adjoining the rear *patio*, where a large punch-bowl stood ready, and on a sideboard were bottles of port and sherry. Ices, cakes, and *confites* were also at the disposal of the company, but the young ladies at first were satisfied with a glass of punch or some of the confectionery. At the end of each set the visit was regularly made to this room for refreshments, and before the evening passed Mr. Juniper was astounded at the great quantity of liquid and other refreshments which the young ladies consumed. The dancing continued, with a short intermission between each change, until midnight, when the supper was served in the dining-room. Here a table was spread with soup, cold meats, salads, fruits, *biscochos*, sandwiches, cakes, flowers, and *dulces*, and the havoc wrought on this display of eatables by the señoritas convinced him that they were by no means suffering from impaired digestion.

Besides the ordinary refreshments, it was the duty of each of the young men to invite the young lady in whose honour the party was given, to go out to the refreshment-room at some time during the evening.

Señorita Isabel passed through this part of the ordeal with commendable prudence, generally partaking of a small *confite* or part of a glass of punch.

After the first quadrille, and at intervals during the evening, a shower of rockets and roman candles was exploded in the rear *patio*, and, as a fitting close of the festivities, a huge piece of pyrotechnics, representing a bouquet of flowers, was touched off just as the guests were departing.

While the dancing proceeded with animation, and the young ladies appeared to enjoy it exceedingly well, the dancers moved slowly, and with a great deal of polite dignity, never appearing hurried, and always profuse in the little attentions which add so much to the impressiveness of the amusement. The dances were similar to those in the United States, but the waltz seemed to predominate.

Among the young ladies present were five of the Señoritas Pila. Mr. Juniper had noticed some of them in the Alameda and at the church of San Pedro, so that he was very glad to make their acquaintance, for they spoke English with a delightful accent. They were descended from the celebrated General La Pila, one of the distinguished Peruvians who had served his country nobly during the war with Spain. There were two families of them, one with five daughters and the other with four. The fathers were brothers and the mothers were sisters, and the husbands were cousins of the wives, so that they appeared to be doubly related. Both fathers and both mothers had died when the nine children were small, and the care of the two broods had devolved upon the grandmother, who had reared them with excellent success.

The young ladies were distinguished as much for their refinement and the delicacy of their manners as for their rare beauty. They had been educated at San Pedro, where they learned the usual accomplishments, including French and English. When the nine señori-

tas took a *paseo* in the Alameda, walking two by two or in single file along the promenade, they attracted the attention of every visitor. So graceful were their movements and so charmingly were they attired, that they moved along like a flock of beautiful birds. None of the Peruvian señoritas were more noted as examples of the Lima beauty than the Señoritas Pila.

The social gatherings of the Peruvians seemed to be always devoted to dancing. Whenever a birthday was to be celebrated or an evening company of young people assembled at any of the homes, dancing was the form of entertainment always chosen. Many of the young people were musical, and the piano was a feature in every home. Yet it seemed to be prized rather for its merit as a valuable adjunct to the *baile* than as a purely musical instrument. Card-playing was a favourite amusement with older people who did not dance. The Spanish game of *rocambor*, played with the queer-looking Spanish cards, was popular in certain houses, where the father and mother spent hour after hour playing with some neighbour or friend, who made a practice of dropping in for a quiet game. The game was always played for a stake, like poker, and it was said of a certain well-known señora, the mother of an interesting family of young ladies, that her earnings at the *rocambor* table were sufficient to supply her with *plaza* money, or funds needed by the cook for the daily expenses of the table. The game, however, was rarely played by the younger class.

Dancing seemed to be popular with the young people, not because they were deficient in education or lacked culture, as might be supposed, but because it furnished a lively amusement which the quiet average of their lives made particularly attractive. Those of the young ladies educated at the convent of San Pedro seemed to be well drilled in certain lines, like church history, foreign languages, Spanish literature, music, and drawing, while the feminine accomplishments of fine sewing

and embroidery appeared to be carried to a high state of perfection.

So devoted were the ladies of all ages to their duties at the churches, that there did not seem to be the same necessity for social entertainment that exists in other countries. Daily attendance at the *misa* was the duty of all, and besides the mass, many ladies spent hours at a time in silent prayer in the dimly lighted chapels at San Pedro, the Merced, San Domingo, or at the Cathedral. Besides the ordinary duties, there were so many *fiestas* or church holidays, bringing special observances, that it seemed as if one quarter of a lady's time was spent at the church, and in all these gatherings the younger ladies took part equally with the older.

This frequent observance of special church holidays, averaging more than fifty in the course of a year, soon made it apparent to the observer that the holiday was more important than Sunday. Whereas on Sunday the shops were all open in the forenoon, and filled, many of them, with ladies doing their purchasing as they returned from the church, and the afternoon was devoted to the bull-fight or an excursion to some of the watering-places, with general hilarity and amusement, it always seemed as if the feast-day was more strictly observed, because the shops were invariably closed all day, the banks and offices were not opened at all, the newspapers suspended publication, and the day took the place of the Sabbath in its general and complete cessation of work and business.

And yet the life of the Peruvian moved on so quietly, and with so little mental strain, so little of the worry and excitement of colder countries, that to the American every day was very much like a holiday.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### *BEHIND THE BARS*

ONE afternoon, as he was busily at work in the office of Hayner & Company, a yellow envelope was handed to him. Opening it, he read the following message, written in a clear round hand on a sheet of soiled note-paper:—

"H. P. JUNIPER,—SIR, I am in great trouble, and, as an American, I know you will pardon me for asking a favour of you. I want to see you, and I beg of you to come to me with the messenger who delivers this note. If you cannot come immediately, please fix the time yourself and tell the man, so he can meet you. God will bless you if you will do this for me, for I am in sore distress.—Yours, &c.,

"WILLIAM H. DODGE."

He held the note for some minutes, undecided as to his duty in the matter. He studied the penmanship carefully, but did not recognise it, and the name signed to it was unknown to him. Finally, he went to the outer office, where the messenger was waiting, and found a *cholo* standing near the door. Holding the letter in his hand he asked—

"Donde está el senor?"

"En Guadalupe."

"En la iglesia?"

"No! en el carcel," said he, laughing.

In jail! This was truly a surprise. Guadalupe was an old convent erected in the days of the Spanish conquerors, but in modern times it contained a church

and a hospital, and in another part of its capacious grounds there was a quartel where a regiment of soldiers was quartered, and close by was the jail where prisoners were locked up awaiting trial. Across the broad square, a quarter of a mile distant, were the frowning walls of the Panoptico, containing Peru's criminals sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

He did not relish a visit to such a place, and he was about to give the messenger his refusal in blunt language, when it occurred to him that Mr. Dodge might be the innocent victim of oppression, and in a foreign land he ought to expect at least an investigation of his case by his own countrymen. Besides, he had a curiosity to see the interior of such an institution, so he decided to go. Turning to the *cholo*, he directed the man to meet him at his room on the following Saturday, which was to be a *fiesta*, and the man left.

When he reached the great door of the *carcel*, there were half-a-dozen soldiers on guard. With their red caps, grey-blue jackets, white trousers, and high boots, the soldiers made a picturesque appearance. Each carried a gun with a fixed bayonet, and as Mr. Juniper approached, they walked menacingly toward him, expressing in their countenances the natural hatred which every one of them felt for the young *gringo* in his fine clothes. Following the lead of the messenger, he walked without interruption through the group to the barred door within the small court. A turnkey at the lattice opened the door at the request of the messenger, and both stepped inside, and then the door closed with a loud noise. A large *patio* was to be seen, paved with small round stones, and containing a dozen or more prisoners who had the liberty of the yard, with half-a-dozen officials. Mr. Juniper was conducted across the *patio* to a small office about twelve feet square, with bare stone floor, containing two wooden benches, a small table, and two chairs. Here he was seated, while the messenger retired, and he could hear the name of Dodge

called in a loud voice at the gate of an inner *patio*, and then an answer came from a still further recess, and in a few minutes the prisoner appeared at the door of the office.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Juniper," said the man, offering his hand, "and I am very thankful to you for this visit."

His voice sounded like that of an acquaintance; but in his soiled clothing, unkempt hair, and generally dilapidated appearance, Mr. Juniper failed to recognise him.

"I see that you do not remember me," said the prisoner, "and I am not surprised at it. I came down on the steamer with you from New York. My right name is Sinclair, and at that time I was a clerk in the railroad office at Colon."

Mr. Juniper remembered him distinctly, but could not repress a shudder at the evident misfortune of the young man.

"I'll tell you how I came to get into this wretched place," said he. "When I went back to Colon, I boarded in the same house with a number of young Englishmen. They all lived high, for they were earning big salaries, and were in the habit of drinking freely, and in a little while I got into the habit of taking too much liquor. I lost a little money at poker, and, to get even, I borrowed $100 of a Jew, mortgaging my salary in advance, and paid my debts. Then the company found it out and discharged me without a cent, for I had drawn all my pay; and I had to skip out from the Isthmus, for the Jew swore out a warrant for me, charging me with swindling. I changed my name to Dodge, and got a chance to work my passage on an American ship from Panama to Callao. I came to Lima last year without a cent, but I secured a job in a guano office, where I earned fair wages for two or three months, and then I opened a small shop for the sale of exchange. I rented a little hole in the wall on one of the streets near the Plaza, where I sold cigarettes,

lottery tickets, and foreign money. The first month I cleared $40, and the second $50, and then, as I had more capital, I made $75 the third month. I had a good thing, for I can speak Spanish like a native, and I have a smattering of French and Italian, and I can talk a little Chinese. I had paid all my bills promptly, and the cigarette man insisted on my stocking up with a big lot of cigarettes on credit. I was in a fair way to do well, but somehow my luck failed me. One Saturday I thought I would go down to Pisco for a week, as I was tired of my steady work in the little shop from seven o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. I took all the money from the showcase, and got a boy to run the shop and sell the cigarettes, and took the steamer for the south. I had $110 in gold and silver, which I carried in my belt. Four days after I got to Pisco, an officer from Lima arrested me for *estafa*, took all my money from me, and I was brought back and chucked in this jail. My shop was seized, and here I am. It seems that the cigarette man got frightened because they thought I had run away, and had me arrested."

"How much did you owe?"

"Not more than $75, and I had cigarettes enough in my shop to come to almost that amount."

"What became of your money?"

"The officer took it, and I have not been able to get a dollar of it."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three months. Every day or two they promise to give me a trial, and yet it is put off, and the yellow fever is coming."

Mr. Juniper was getting indignant.

"Do you mean to say that you had more than $100 with you, and that you owed only $75, and that both your money and the stock of cigarettes were confiscated, and you are in jail on the complaint of the man who sold you the cigarettes?"

"That is my case exactly."

"Why didn't you complain to the Consul?"

"There is no Consul here. I have laid my case before the American Minister, but he says that as long as the authorities follow the law, he can do nothing."

"But are they following the law?"

"Yes; they are undoubtedly observing the law, as far as my imprisonment is concerned."

"Have you a lawyer?"

"No; I have no money to hire one. The judge asked me if I had one, and when I told him, he appointed one to look after my case, but he is no good."

"I suppose you want some money?"

"I could use some, but what I would like to have you do is to see the judge."

Mr. Juniper was horrified.

"I would not dare to," he said.

The prisoner smiled.

"I see you don't understand the way things are done in this country. I know that a personal appeal to a judge in the United States would be a contempt of court. Here, on the contrary, it is the regular practice. I am told that whenever a man has even a civil action in the courts, it is a question of 'influence' with the judge, and the man who has the strongest friends to talk privately to the judge always wins. In criminal cases, the judge decides on both the law and the evidence, and if a prisoner can bring the influence of a friend, or a hundred friends, it always has weight with him. If you can see him, or induce any of your friends to see him, I am sure it will help my case."

Mr. Juniper considered for a moment.

"I will see a lawyer," said he. "It is a burning shame to be treated in the way you are."

He handed the prisoner $2 and took his leave.

The Palace of Justice was a shambling one-storey building occupying almost a block in the upper part

of the city. On the streets leading to it he had noticed, while walking on several occasions, the signs of the lawyers. Nearly all the *abogados* had their offices within two or three blocks of the building which bore such a portentous name, and which was supposed to be the abode of the goddess who presides with the scales.

Mr. Juniper walked into one of these offices while his indignation at Mr. Dodge's statement was still at white heat. The attorney received him politely, but he could speak no English. Mr. Juniper felt that he could find no expletives in his limited vocabulary of Spanish sufficiently powerful to express his feelings on the subject. He was, therefore, courteously directed to the office of Dr. Diaz, who could speak English.

All the lawyers are called Doctors in Spanish countries. Dr. Diaz had his office two blocks away. He was in an inner room, hard at work at a table covered with big documents, stamped with revenue stamps and marked with hieroglyphics put on in black and blue with rubber stamps round and oval in shape.

Mr. Juniper was shown to a seat on the sofa. In as few words as possible, he explained the case of Mr. Dodge.

"My dear sir," said Dr. Diaz, smiling politely over his spectacles, "what do you wish me to do?"

"I want to get Mr. Dodge out. It is a great shame, and an outrage on justice, to arrest him."

"Who will pay my bill?" asked the Doctor, looking over his visitor from head to foot.

"I will. How much will it be?"

"I cannot tell. Before I undertake the case, I wish you to pay me $50. Then I will investigate, and after that you shall pay me what is necessary according to the circumstances, my dear sir."

"But the man has no money, and is a stranger to me. I am interested in him only because he is unfortunate. I cannot pay so much!"

Dr. Diaz took up his pen and dipped it in the ink.

"Very well, you shall pay me $25 then. I will examine the *sumario*. When I have studied the case I will tell you how it stands, and then we can see what can be done."

Mr. Juniper thanked him. In half an hour he had returned from his room with the $25, which he paid to Dr. Diaz. In eight days he was to return to Dr. Diaz to receive the Doctor's report. He went home with his indignation somewhat mollified, and in a better frame of mind when he realised that he was doing something to relieve the misfortunes of another.

On Sunday morning, eight days later, he called at the lawyer's office. Dr. Diaz was ready to report.

"I have studied all the papers in the case of Mr. Dodge," said he, "and the case is very bad, very bad. The evidence is all against him. He bought the goods of the *cigareros*. He ran away. He is guilty of *estafa*. It is a very hard case. I am afraid he will be sent to the penitentiary. But he is innocent; I am sure he is innocent."

"But if he is innocent, why should he be punished?"

"My dear sir, you are not a lawyer. All the evidence that has been put in is against him. Nothing has been put in to favour him. As it stands now, he will be convicted."

"Did he not have a lawyer to defend him?"

"Yes, but the lawyer did not do anything."

"What can be done about it?"

"Nothing now. In forty days it will come up again. Then you come and see me and I will tell you."

Mr. Juniper could not forget the case. When he called on the Doctor again, this was his advice—

"You pay me $100 and I will get your friend released."

"But I cannot pay you $100."

"Then your friend will be sentenced."

"Good heavens! what justice! Why can't you take the money that the man had when he was arrested? He had more than that amount when the officer found him at Pisco."

"Some of the money was used to pay his fare back to Lima. Some was used to pay the officer's fees for arresting him. The rest is held by the judge. It cannot be used."

"Mr. Dodge is a young man who will soon have money if he is released. Why can't you get him out and let him pay you after he gets out?"

"My dear sir, I do not work for nothing. Give me the $100 and he is released, otherwise I do nothing."

It was a painful situation for Mr. Juniper, for he could not well spare the money, and he did not like to think of the young man in a felon's cell. He asked Dr. Diaz to let the matter rest until the next day, and walked out.

He had found, on studying up the case, that the whole system of judicial procedure was different from anything he had ever heard of in the United States. There was no jury system, and no cross-examination of witnesses. Testimony was taken in secret. Witnesses asserted anything they chose, and signed the written declaration, which went into court as testimony. The judge read over the declaration, and made his decision accordingly. The common practice was for a litigant to enlist his influential friends in his behalf, and their personal intercession with the judge was considered a perfectly legitimate means of carrying on a suit.

When he returned to the lawyer's office the next day, Dr. Diaz said—

"Mr. Dodge has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Panoptico."

Mr. Juniper's feelings gave way.

"Never mind," said Dr. Diaz, noticing his look of disappointment, "it is not already too late. I can appeal the case."

Mr. Juniper paid him the $100, and the doctor agreed to see the judge privately and get the man released. In a week he had secured an order to appeal the case, had the sentence vacated, and then arranged a com-

promise with the creditors. Mr. Dodge would be released; but his money could not be recovered, and he would find himself at liberty, but penniless.

A week later, when Mr. Juniper called at the lawyer's office, he was told that Mr. Dodge had been released, and the next day he had taken passage for Panama and San Francisco, without seeing his benefactor, or leaving a word of thanks or acknowledgment.

In speaking about the Dodge case to Mr. Bloss, that gentleman gave him some information on the subject which was new to him. Said Mr. Bloss—

"It is not safe to have anything to do with strangers in this country. You must consider every stranger a rascal until he proves himself different. All these towns on the coast are infested with adventurers who come from Europe and the United States to avoid arrest or punishment for some irregularity. There is no extradition treaty with other nations, so that criminals are safe here. In our office we have a man who left England because he could not live with his wife, and next door there is a Frenchman who killed a man in Paris, and fled to this coast under an assumed name. And your nationality is well represented also. One of the best known Americans in Lima left San Francisco to get rid of his wife, and another has never returned to the United States since he left, more than thirty years ago, for his name is different now from the one he had when he left. Only a few years ago an American put in an appearance in Lima claiming to be the representative of a New York guano firm. He was 'put up' at the clubs, and lived high, for he seemed to have plenty of money. He played a good game of poker, as many of the young men found to their sorrow, when suddenly he disappeared. It developed after he was gone that he was an ex-cashier of a New York bank, who had absconded with $50,000 of the bank's money, and the arrival of a detective from New York had hastened his departure."

Mr. Juniper discovered afterwards that Dr. Diaz had been retained also by the cigarette manufacturers to prosecute Mr. Dodge, and received a fee from them also, and that the money taken from the prisoner had been paid into court to secure the settlement of the case. While he regretted the loss of his money, Mr. Juniper realised that he had done exactly what was right in the case, for if he had not interfered to save the poor wretch from the penitentiary, his conscience never would have given him peace. Yet, after the revelations made to him by Mr. Bloss, he resolved to be a little more careful in making or permitting the acquaintance of strangers. Certain peculiar circumstances which he had observed in connection with some of his acquaintances in Lima were now fully explained.

## CHAPTER XXV

### *HIDDEN TREASURE*

As Mr. Juniper started from his home in the Calle Cadiz one morning after he had taken his coffee, he noticed a crowd of people surrounding the house adjoining. The *patio* was filled, the doors were wide open, and people kept coming and going, as if they had important news to communicate. Entering the great door, he inquired in Spanish of a woman who appeared to be a servant in the house—

"What is the matter?"

"The money, señor."

"What money?"

"Don't you know? They found a large sum of money in the wall."

He at once pushed his way through the crowd, as others were doing, and found the *sala* crowded, and even the *dormitorio* within was filled with the enormous throng of people. From where he stood, near the door, he could see that the adobe wall had been cut into, and a pile of earth still remained on the floor near the bed. Women in the crowd were quietly saying their prayers and counting the beads in the *rosario*. The Señora Castelar, who lived in the house, was not to be seen. She had gone to her sister's, and had taken the money with her.

Mr. Juniper withdrew and proceeded to the office. The story had reached every one there before his arrival. The city was wild with excitement. People who owned old houses were tapping on the walls, and

testing every place which had a hollow sound. Exaggerated accounts were given of the amount of money found, some authorities placing it at $50, others $100, and still others at $500. Some of the credulous related that an angel had brought it in the night to the Señora Castelar, while others believed that the Virgin Mother had appeared in the room, bringing the gold in her apron.

When he returned to the Calle Cadiz for his breakfast, Mr. Juniper found that the crowd had disappeared. Mr. Bloss and Mr. Bly had heard the various stories, but were inclined to discredit them. Mr. Juniper's statement that he had seen the opening in the wall and the earth which had been removed was the first positive evidence they had heard.

At the office again after breakfast, Mr. Juniper received a connected and reliable account of the whole affair from the manager, Mr. Hayner. It transpired that Mrs. Hayner was a sister of the Señora Castelar, and Mrs. Hayner had been at the residence of another sister, Señora Bueno Fuente, where the money had been taken. Mr. Hayner had also been called there to look at the great find, and his eyes sparkled as he described what he had seen, and how he had held some of the pieces in his fingers, and examined them with a pocket-magnifier. Whatever the explanation might be, and however absurd the stories in circulation as to the causes which led to the discovery, Mr. Hayner was sure of one thing, and that was that it was genuine gold, and worth a big price in the market. From his story Mr. Juniper deduced the main facts, which were about as follows:—

Señora Castelar was the wife of Don Eulogio Castelar, who was absent in Europe on business connected with his guano interests. The house in which they lived was one of the oldest in Lima. It had been in the possession of the Castelar family for at least three generations, and it was not a new house when the first

Castelar purchased it, although its present owner had rebuilt a portion of it. The señora had been attending a *novena* at the church of La Merced for the past week, and after her return to her home she had spent many hours on her knees with her *rosario* in her hands, saying her Ave Marias. One night, after she had been wearied with her many hours of devotion, she fell asleep immediately after retiring, but was shortly awakened to find some one in her room Near the foot of the bed stood a woman about thirty years old, a stranger, in the garb of a Mother of the Sacred Heart. Her head was bent in the attitude of devotion, and her lips moved as if saying her prayers, but they emitted no sound. As soon as the señora could collect her scattered senses and realise what it was, she closed her eyes and made the sign of the cross three times. When she opened her eyes the figure had disappeared, and the candle on the stand by the side of her bed began to grow dim, and finally the light disappeared as she gazed on it, leaving a rank odour behind it.

The next night she was again awakened by the same apparition, and this time she crossed herself without closing her eyes. The weary face of the nun did not relax as she continued her prayers, and in a few minutes the outlines of the figure became dim and then disappeared entirely, and the candle light expired of its own accord, leaving the same disagreeable odour as on the first night.

"If she comes again," said the señora to herself, for she was a woman of excellent mind, "I shall speak to her."

On the third night, the lady could scarcely compose herself to sleep, so great was the anxiety on her mind. However, she found herself gazing as before on the wan face of the nun and listening for the sound which might come from the thin lips as they seemed to repeat the words of a familiar prayer. Without stopping to make the sign of the cross, the señora raised herself on her

elbow, and reaching for her rosary which was under her pillow, she turned to the mysterious visitor and said—

"Holy Mother, what can I do to please you?"

The strange figure did not appear startled, but turning her placid eyes upon the lady, she pointed with her right hand to the wall near the foot of the bed and said in a low voice—

"Busca aqui!"

As soon as she saw that her words were understood, she resumed her devotions, and in an instant the whole apparition had faded out of sight, the light of the candle slowly died away, and all was quiet as on the preceding night. The señora, while she understood the message, did not think of its significance, and was soon lost in slumber.

When she awoke in the morning, the visit of the mysterious *monja* came vividly to her mind, and as she pondered over the words of her visitor she began to wonder what it could mean. She noted the candle on the little marble-topped stand, and then glanced at the place in the wall where the nun had pointed. Perhaps there was something concealed and she had been bidden to search there to discover it. After Manuela had brought in the coffee, she continued wrapt in thought, and when she had finished the *desayuno*, she arose, dressed herself hurriedly, and then sent Manuela for Martin, the mayor-domo.

When Martin came, she told him that she believed something was concealed in the wall near the foot of her bed. He brought in Julio, the gardener, and in a few minutes they had cut through the wall paper, and just inside the adobe Julio's tool struck something hard. They dug around it, and soon lifted out a large tin box, rusty and discoloured, and as it was laid on the floor something rattled inside. They found it locked, but Julio's chisel soon opened it, and inside was the greatest quantity of old Spanish ounces and doubloons, one or two French pieces, and three or four English sovereigns,

besides a gold cross and several small pieces of jewellery of a very old pattern. While these things were being taken out Señora Castelar stood by in speechless astonishment. As soon as she could recover her self-control, she had the gold and jewellery all returned to the box and the box wrapped in paper, and, in the hands of the faithful Martin, it was carried to the house of Señor Bueno Fuente, the señora walking quietly by Martin's side and scarcely taking her eyes off the heavy package until it was safe in her sister's house. The coins were examined and then turned over to the bank, which afterwards shipped them to Paris, where they were sold to a firm of brokers at a price considerably exceeding their value as old metal.

Thinking of this incident, Mr. Juniper was led to consider more carefully his own circumstances. The great event in his life which was to make his fortune had not yet occurred, and as far as he could judge was not likely to. He had been steadily employed, and except for the unfortunate expenditure in behalf of Mr. Dodge, he had wasted none of his earnings. Nevertheless he had long since decided that he could never reach the degree of success which he had hoped for if he depended solely upon the salary. He had thought of an investment in guano or in mines, but either needed more capital than he could control, and both were attended with great risk.

If he could make some such strike as that made by Señora Castelar, he would be in a fair way to accomplish his purpose, but the slow accumulation which was possible from his monthly pay would never enable him to go back to the United States as he had hoped to go.

One evening he dined with Mr. Santa Cruz, a young Peruvian who was employed in a guano office. The young man spoke very good English, having spent four years in England, two of them at the University of Oxford. At the table he met the widowed mother of Mr. Santa Cruz and two of his sisters, young ladies of

the regulation Peruvian type, with large dark eyes, black hair, and pure olive complexion, their movements accompanied by the usual powerful odour of perfume.

The sixth person at the table, however, was a character he was glad to meet in his study of the peculiarities of the country. It was a monk or priest, he could not tell which, who was introduced by Mr. Santa Cruz as his cousin, Padre Geronimo. The *fraile* was a young man, scarcely twenty-five years old. He had two piercing black eyes, a swarthy complexion, a handsome intelligent countenance smoothly shaven, and the top of his head was shaved bare and white, leaving a fringe of black hair all around like a crown. Under his throat was a white collar extending unbroken around his neck, and outwardly he was attired in a single priestly garment, a robe of black which reached to the floor. Sewed to the breast was a large red cross a foot in length.

The *clerigo* spoke no English, but in his conversation during the evening, Mr. Juniper drew out the fact that he was a *serano*, or a native of the mountainous country in the interior, that he had come to Lima when a youth, and had entered the cathedral as a student, and that he was ambitious enough to look forward to promotion in the future, even as high as a bishopric. He was evidently better read than the average priest, for he told Mr. Juniper that he had learned French since he came to Lima, and had mastered many of the best French theologians in their own tongue. English he did not know, but he had read translations of Shakspere in Spanish, and evidently had kept himself abreast of the times, for his inquiries about the war in the United States and the death of Abraham Lincoln showed that he was advised of current events.

"My cousin has a curious story about the Incas," said Mr. Santa Cruz. "I was thinking about it last week when I heard about that discovery of gold by Mrs. Castelar. I wish you and I could go up to that country and trace the story to see if there is any truth in it."

With the aid of Mr. Santa Cruz, who helped him out by translating such of his sentences as were unintelligible to Mr. Juniper, Father Geronimo told his story as the gentlemen smoked their cigarettes after dinner. Using his language as far as possible, and arranging his answers to Mr. Juniper's questions so as to make a continuous narrative, it would read something like this:—

"I was born near San Carlos, in the north of Peru, on the eastern slope of the cordilleras in the Amazon valley, something like ten leagues from Cajamarca. My father owned a small *finca*, where he raised horses and cattle. The climate is warm, but the elevated land tempers the heat, and it is always sunny without being hot, and the vegetation is always luxuriant. The valley lies between the two ranges of the cordilleras on the east and west, and as far as the eye can reach it is one succession of green fields, with the mountains in the distance. Ever since I was a boy I have been told about the llamas that were killed in the cordillera, and my father has also heard the same story. My father's ancestors were natives of the country. His father was a Spaniard, but his mother was a native, and he was always prouder of his Indian ancestry than his European blood. When I was a small boy, we were riding one day along the hills skirting the western cordillera, in search of a flock of sheep which had escaped from the charge of the *peones*, when he told me that his ancestors were Incas, and owned all the country before the Spaniards came. Pointing to a narrow mule-track that wound its way along the side of the hill and disappeared in the sierra, he said—

"'Somewhere up that mountain there is gold enough to make us all rich. When our great master Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, was a prisoner in the hands of the bloodthirsty Spaniards at Cajamarca, he was promised his liberty as soon as he filled with gold the dungeon in which he stood. Before the room was completely filled he was treacherously assassinated. A

train of thirty-three llamas was on its way to Cajamarca, near yonder mountain-side, laden with gold which it was carrying from this valley, when a courier came over the cordilleras bearing the sorrowful intelligence that the great Inca was no more. The officers and *arrieros* held a consultation, and it was decided to kill the llamas and bury the metal in the mountains, where no cruel Spaniard would ever find it. Our ancestors used the gold only for ornamenting their temples, and in its dismantled condition it was not considered valuable. Accordingly the llamas were driven by a narrow pass into a defile of the sierra, where no man had ever trod the ground, and then the animals were slain, and their bodies, with the load which each one carried, were covered with the sand from the hill above them. The two subalterns and three *arrieros* took a solemn oath never to divulge the secret, and then they separated. My mother has told me the story many times, for it was one of her ancestors who was in command of the party that day. While he lived he did not consider the gold his property, and when he died his secret died with him.'

"My father himself died about three years after I came to Lima. No one has ever discovered the hiding-place in the mountains, but I have often told my cousin that I believed that I could put him on the track of the llamas."

"Did you ever try to follow the trail?" asked Mr. Juniper.

"I never tried to find it," said the *fraile*, "but from the description of the place, as my father had heard of it, I think I could find it. Some time, if I can ever go to the old place, I shall urge my cousin to come with me, and then we can make a diligent search."

"Suppose we organise an excursion, or what do you call it—an expedition," said Mr. Santa Cruz, "and go in search of the lost treasure. What do you say, Mr. Juniper?"

"I would like the treasure well enough," said Mr. Juniper, "but I am afraid that it would cost too much to go into that part of the country on such an extensive journey as that would be."

When he left the Santa Cruz residence about ten o'clock, he bade adieu to the jovial young friar with regret, for he had enjoyed the *clerigo's* conversation, and his stories of hidden gold began to add to the fever in his mind which was started by the discoveries in the Castelar house.

Money was the important thing, but how was he to secure it? He had thought of the lottery. Every day on the street he had been solicited to buy the tickets, but he had always refused. Always the peddlers had told him of the good fortune of the American Minister, who had bought a suerte ticket for twenty centavos which had drawn the capital prize of 5000 dollars. Perhaps he would be equally fortunate, but his practical turn of mind would not permit him to indulge in such childish anticipations.

Still, he felt that it was time he was doing something more than to earn the salary he was getting, if he expected to make his fortune in Peru. And then he had to smile at the simplicity of his expectations when he left Wisconsin. And Larry Johnson, how funny his idea of cutting saw-logs in Peru or digging in the guano mines! He had not heard from Larry since he left him in New York. Whenever he thought of Larry he felt a desire to return to the United States.

On the table in his room, when he reached the house in the Calle Cadiz, he found an immense black-bordered envelope addressed to himself, containing an engraved invitation, on a large sheet of heavily-bordered paper, as follows:—

"The widow and children of Señor Don Francisco Xavier Lopez (Q.D.D.G.), who died the 6th of January 1867, entreat you to join in the funeral ceremony for the eternal

rest of the soul of the deceased, which will take place in the church of our Lady of Mercy, on the 5th instant, at ten o'clock in the morning. It will be a favour which will be profoundly acknowledged. The mourning will be received by cards at the entrance of the Temple.

"LIMA, *January 4th*, 1868."

This was the funeral mass to be given in remembrance of the late Señor Lopez, according to the rites of the Church. The ceremony is an important one, for the soul of the deceased is supposed to be waiting in purgatory, undergoing a probationary season, and the prayers of his family and friends are believed to be necessary to get him through to the region of eternal bliss.

At the hour appointed Mr. Juniper repaired to the Merced Church, one of the largest and most interesting in Lima.

The appearance of the interior was calculated to impress the visitor with a feeling of solemnity in consonance with the character of the ceremony. Every window was closed and darkened, and the vast room was shrouded in the darkness of night. From the high ceiling on either side were suspended drapings of black velvet reaching to the floor, while the double row of columns supporting the ceiling were concealed by folds of the same dark material. Upon the altar burned half a hundred tall candles, while around it were wreaths of immortelles and natural flowers, one bearing in large letters the name of the deceased. High above the altar hung seven candelabra, each having seven tall candles, and at intervals on both sides of the room beneath the arches, extending clear to the front entrance, were more candles, while another series of lights were suspended by cords from the high ceiling, and the visitor could detect in the weird darkness a metallic urn swinging forty feet above, where a flickering light like the flame of a huge alcohol lamp made its appearance

intermittently, its ghostly light adding to the general effect.

The church was so large and the dark hangings so numerous that all the candles and lamps illuminated it only partially, and as Mr. Juniper entered it was with difficulty he could distinguish in the darkness the figures of the men and women clothed in black, who were seated on either side of the main aisle.

At the entrance stood a servant in charge of an immense server, which was partially filled with the visiting-cards of those in attendance.

Shortly after Mr. Juniper was seated, a procession of twenty priests came from the room adjoining the altar, and marched silently down the long aisle to a row of seats near the door. In a few minutes the organ began a voluntary, and soon after the mass followed it. A choir of thirty singers, assisted by an orchestra equally as large in the loft above the main entrance, sang a mass; and as the trained voices of the men rose in the solemn music, and were supported by the priests and acolytes below, the whole interior seemed flooded with the mournful melody, and the grim darkness and the strange, uncertain lights produced the impression of being in some ancient cave or basilica. The excellence of the music and the sober surroundings produced a fascination which was difficult to resist, and, listening to it, Mr. Juniper sat for a time like one in a trance. While it was largely in the nature of a musical entertainment produced by a paid choir and orchestra, the celebration of the mass by the priests who returned in procession to the altar was carried on with all posssible pomp and ceremony, and it was three hours before the last part was concluded.

The mass cost the family of Señor Lopez the sum of $1500, but it was the last of the ceremonies which followed his death.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### *IN WHICH HE GOES AFTER HUACOS*

"LET us go out and hunt for *huacos*," said Mr. Bloss. "Thursday is a feast-day, and we can go to Chorrillos the night before."

"I would like to go very well," said Mr. Juniper, "but I am not much of a shot, for I have had no practice."

Mr. Bloss laughed.

"I think you could bring down a *huaco* easily enough," said he, "if you are a poor shot."

It was then explained to him that the *huacos* were the deserted Inca tombs, and the name was generally applied to the articles which had been taken from them. Especially was it applied to the pieces of pottery, such as water-jugs, vases, and pitchers, made of earthenware in various grotesque patterns. When the Incas buried their dead, they deposited with the body a number of these jugs, some with water and others undoubtedly contained liquor, and smaller dishes had been found with remains of corn, beans, fishes, shrimps, and other articles of food. Other graves contained pieces of cloth of brilliant colouring, and sometimes various articles of metal ware were found in the form of small tools or ornaments. Generally the metal was copper, but often it was silver, and in the tombs of the wealthy it was gold. To search for *huacos* was quite a common amusement among the *gringos*, and even the Peruvians themselves joined in the questionable sport.

The antiquity of these sepulchres was a matter which

had never been definitely settled. Beyond a doubt the graves existed previous to the arrival of the Spaniards, but how much longer no one could tell. Owing to the presence of saltpetre in the soil, the bodies did not decompose, but remained in the form of mummies to an indefinite period, so that many scientists had expressed the opinion that the articles exhumed from some of the graves were contemporary with those excavated in Egypt or ancient Troy.

About twelve miles from the village of Chorrillos were the ruins of the ancient city of Pachacamac. Here could plainly be seen the outlines of the old fortifications, the temples, palaces, and residences of an old Inca city. The buildings had been made of adobe, as in the present day, and the ravages of time had beaten down the walls and partially covered the ruins with an accumulation of sand, and the whole territory was absolutely deserted, as the first visitors to Peru, nearly four hundred years ago, had found it when they arrived.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Bloss, Mr. Juniper, and Mr. Bly took the train for Chorrillos. Early the next morning the three young men started on horseback for Pachacamac, with a *mozo* who carried shovels and the food for the day. A ride of little more than two hours through a country partly composed of fertile valleys, green with verdure and smiling in luxuriant crops, and partly over a series of dry, arid hills, dusty, hot, and disagreeable, they reached the ruined city. Before commencing the work a good breakfast was disposed of from the supplies brought by Cæsar, the *mozo*. First there was some good coffee in a wine-bottle. Heated in a tin dish over a fire made of dry cactus branches, it proved to be quite palatable. Then some cold chicken, cold boiled eggs, and bread from the hotel at Chorrillos, with a little *queso* or native cheese, beer, and a few *grenadillas*, composed a bill of fare which was by no means unenjoyable.

After a walk around the decayed sides of the old

fortress and palace, through the deserted streets, and climbing on the walls surrounding the city, they took their way, under the direction of Cæsar, to the tombs. These were at a little distance from the principal buildings, and the ground on the way was thickly strewn with bones. Human skulls, bleached by the tropical sun, grinned at the visitors, and it was almost impossible to walk without stepping upon fragments of arms, legs, or ribs, scattered over the surface. Mr. Juniper sickened at the sight.

"Where do these bones come from?" he asked of Cæsar.

"From the *huacos*, señor."

"Who left them here?"

"Mostly *gringos* dig them up, señor."

"Why do they dig out the bones?"

"Hunting for *huacos*, I suppose."

Passing through the section which was covered with the whitened bones, the party reached an elevated region which did not seem to have been dug over. The soil was a barren sand, without the slightest vegetation. Cæsar evidently knew the ground well, for he threw down the three shovels, and taking in his hand an iron rod about ten feet long, began sinking one end of it in the sand. After a dozen attempts he threw it aside, took up the shovel and began digging.

Three or four feet from the surface was the hard-pan, or stony subsoil, and by probing it with the iron rod the opening was discovered and the grave located.

After digging a little more than three feet his shovel unearthed the false head of a mummy. The grave had been dug through the hard-pan, and the mummy was in a sitting posture, the hands clasped around the knees, which were pressed up close to the chin. Wrapped around the body in several folds was a coarse cotton cloth tied securely with heavy cords, and on the top of the head was an artificial head made of cloth and stuffed with cotton.

As soon as Cæsar came to the mummy the young men gathered around the grave and eagerly watched the process of exhumation.

"Look out for the *huacos*," said Mr. Bloss, for he had unearthed many of these Peruvian antiquities.

Around the feet of the corpse had been placed several earthen jars, and two or three were handed out by Cæsar. One was a tall one, with the clearly cut face of a man, finely executed in clay, and coloured to imitate nature. It was not the face of an Indian, but rather of a Caucasian. Another dish had beans, and another was dry.

"That's for *chicha*," said Cæsar as he threw it out.

Finally, the mummy was loosened, and the combined efforts of the four men were necessary to lift it to the surface.

"By Jove, he's an old settler," said Mr. Bloss. "Must have been a king or a duke, at least. Look at the robes he wears, will you?"

A few cuts of a knife loosened the false head, which was thrown aside. Then Mr. Bloss, who, from his experience in the business, acted as master of ceremonies, cut the ropes which bound the outer wrappings, and then another cloth came in view of finer texture. It was some kind of a robe, and was fastened at the throat with a rude pin. When this pin was removed, it was found to be of silver, in the shape of a large spoon, in the centre of which was a green stone as large as a plum. When the pin was taken out, the robe, which was of linen, variously coloured, came off without difficulty, and revealed the ghastly figure of a woman. Her long black hair hung down below her waist in luxuriant tresses which the lapse of ages had not destroyed. The flesh had shrunken, but the skin seemed intact. Over the face and eyes the withered hands had been tightly drawn. On one of the arms near the wrist was a thick wide band of metal, and around the throat was a necklace of round hollow beads

of the same substance, and the third finger of the left hand had a wide flat ring also of metal.

"Good morning, my lady," said Mr. Bloss, taking one of the skeleton's hands in his. "How is your ladyship? You have had a good long rest, and it is time for you to get up."

Mr. Juniper stood by speechless with astonishment and horror.

"I'll take off your wig," said Mr. Bloss, and with a single wrench he jerked off the long hair and threw it aside, leaving the skull bare and yellow. He then grasped the necklace, but it could not be broken.

"I'll fix you, my lady," said he, and with the necklace in one hand and the skull in the other he gave the bones a sudden wrench, dislocating the vertebra, and the head was loose in his hand.

"Alas, poor Yorick!" he said, looking at the closed eyes, and tossed the skull on the sand. The necklace was laid with the pottery. The armlet on the decayed bones refused to slip over the wrist, so the arm was wrenched from its socket, pulled in pieces, and the metal removed.

"I'll bet a sovereign it's gold," said Mr. Bloss. "The old lady must have slipped that on when she was a girl, for it is a solid piece, and it would not go over her hand. Oh, frailty, thou art a noun of the feminine gender!"

When everything desirable had been stripped from the mummy, the bones were tumbled aside on the sand, and Cæsar once more descended into the pit. A curious piece of pottery was thrown up. It was a double jar connected like the Siamese twins. One side had the head of a bird, and the other represented a piece of fruit.

"A whistling *huaco*," said Mr. Bloss, taking it in his hand. He then applied his mouth to the fruit-piece, and blowing a blast from his lips, a shrill and not unmusical whistle sounded through the open mouth of the bird.

Several small pieces of metal came out, including a pair of pincers, three or four small spoons, and others whose uses were unknown.

Then Cæsar announced that the work was finished. He came out of the pit and began gathering up his tools.

"Don't you cover the bones again?" asked Mr. Juniper.

Cæsar laughed.

"Why should we cover them up? They won't hurt anybody."

"I think it nothing less than sacrilege this whole business," said the North American to his companions. "What right have we to violate these graves like savages, and then refuse to bury the remains?"

"Well, you are a *gringo!*" said Mr. Bloss. "Nobody cares anything for such things in this country; but to please you, perhaps we had better put the old lady back."

Under Mr. Bloss's directions, the bones were thrown into the pit again, and part of the sand shovelled back.

When this was finished, Cæsar picked up his iron rod and began sinking it in the sand in the search for another tomb.

"Haven't we had enough of this?" said Mr. Bly; "look at Juniper!"

Whether it was the effect of the ride and exposure, or the horror with which he regarded the whole proceeding, the American's face was white as death. He was indubitably ill, and preparations were at once made for the journey homeward.

The *huacos* with some of the cloths were placed in a large sack and carried by Cæsar.

As soon as the party had mounted the horses and started on the ride towards Chorrillos, Mr. Juniper's illness left him.

"Come now, old fellow," said Mr. Bloss, "were you really ill or only shamming? You looked like a ghost, anyway."

"I was so disgusted at the thought of robbing a grave

that it really made me sick. If I had known what it was to be I should never have come."

"Pooh! that is nothing! These tombs are thousands of years old. What difference does it make to any one if we overhaul them?"

"I cannot see what the age has to do with it. The human form is the same, whether it has been buried one year or a thousand years."

"This country is covered with these old graves. In fact, Peru's glory is in her past rather than her present. Every one digs the *huacos*, *gringos* and Peruvians. Many a man, like honest Cæsar there, whose imperial forefathers are dead and turned to clay, makes a good living by turning over the bones of his ancestors."

"But an act which is intrinsically wrong in England or the United States cannot be right in Peru," said the American.

"I believe you are more than half right," said Mr. Bly, "and we are more or less wrong in this matter, as in many others. A young fellow comes out to these countries and throws off many of the restraints of civilised life. In England, he goes to church, keeps Sunday, and associates only with good people. But in this country he goes to bull-fights on Sunday, plays *rocambor* for stakes, robs the graves of the little gold he can find, and generally lets his moral nature grow up to weeds and nettles. We deserve all your indignation, and it does me good to hear you express yourself."

When they returned to Lima, Mr. Bloss made a division of the spoils. Mr. Juniper refused to receive any of the articles, and so they were equally divided between the other two.

A day or two later, Mr. Bloss came into Mr. Juniper's room in the Calle Cadiz just before dinner.

"I say, old boy, you don't know what you missed by your puritanism. I have had the *huacos* examined by an expert, and what do you suppose they are?"

"Valuable relics, no doubt," said Mr. Juniper.

"The ring was solid gold. That funny necklace was made of gold beads with a gold string. The beads were hollow but quite heavy, and the bracelet on her ladyship's arm weighed a quarter of a pound. The *joyero* says it is eighteen carat gold, and was beaten out by hand. What do you think of that?"

"I congratulate you."

"But the pin the duchess had at her throat was the best of all. It is of silver, and the stone is a genuine emerald. I am going to send it to Paris to be cut. It is worth a hundred pounds."

## CHAPTER XXVII

### *WITHIN THE SHADOW*

It had been a very warm summer in Lima. The sun beat down with fervent heat, and the man was fortunate who could remain at home until late in the afternoon, when the sea-breeze sprang up to cool the air. And yet the night did not seem much cooler than the day. After the sun went down, a long, thin spectral bank of vapour could be seen in the air immediately over the city, as if the miasma from the *acequias* gathered in a mass to poison the air.

The Alcalde of Lima was ambitious to become the President of Peru, so he favoured every possible municipal improvement. Almost every street in Lima was torn up. The old-fashioned open sewers, with their foul torrent of sewage, green with scum and detestable with sickening odours, the working place of the buzzards and the fear of all good citizens, were now being replaced by a connected system of covered drains, and the water supply which had recently been established from the Rimac promised to make a great reform in the domestic life of the Limeños.

But it was dangerous work opening so many old sewers with their long-standing accumulations. As soon as the hot weather began several cases of yellow fever appeared in Callao. Where they came from no one knew, but it was said that a French barque from Guayaquil brought a sick man who was sent on shore to a boarding-house, and from there the disease spread. Callao was dirtier than Lima, for the town was so low

and the land so level that the drainage was very defective. In a few weeks, the disease increased so that the people were panic-stricken. The fever spread to Lima, where the vitiated air, the great heat, and the filthy habits of the poor people seemed to feed it, and daily the death-list increased, and men looked at each other in mortal terror, knowing not who would be the next victim.

Mr. Juniper kept at his work in the office of Hayner & Company. At first the fever raged among the Chinese, the negroes, and the *cholos*, the poorer classes whose circumstances prevented the necessary attention to sanitary measures. Among the coolies who worked on the sewers the disease was particularly fatal, and the bulletin of the physicians showed a steady increase in the number of cases, and the number of deaths grew from one or two daily up to ten, twenty, and thirty. Then, as the sun seemed to burn everything it shone upon, the number of deaths suddenly shot up to seventy-five in one day.

When it reached this stage, every one was alarmed. Prominent business houses began to lose their men. At Hayner & Company's, two of the clerks had been taken with the fever and both had died. Mr. Hayner failed to appear one morning, and it was soon learned that he had the disease, but in a mild form. At the bank where the company did its business, every one was ill except the manager and two clerks. Even the porter had died.

Every morning great carts drawn by three mules made the rounds of the streets, and carried away the dead bodies, with only a blanket thrown over them to shut out the blazing heat of the sun. At the cemetery a long trench was dug in the ground at night, and when the carts came in with their load, they were driven alongside and the bodies thrown in like so many sticks of wood, and then the earth was shovelled over them, without shroud or shrift. The men who drove

the carts and the men who shovelled the dirt were generally negroes, and custom had so brutalised them that they were heard to laugh at their horrid work, and even to joke about the poor dead victims, as the corpses were tumbled together in the open ditch.

Of course, these carts were for the poor people and those who had no friends to give them better sepulture. The rich still buried their dead in niches or vaults, with the pomp of mourning robes and the service of the priest; but every ceremony was shortened, and even the priests were getting scarce, for many of them started for the interior as soon as the danger appeared. The hospitals were full, and every house seemed a hospital, but the nuns were everywhere, always at the worst places, and always working with a will to aid the sick and comfort the afflicted.

Business was almost suspended. In the French house of Burger y Cia., all the employés were stricken down with the fever except the cashier, and finally he sickened and died. The acting French Consul at Callao was called in, and he put his consular seals on the safe and all the doors, and then notified the authorities in Paris, for every one connected with the house in Lima was dead.

Still the Chinese coolies worked in the blazing sun at the sewers, and every morning they drove away a big flock of gaunt buzzards that had been revelling during the night at the foul stream that gave its putrid vapours to the air. In the daytime, the *gallinaces* sat on the tops of the buildings, watching the workmen in the street, and occasionally, when they were not watched, descending stealthily to the sewers, or else circled high in the air, where they looked like eagles floating above the city. It was noticed that immediately above the Pantheon these disgusting birds were the most numerous, and along its walls whole rows of the ugly sentinels sat looking with their stony eyes upon the passers-by.

In the house in the Calle Cadiz the young men had escaped almost miraculously. Yet there were probably good reasons for it. Young vigorous men of good habits were safer than the people who lived in filth and were unacquainted with soap and water, and it was noticed that foreigners of regular habits, who avoided the night air and went to bed in good season, generally escaped the plague, while young men who spent their nights in dissipation were the first to take it, and always had it in its severest form. Then, too, it developed the fact that Peruvians and *cholos* had far less physical stamina than Englishmen or other Europeans, and they succumbed much more certainly when once attacked by the disease. Fright seemed also to add to the real danger. Many a Peruvian made himself ill by worrying over the disease, and as soon as he experienced the first symptoms, the priest was sent for, and the poor victim received the rites of the Church, and then had nothing to do but die.

The adjacent watering-places along the sea-shore seemed to escape almost entirely. Miraflores had no cases, and at Chorrillos only two or three persons had it, and then not severely.

At the office of Hayner & Company, Mr. Juniper and one other clerk constituted the whole force, while in the factory only half-a-dozen men were at work. There was almost a total suspension of business.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Juniper had just taken up his work at the desk, when a coloured man came in. He was the *mayor-domo* at the Lopez residence, and his face was familiar to Mr. Juniper. He was a Jamaica negro, who spoke English as it is spoken in some of the West India islands.

"Please yer anner," said he mournfully, "I wish you could come and see my young man. He's dreffful sick. Everybody's sick in the house, and I don't know which way to turn."

"I'll come at once, Sam," said Mr. Juniper. "When was Mr. Nokes taken?"

"This is the third day, and he's drefful sick."

The Lopez house presented a pitiable sight. In the *sala* the emblems of mourning had been partially removed. Strips of black crape were yet crossed diagonally over the mirrors and some of the windows. The smaller children had been sent in charge of the nurses to the *hacienda*. But Mr. Nokes and his wife, as well as Señora Lopez and her two eldest daughters, were all ill. That afternoon Mrs. Nokes died, and her husband in the adjoining room was delirious with the fever.

Mr. Juniper sent Sam back to the office to say that he would not return until the next day. He took his seat by the side of Mr. Nokes' bed, anxious to be of service to his friend. Sam arranged a room for him near by, and he sat by the sufferer until past midnight, and then retired for a few hours of rest.

In the morning Mr. Nokes was slightly better, but Mrs. Lopez was growing worse. The doctor hurried in to see her twice during the day, but shook his head sadly both times. In the night she died, and early the next morning Mr. Juniper and the priest followed the remains to the Pantheon, where another niche was filled in the section owned by the Lopez family. There were now but two left, the two nearest the ground.

The young ladies were still very ill, but they were receiving every possible attention from the Sisters of Charity. Two of them were in constant attendance at the bedside of the young ladies, and on alternate nights, and then two took their places.

Mr. Nokes was getting better. His delirium left him, and when he recognised Mr. Juniper one morning, his wan face lighted up with a grateful smile.

"I am almost well now," said he, "and I think you had better call my wife, and then go and take a little rest. You look tired, and I know I am past the danger."

Mr. Juniper did not have the heart to tell him of his wife's death. That night while Mr. Juniper was taking his dinner, Mr. Nokes insisted on sitting up in his bed, contrary to Sam's advice. Shortly after Mr. Juniper's return he was taken with a severe chill, the fever returned, and by ten o'clock he was wildly delirious. The doctor came, but could give no hope. Shortly after midnight he was dead. Don José Lopez, who was at the *hacienda,* was sent for, and reached the house just before Mr. Nokes died.

Mr. Juniper watched by the side of his friend as long as hope lasted, and then silently withdrew to his own room. He had an excruciating pain in his head, and when he began to consider the possibility of taking the fever, it occurred to him in his weariness that it would not be such a frightful visitation as he had formerly pictured it. Familiarity with the disease had softened its terrors, and even death itself seemed a very natural event, so soon do we become accustomed to the awfulness of dissolution.

Sam came to his room just as he was about to retire. His honest face wore a look of pain.

"Better let me git the doctor," he said. "I'm afraid yer anner's goin' to be sick. You look mighty bad."

"Oh, pshaw, Sam," said Mr. Juniper, "I am not ill. I am only tired. I have not had a night's sleep for a week. I am going to drop right down here without undressing, and I'll be all right in the morning. It is only half-past twelve," looking at his watch, "and I'll get a good night's sleep. Good night, Sam."

Sam left, but he was disappointed. Mr. Juniper felt for his pocket-book in the inner pocket of his waistcoat, where he had shown it to Sam the night before, then blew out the candle, and in a few minutes he had dropped to sleep.

It was not long before he was at home again among the giant pine-trees of Wisconsin. The wind sighed mournfully among the branches, and cast showers of

fine snow along the frosty road, whitening the backs of the horses and covering the load of logs upon his sleigh. As it fell in a fine white dust, the sunlight streaming through the trees gilded each particle of snow so that it glistened like a diamond, and then the fine dust gradually increased in size until each particle was as large as an acorn, and each acorn was a real diamond. Diamonds fell in the snow, and diamonds covered the road before him, so that they worked their way into the feet of the horses, and both horses commenced to walk lame. Then the trees began to move around. Some one was playing a violin. Strange that he had not noticed the music before, and how funny it looked to see great pine-trees circle to the left, *chassé* out and join hands turn on the corners, and dance like men and women! While the trees danced in the stiffest and awkwardest manner possible, one of them suddenly stopped and bent down its head, which broke a hole in the side of the house, when out rolled a stream of bright yellow gold pieces. One of the trees whispered from its top in a ghostly voice, "That is your money. Take it!" He was picking it up, and thinking how it would please Celia to see so much of the gold, when it all dropped from his hands into the sea, and then the ship glided along over the water for weeks and weeks, always out of sight of land. After many days of anxious watching, the land finally appeared. Celia stood on the wharf at Oshkosh waiting for him as the ship came in sight. She wore her school-dress, but her fluffy hair was hanging loosely in curls down her back. When he drew near, he saw that she had been weeping, but her face lighted up with the old sweet smile at sight of him.

There were strange people around him. Why were they there? Had anything happened in the factory? The machinery in the factory stopped all at once. Perhaps it was a feast-day, but why should it have started at all?

Something oppressed him so he could hardly breathe. It seemed as if there was a great load on his chest which prevented him from inhaling the air. Nerving himself to overcome the difficulty, he clenched his hands together and drew in all the air he could, which was very little. Then he went to sleep. How delicious sleep seemed after such ridiculous sights as he had been seeing!—trees dancing, and diamonds dropping like hail, and streams of gold pieces! He would like to sleep for a week. He realised that he was asleep, for he breathed heavily and his eyes were closed. He had been through a hard week's work with Mr. Steele. It was Sunday morning, so he would sleep as long as he wanted to. A steamer whistled out in the bay, but he would not get up to see what it was.

Then his arm pained him. He raised it, but it struck something; and as he turned his head slightly, he felt that there was something just over him. He was too weak to rise, and at the time he was not surprised. A few minutes later he tried again, and found that the wall was so close to him that he could not raise his hand to his head. He breathed slowly and painfully, and when he opened his eyes, he found he was in utter darkness. Where was he? He tried to call Sam, but the sound he made was so low that his own ear could not detect it. Perhaps he was dead. Well, it would not matter. It would be rest, and he felt so weary and weak that simple rest was the best thing for him.

Then he said to himself—for he was a man—"This is death. This is the end of all. God help me!"

And as the full meaning of his situation gradually spread through his partially benumbed faculties, a feeling of horror surged over him, weak as he was, and he could feel the perspiration gather on his forehead, and drops of sweat fell into his eyes, and even in his mouth. Like a gleam of light in his agony came to his mind the words he had heard at Trinity Church at Oshkosh long years before, and he found himself slowly repeating,

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried. He descended into hell, the third day He rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### *DEATH AND LIFE*

THE body of Mr. Nokes was buried early in the morning by Don José Lopez. Mr. Juniper was ill with the fever, and so delirious that he could be kept in his bed with difficulty. The faithful Sam watched over him like a brother. Twice every day the doctor dropped in to see him, but the doctor's principal order was to keep the patient well wrapped up, so as to prevent a chill, and bring about a perspiration if possible.

On the third day, the sufferer appeared to be quieter, although still wild with delirium. Don José directed Sam to call another servant in the afternoon, and go with him to the *hacienda*. Regretfully Sam turned over the charge of his patient to Domingo, the second steward, with an abundance of cautioning to keep Mr. Juniper covered and watch him closely.

It was after six o'clock the next afternoon when Sam returned from the *hacienda*. The house was very quiet, as he went through the *callejon* to the side-door and passed into the kitchen. Domingo sat on a chair, with his chin resting on both hands, watching the cook preparing the dinner.

"Poor man's dead, Sam," said he.

"What? Mr. Juniper dead?"

"Died this morning. I buried him this afternoon at four o'clock."

Sam staggered into a chair, completely broken up. The young *gringo* had always been kind to him, and he firmly believed that if he had not gone to the *hacienda* he could have saved the life of his patient.

He inquired all about the case, but there was not much to tell. As Domingo made it known, Mr. Juniper grew worse in the night, and seemed so weak from the exhaustion that he lay perfectly still. The doctor came in about eleven o'clock in the morning, walked to the side of the bed and found him dead. Domingo had been sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed and had dropped asleep. The doctor's entrance had awakened him. Mr. Juniper had died while Domingo slept. Domingo drew a sheet over the patient and came away.

The doctor had given the order to the undertaker, and at three o'clock that afternoon two men came with a hearse and a plain coffin. The body had been placed in the coffin and carried down to the hearse. One of the men then hurried back to the shop, and Domingo had ridden with the driver on the hearse to the Pantheon. The last niche owned by the Lopez family was used by the doctor's orders, and the remains of the poor *Americano* were put away with only two *cholos* to act as mourners.

"*Caramba!*" said Sam, after a pause, "did you see his pocket-book?"

"*Nada!*" replied Domingo, "do you suppose I'd touch his pocket-book?"

"But he had his pocket-book inside his waistcoat. He showed it to me the night before he was taken sick, and he told me it held all he had in the world. And his watch? Did anybody take that?"

"Nobody took nothing," said Domingo. "I helped them put him in the coffin. He was so warm that he wasn't stiff, and we had such hard work to lift him that Juan slammed him in as fast as he could, and then fastened on the cover."

Sam said no more, but the thought of that pocket-book haunted him. When the dinner was ready, the servants ate in silence, for there was no one in the house but the Sister of Charity who was watching over the señoritas, now slowly convalescing.

After dinner Sam smoked a yellow cigarette, and pondered over the pocket-book, the money, and the watch. He was sure Mr. Juniper would have given them to him had he been at the bedside when the poor young man died.

There must have been several hundred dollars in the pocket-book. If he had it now, he could go back to Jamaica and see his old fadder and mudder before they died. It was the one chance in a lifetime, and he had lost it.

A poor man don't stand no chance in this country, anyway. When he came to Peru from Panama ten years before, times was so flush he was goin' to make rich right away, but somehow he hadn't got ahead much. If he only had that pocket-book!

There was the little whitewashed hut under the palm-trees in Jamaica. He could see it and the crowd of coloured boys and girls under the trees. How he would like to go back there! He would walk right up to the old place without saying anything to anybody, and then see if they'd know him. His old mudder would know him, he was sure of that. It was goin' on twenty years since he left, and he had aged a good deal since then, for he had the yellow fever in Panama, and it left him all broke up, and since he'd been in Lima his hair had begun to get grey. Of course he wasn't old yet, for he felt about as young as he ever did.

How mean it was to lose that pocket-book when it was so near bein' his! And to think of it buried with a dead man, where it wouldn't do nobody no good! Why couldn't he get it?

Sam lighted another cigarette from the candle on the kitchen-table. He wished he had the courage to walk right up to the Pantheon and get that pocket-book and the watch. He knew the North American wanted him to have it. But folks say there is ghosts around a graveyard, and Sam shuddered as he thought of it.

He mused a while over the second cigarette. Don

Francisco had told him many a time there was no such thing as ghosts. When a man is dead he's dead, and that is the end of him. There was the pocket-book, and a good watch that kept time, and if he had them he could take the steamer for Panama, and in three weeks he would be at home with his ole mudder. Think of it! *Carajo!* he'd go.

Sam was an honest coloured man, and not too brilliant, but when an idea worked its way into his head it moved him. He decided to go to the Pantheon and see if he could find the tomb. Then, if he could get into it, he would try to open the coffin and get the pocket-book and the watch.

It was getting dark. The sky down towards Callao was a bright yellowish-red, where the sun had gone down into the Pacific. It was growing a little cooler as the sea-breeze freshened, but it was still warm.

Sam walked up the narrow side-walk, past the mill of Santa Clara, around the church, and on by the long row of little one-storey houses, where every other doorway opened into a long *callejon*, stretching back through the block, with a row of small huts on either side, the lane filled with half-naked children.

When he came to the great gate of the cemetery he stopped. Why didn't he bring Domingo with him? It was skeery business this prowling among dead men in the dark. But he knew Domingo would make him divide, and then perhaps there wouldn't be enough to take him back to Jamaica.

As he stood at the entrance, where one of the gates hung open, he heard the rattle of wheels coming along the street, and in a few minutes a hearse drawn by a single horse drove up. He could see it was the hearse used for the poor people. Once the body of it had been black, but time had worn off the paint, so it was now a ghastly grey. On the top was a wooden cross, and he could see that it was drawn by an old brown mule instead of a horse. Two men sat on the seat, the

driver wearing a broad hat with a big black ribbon, and a gentleman, well dressed, with a silk hat. Evidently some member of his family had fallen a victim to the plague, and he was compelled to use the only vehicle he could find unemployed.

Sam was about to give it up, but he nerved himself again by thinking of the pleasure it would give his ole mudder to see him back in Jamaica. After the hearse had passed in he followed slowly, and when he went under the arbour with the long green vines, he waited until the two men with the coffin passed out of sight.

Slowly and with palpitating heart he walked in the direction of the Lopez tombs. His breath almost failed him when he caught sight of the section which he knew to be the resting-place of the family. There was the niche containing the body of his old master, and then there were three or four others, newer and fresher. As he stood for an instant trying to locate the coffin of the young American, a supernatural swishing noise burst upon his ear; he gave a suppressed shriek and fell upon his knees, covering his eyes with his hands. Nothing touched him, however, and when he ventured to look in the direction whence the sound came, he saw a long black *gallinace*, which had just alighted on the top of a row of niches back of him. The foul bird was craning its ugly neck, and evidently watching his movements in the grey light of the stars. Was it instinct only that influenced the gaunt scavenger to follow him thus in the darkness, or did it reason, as man would reason, that Sam's visit meant spoils and food?

It took Sam fully fifteen minutes to recover his wits. Then he advanced to the front of the lowest niche, for Domingo had described it to him, and with his knife he easily loosened the fresh mortar and pulled down the piece of marble which filled the opening. He could see the end of the plain coffin made of Oregon pine, planed, but not varnished or painted. His courage had returned, and he proceeded with the work quietly and slowly. The

piece of marble was placed directly at the mouth of the niche, the bottom resting on the ground. Reaching forward he grasped the end of the coffin with both hands and pulled it gently towards him. In five minutes he had slipped it along the piece of marble until it was all out of the niche and wholly resting on the ground. Then his knife was inserted under the lid and a prying motion easily loosened it, for it was held in place only by two small screws. Lifting the board free of the coffin, he laid it so that one edge rested upon the ground and the other leaned against the coffin, and then turned to look for the watch and the pocket-book. A sheet from the bed had been wrapped around the body when it was lifted into the coffin. As he pulled the sheet aside his blood congealed in his veins for an instant as he heard a voice say—

"Oh! Sam, help me!"

Horror, fear, and consternation gave place to joy in poor Sam's breast. Before he could understand himself he sank on his knees by the side of the coffin, his hands trembling as if with the ague. He could not run away, for his limbs refused to move, and at first he could not believe his ears, so he waited in speechless fright until he again heard the voice.

"Sam, I wish you would give me a drink of water."

"Lord Almighty, Mr. Juniper," said the terrified Sam, "I was afraid you was dead. Keep yourself well kivered up and I'll git the water."

Then, his tremor of excitement having passed off, he was really exercised for the safety of the young man, so he carefully pulled the sheet across the patient's breast and told him to keep quiet for a minute. Then with a bound like a deer he rushed away in the direction of a light which was burning in a small house on the main walk near the arbour.

It required only a few words to explain the circumstances to the *cholo* and his wife who lived in the house and looked after the flowers. With two or three heavy

blankets and a *vicuña* robe the three returned to the open coffin. The young man was carefully wrapped in the blankets, and the two men easily carried him in their arms to the house, where he was placed in the bed.

Completely exhausted from the fever, which had been broken by the perspiration, and still close to death's door, the young man sank into a profound slumber. He was so weak that to Sam's watchful eye it was a question whether his condition was that of sleep or of the unconsciousness which borders on death, but the slight movement of the chest at regular intervals showed that he was alive. The *cholo* and his wife soon retired to another room, but Sam kept his place by the bedside, where he scarcely took his eye from his patient.

Two or three times in the night the ground shook with the sound of wheels, as the hearses made their visits to the cemetery with more victims; but Sam watched by the lonely bedside with the same careful attention. The grey dawn appeared, and then the sun burst into sight, and flooded everything with its rich golden light, and the few stray birds in the tree-tops chirped a welcome to the new day, in a sad debilitated whistle.

When he awoke after daylight, the young man was very weak, but the fever was gone. During the day, Sam had sent to the city for the doctor; but when he came, the doctor declared the patient in good condition, and advised only careful nursing.

In the morning the *cholo* had removed the coffin to his house, and closed the opening in the niche, leaving it as it was before Sam's visit.

Day after day Mr. Juniper lay upon the bed, trying to distinguish the noises he heard, and fixing in his mind something of the experience he had passed through. Sam had not told him, but he could plainly see that he was not in his room at the Lopez residence. Neither was he in his own room at the Mess. He knew he had been very sick, and perhaps they had taken him

out to the *hacienda*, for he heard the birds sing in the morning.

One afternoon he had just taken a dish of *caldo* from Sam, and he felt himself almost well. He sat up in the bed, and insisted on knowing where he was. He was well enough now to talk.

Sam told him the whole story. His waistcoat had been taken off, and it now hung on a chair before him. There was the watch which had been his brother's, with its chain made from his mother's hair, and the mark where it had been cut by the bullet. He pulled it toward him, and found the pocket-book with its notes and pieces of gold, just as he had seen it last.

He sank back on the bed with his eyes closed. Something like a moisture gathered in his eyes as he repeated the Lord's Prayer quietly to himself, and the thought of Celia and the future came to him as a balm to his wounded spirits, and he slept.

A week later a coach drove into the Pantheon. Before he took it, Mr. Juniper went to the outer room of the sexton's house. There was the coffin, made of Oregon pine, unpainted and unvarnished. A curious smile lighted up his countenance when he recognised it was one that was made by Hayner & Company. While the epidemic raged, the factory had been manufacturing the coffins, and this was one of them.

He took the coach, and was driven at once to the house in the Calle Cadiz.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### *OLD FRIENDS AND NEW ENEMIES*

THE fever was abating. In April the weather moderated and the new cases almost ceased. By the middle of May it was over. The streets had all been put in good condition, and with a complete system of sewers and an abundant supply of excellent water, the public health was likely to be greatly improved. To be sure the filthy habits of the men still made the public streets a nuisance, and the poor people continued to live in damp houses with no floor but the earth, and no opening except the door; but the abolition of the open sewers was a great step in advance.

At the house in the Calle Cadiz Mr. Juniper spent several weeks in quiet rest. In spite of his youth and his excellent constitution he convalesced slowly. The shock to his nervous system was so severe that for weeks he feared he would never recover his usual strength, and as he walked with slow and measured step around the *patio*, or in a short excursion as far as the next street corner, he began to think that if he were compelled to drag out the remainder of his existence as a man prematurely old, perhaps it would have been better after all had he been permitted to die when he was so near it.

One day as he was dressing, his eye caught sight of something white in his hair, and closer examination showed him that his dark locks were slightly sprinkled with grey. And his strength returned very slowly. The climate was so uniform, and so lacking in any

element which could invigorate or build up, that while he seemed to be improving, he remained very weak.

There was a curious feeling in his shoulder which reminded him of his terrible experience, and which returned to trouble him while he remained in Peru, and promises to endure while life lasts. Whether it was the compression of the muscles caused by the confinement, or a rupture of some of the ligaments, has never been decided, but since that night this dull, disagreeable pain in his left shoulder is rarely absent.

A month after his return to the Mess he began his duties again in the office of Hayner & Company. For the first week he did not attempt to work more than half a day at a time, and even then he found himself very weary at night; but his youth and good habits enabled him gradually to resume his old duties, and in a few weeks he was working as usual.

He kept his room regularly every evening after dinner, and instead of making visits or spending a portion of the time with his friends, he spent his hours in reading. Early in August, while he was thus employed one night after dinner, a servant came to his door and handed him a small white envelope. It contained two cards—"James de Aubrey Langham," and "Mrs. James de Aubrey Langham"—and on Mr. Langham's card was written in pencil the words "Hotel Maury."

Who was James de Aubrey Langham? He had a faint recollection of having heard the name before, but when or where he could not determine. After deliberating for some minutes he arose and prepared to call upon Mr. Langham. When he put on his Prince Albert coat he was shocked to see how much too large it was for him, and then the weary feeling returned, as it had so often since his illness.

At the Maury Hotel he was going up the marble stairway from the Villalta entrance when he met a gentleman coming down. Each stopped and stared at

the other, when Mr. Juniper recognised the Rev. Mr. Garrison, the missionary, who went to Valparaiso to convert the Chilians, and with whom he travelled down the coast from Panama. The missionary was pleased to see him. He had arrived that morning from the south, and was in Room 16 with Mrs. Garrison, and they would both be glad to see him there. Mr. Juniper explained the object of his visit, and promised to call later. Then he went up the stairway and examined the list of guests posted upon the wall. In Room 17 were Señor Langham y Señora," and to Room 17 he accordingly directed his steps.

His knock at the door was responded to by a tall bronzed Englishman, who held out his hand with the greeting: "Mr. Juniper, I believe!" Mr. Juniper recognised him after an instant as Captain Langham, master of the English steamer *Huaco*, on which Mrs. Upton had taken passage for Valparaiso two years before. He entered the room and took the sofa offered him by Captain Langham, when Mrs. Langham appeared. This time his surprise was still greater; for Mrs. Langham was none other than Mrs. Upton, the dear friend whose first husband had met with such a sad death from the fever at Callao.

The lady was more charming than ever, if her attractiveness could possibly have been enhanced. She did not appear to be a day older than when he had first met her on the steamer as a bride. She had the same laughing eyes and the same genial kindness, and he spent a half hour in a most agreeable visit. With many blushes she told him that when she sailed from Callao, after the death of Mr. Upton, it was with no expectation of ever visiting South America again; that Captain Langham, on the voyage to Valparaiso, had been exceedingly kind to her, and when she left his ship she had given him permission to write to her. In May last he had come to England on his vacation, and in June they had been quietly married. Now he was

returning to Valparaiso, where they would reside. As they were stopping in Lima only while the steamer waited at Callao, she had determined to find Mr. Juniper to renew the acquaintance. Captain Langham had accepted a position in the Company's office at Valparaiso, and if Mr. Juniper ever came there they would be delighted to see him in their own home.

Mr. Juniper congratulated both the Captain and his charming wife, and took his departure.

At Room 16 he found the American missionary and his wife. The work at Valparaiso had not fully met his expectations. It needed so much time to acquire a knowledge of the Spanish language, and then he found the natives so completely under the influence of the priests, that the work of converting them was very difficult and laborious. Still, he was satisfied with the success he had met with in the past three years, and he believed the Missionary Society was also, for the Society was now sending him on another and a more difficult mission. He was going into the Amazonian regions of Peru, among the hostile and uncivilised Indians of the territory, to begin the work of teaching the English language and converting them to Christianity. He knew it was a wild and inhospitable region, and he would go there with his life in his hand, but the Lord would take care of him. No, Mrs. Garrison was not going with him. She was to take the steamer on Wednesday for Panama and the United States. He expected to remain in the Amazonian country at least two years, and then he might be relieved by some other worker to be sent out by the Society. He was going alone, save for the company of two Chilian assistants he had brought from Valparaiso. At first he should learn the Indian dialect, and, after establishing himself in the good graces of the Indians, he would begin teaching and preaching. His only ambition was to do some good in the world, and this seemed to be the opening which gave him the loudest

call. He would do his best, and leave the result with God.

As he came from the missionary's room, he met on the stairway two gentlemen, who were strangers, and Captain Langham. The Captain introduced them to Mr. Juniper as Americans whom he had met on the steamer coming from Panama—Mr. Schmit, an engineer, and Mr. Rollins, a miner, both from New York. They had come to Peru to look after mining interests in the interior. Mr. Rollins was a young man about twenty-four, and Mr. Schmit was a German aged about forty.

Two days later, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Juniper was again at the hotel to say farewell to Mrs. Langham. She left with many warm expressions of friendship to Mr. Juniper; and as the carriage drove away, the ground trembled, the side-walk began to shake, the row of buildings on the opposite side of the street rocked as if agitated by the waves of the sea, and the tower of San Pedro described the arc of a circle, as it whipped around in the air, while in Mr. Juniper's ears was a buzzing, rumbling noise totally indescribable. At first he fully believed that his illness had returned upon him, and he was about to call a carriage to be taken immediately to his room, when he beheld a crowd of people rushing into the streets, and the utmost excitement seemed to prevail everywhere. Then he knew that the earthquake had come again.

In a few minutes the shock returned, stronger and more terrifying than before. Almost every one in the hotel rushed out on the street, servants, guests, and all. As Mr. Schmit recognised Mr. Juniper on the side-walk, he said—

"Mine Cot, Mr. Juniper, I'm sorry for mine friendt, Mr. Rollins. He's sick in bed, and don't know notting about dis earth-ke-vake."

"What ails him?"

"I'm afraid it's *perniciosa.* De doctor says he's very sick."

At Callao the earthquake was very severe. A tidal wave came in from the bay, and covered the town to a depth of four feet with the sea-water. The water receded, much to the joy of the people, and in fifteen minutes it came again, farther and deeper than before. Many people were drowned, and there was a complete *hegira* of men, women, and children from Lima and the higher ground. The night which followed was one of terror to the *Chalacos.* No one slept who remained in Callao, and guards were placed on the mole to notify the people, by means of fireworks, if another overflow was to be expected.

The city of Arequipa, in the south of Peru, was completely destroyed by the same shock, with a loss of eighty lives. Every building in the city was wrecked. The people fled terror-stricken into the streets, and for twenty-four hours the air resounded with prayers for preservation, while the senses were burdened with the odour of incense burned to propitiate the saints.

Farther down the coast equal destruction marked the pathway of the seismic demon. For the second time the town of Arica was completely destroyed, nothing remaining but a shapeless mass of stones. On the sea the same powerful destroyer wrought his fiendish work. The American frigate *Wateree* was picked up bodily and deposited on a barren hill two miles inland from the coast, while the *Fredonia,* which was farther out at sea, was dashed in pieces, and so completely annihilated that not a single soul survived from its entire list of officers and crew.

Three days after the earthquake, as Mr. Juniper was passing the Hotel Maury, Mr. Schmit crossed over the street to speak to him.

"I'm in great trouble," said he, "and I want to tell you about it."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Juniper.

"You know mine friendt Mr. Rollins is dade."

"No."

"Yes, he died the night of the earth-ke-vake. He might have died anyway, but the shock didn't do him no good. I buried him next day in the cemetery at Bellavista. Now when I come to get my bill from the hotel, what do you suppose they sharge me?"

"Some large figure, no doubt."

"I'm perfectly willing to pay them four times what it is worth, but I don't want to buy their old hotel"

As they walked down the street towards Espaderos, Mr. Schmit took the bill from his pocket, and Mr. Juniper read something like this translated into English:—

J. F. W. SCHMIT *to the Empresa of the Hotel Maury, Dr.*

| | |
|---|---|
| To Board and Liquors, one week . . | $47.00 |
| Idem idem (Rollins) . . | 42.40 |
| Damage to Room 35, death of Rollins, injury to furniture, wall paper, paint, carpet, &c. &c. . . . . | 1100.00 |
| | $1189.40 |

"You see it's mighty expensive to die in this country," said Mr. Schmit, with an attempt at a joke.

Mr. Juniper shuddered, for it was a subject which was very sore to him.

"Why don't you see a lawyer about it?" he asked.

"I might shust as well pay it to the hotel as to the lawyer."

When Mr. Juniper remembered his experience with Dr. Diaz, he began to admire Mr. Schmit's judgment.

"The worst of it is," continued Mr. Schmit, "if I don't pay it, they say they'll arrest me. When a man gets into a lawsuit in this country over money, the next thing he gets into is the jail," and he laughed a weak sort of a smile.

"Better see the American Minister about it," said Mr. Juniper, as he parted with Mr. Schmit on the corner.

Not long after he saw Mr. Schmit on the Portal.

"How is your hotel bill?" he asked.

"Oh, that's all settled," said he. "The next day after I saw you, I gits up in the morning and washes my face, and then I starts to go downstairs to get a little cock-tail before I gets my coffee. Right at my door was three soldiers, dose pretty little fellahs with red caps and white breeches. The first one he pointed his gun at me and wouldn't let me pass, and I find myself a prisoner in my own room. You may be sure I don't feel very good when I see that. But I sends down for my cock-tail and my coffee, and then I smoke a cigarette and says I to myself, 'Frederick William, you was in a bad fix. Better you see the American Minister.' Then I gives the boy a peseta and he takes a note for me to the Minister. When the Minister comes, I explain it all to him, and he advises me to get a lawyer. He finds one for me, and the first thing the lawyer does is to go to the judge and get the guard dismissed, and I gets out. Then when the *Empresa* of the Maury finds that I am going to fight the case, they want to settle. I pay them $400, and they receipt the bill."

The missionary went into the mountains, and in a day or two Mr. Schmit also started for his gold-mine.

Two years and a half later Mr. Schmit put in an appearance again. This time he was at the Hotel Europeo. Mr. Juniper had encountered the man on the street, and Mr. Schmit urged him to call on him at the hotel.

"I haf many things to show you," said he. "I haf not made much money yet out of my mine, but I am going to New York to get up a company mit American capital, and then I shall do big work. I will show you some gold that will your eyes make out of your head stick and some funny things that the Indians make."

After dinner, he visited Mr. Schmit at his room in the Hotel Europeo. Hanging on the wall were a great variety of curious objects brought from the interior of Peru. There were head-dresses worn by the Indians and made of the long brilliantly coloured feathers of tropical birds, necklaces of monkeys' teeth, bracelets of beetles' wings, blankets made of the bark of a tree, drinking cups from a cow's horn, poisoned arrows used by the cannibal Indians, spears, war-clubs, feather robes, native air-guns with which the Indians kill birds, and the crude weaving apparatus by which they make beautifully designed belts and scarfs from cotton yarn.

From a trunk which he unlocked, Mr. Schmit brought out two small pasteboard boxes. Placing them on the table, he opened the first and took from it several pieces of a yellow substance, varying in size from that of a pea to a large plum. These he arranged in a row on the table. The contents of the two boxes were disposed of in the same manner, until the top of the table was almost covered with irregularly shaped pieces.

"I suppose that stuff contains gold?" said Mr. Juniper.

"It is gold," said he; "just heft it."

Closer examination showed that the pieces were all nuggets of pure gold, without a trace of quartz or stone of any kind.

"I tell you what, Mr. Shuniper," said the German, "I don't suppose I can ever make anybody understand half what I haf seen. The country where I haf been is just built on gold. The gold crops out from the ground like stone. You see dose pieces? Well, that is nothing. Ever since the white man has occupied this country the Indians made a living by selling little pieces to the white men. How does the Indians get it? I will tell you.

"When the water is low, the Indian puts a row of stones along the edge of the river, then the high water comes and brings down the sand and dirt, and when

the water gets low again, he finds little chunks of gold beside the stones. One little trap like that will support him for a year."

"Where is this country?"

"On the other side of the Andes. It is many miles from here."

"Why is not the gold developed?"

"Oh, the Indians! Thousands of white men have lost their lives trying to get into that country. To get there, you must fight your way through the worst cannibals God ever made. Twice they almost had me. You see that arm? A poisoned arrow struck me there, and only for my Chileno man I would haf died. My man he sucked the poison out with his tongue. He saved my life, but my arm will always be a little lame."

Mr. Schmit opened another trunk.

"Here's a curious thing I want to show you. Now what do you suppose that is?"

He placed in Mr. Juniper's hand something that looked like the head of a child's doll. It had long black hair, the features of a man, with a tattooed face without beard, and resembling somewhat a human head reduced to about one-third its original size. It was of a dark leather colour, and the countenance was ugly and repulsive.

Mr. Juniper shuddered as he handled the strange object.

"It looks like a baby's head," said he.

"It's an Indian's head," said the German; "that's the way I would be if they had caught me. When those scoundrels take a prisoner, they cut off his head, then they haf a big feast, and they gather a big crowd of Indians, and they eat the body of the poor fellah what gets caught, and they haf lots of music, and they all get drunk."

"But that don't look like a man's head."

"You see it is all prepared and made smaller. In some countries like Nord America, *por ejemplo*, the

Indians takes off the scalp of the prisoner they kills, but in the Amazonas they cut off the head. Every warrior carries at his belt the heads of his victims, fastened by the hair, which is long. When the head is first cut off, it is soaked in some vegetable liquid that softens all the bone. Then the bone is all taken out and the inside is filled with certain gums and leaves that the old women prepares, and that dries the flesh and shrinks it so that it is small just as you see."

"How did you get it?"

"I bought all these things from some of the friendly Indians. But I haf one more."

He went to the trunk again and brought forth a second dried head. This one was of a different kind. The hair was short and sandy, the face had a brown beard and moustache, and the complexion was fair but badly sunburned. Unquestionably it was not the head of an Indian.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Juniper.

"That is one of the same kind of heads. I bought it from the same Indians, but I think this was a white man instead of an Indian."

Mr. Juniper regarded the poor withered semblance of humanity with pity and horror. The skin and flesh of the head had shrunk so that it was not more than three or four inches in diameter, but the original lineaments were reduced to a miniature of the living man. The eyeballs had been removed, but the drooping, closed lids were there, and even the moustache and whiskers retained the appearance which they must have had in life, although it was easy to be seen that the countenance was disturbed.

As he gazed upon the dreadful object, there was a familiar look about the eyes and forehead, and he studied it closely for several minutes, trying to remember who it reminded him of.

That night, as he lay in bed, the recollection of the distorted features of the dried head rose in his mind

and appeared to him in his dreams, but still he could not decide the identity of the face which it looked like.

The next day, Mr. Schmit, with his museum of curiosities, took the steamer for Panama on his way to the United States.

About a month later, while he was at work at his desk in the office of Hayner & Company, two natives asked for him. In the outer office stood the men, clad in ponchos, with the guinea-pig-skin shoes and straw hat of the *seranos*, and their faces and hands showed that they had just come from the mountains. One of them handed him a package which he opened and found to be an English Bible, a strongly bound book. On the fly-leaf a name was written, but it was so discoloured that he could not decipher it.

It was half an hour before he could understand what they tried to tell him, for their Spanish was guttural and hard to comprehend. At last he made out that they were Chilenos on their way back to Valparaiso—that they had been in the sierras with the Rev. Mr. Garrison, the American missionary.

"Where is Mr. Garrison?" asked Mr. Juniper.

"He is dead."

"When did he die?"

"It makes six months that he is dead of the Indians."

"Why did they kill him?"

"Bad Indians no like missionary. Cut off his head."

They had brought Mr. Juniper all they had been able to recover of his effects. In a few minutes they departed, and he saw them no more.

When he retired that night a thought struck him.

"It was Mr. Garrison's head, after all."

## CHAPTER XXX

### *THE BELLS OF SAN PEDRO*

MR. JUNIPER did not entirely recover from the effects of the fever for several years. By the advice of Mr. Hayner, he visited the neighbouring seaport of Ancon, and spent several weeks there endeavouring to recuperate his health.

The contents of his pocket-book, which at the time of his illness had really contained all his earnings, he gave to the faithful Sam, who at once took the steamer for Panama to make his visit to the ole fadder and mudder in Jamaica, blessing with his last word the name of the young *Americano.*

While he felt that the Jamaican had deserved the gift for his daring rescue, still the payment of such a sum left him in a worse condition than he had ever been. It was not only all that he had been able to accumulate during his residence in the country, and he found himself as to money just where he was three years before, but, when he considered his shattered health, and the probability that he would never fully recover his former strength, the outlook did not appear very propitious.

He had come to Peru confident that in a few years he would conquer fate, and build for himself a name and a position which would give him a start in life. While he had neglected nothing which could legitimately advance him on the road towards his goal, he had to admit that life brings to the average man much more of disappointment than of success, more of defeat

than of conquest, and day after day he followed his round of duties with a heavy heart.

Really there was very little light ahead. His assiduous attention to his labours in the office brought him a regular income, but at the end of a year his savings were not large, and it was not difficult to calculate that it would take many dreary years of labour before even a respectable sum was amassed, and in the meantime he was running the risk of more illness and perhaps death.

His position was improved somewhat when Mr. Hayner took a leave of absence for a year to visit England, and left him in charge of the factory.

It was a calm beautiful evening just before Christmas. Mr. Juniper was in his room according to his custom, but he was in no mood for either reading or writing. The vault of heaven above was resplendent with a field of bright stars which glistened in white masses of light as if throwing off electricity. A new moon, like a larger star, was resting its curved surface in the zenith, and the air was soft and limpid, like a night in June of the northern hemisphere. The whole effect was to soften his feelings and bring a brood of sombre thoughts, visitors which had been quite common since his illness.

He turned to his desk, where he found a paper containing something he had written on the steamer *Pachacamac*, when he made his voyage down the coast.

He read it over for the first time since he had put it aside on the steamer. It was as follows:—

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

When I behold thy silv'ry radiance pure,
As soft it steals upon me from the skies,
My soul is filled with holy peace secure,
And ev'ry thought of pain within me dies.

God's love to man, the highest, grandest thought
That finite mind alone can grasp on earth,
Appeals to me by living symbol wrought
In scroll divine, eternal from its birth.

It matters not that storm and tempest rage,
And troublous clouds obscure the face of night,
Above it all thy sweetest rays presage,
Return of sunshine and of joyous light.

From deepest, darkest sorrow here below,
Thy holy light attracts and leads above
The mind of man from earthly sin and woe,
A sacred emblem of the heavenly love.

Thus in the darkness of eternal night,
When every worldly hope is lost to me,
May thy sweet radiance prove a light
To safely guide me to my home with thee.

Then he found another, written just after he had entered upon his duties in the steamship office at Callao, and when the thought of those he had left at home was still fresh in his mind. It was entitled

## WHILE OCEANS ROLL BETWEEN US.

While oceans roll between us,
In lands so far apart,
There's still a tie betwixt us
Which binds us heart to heart.

A mystic, sweet communion,
Of souls bound two in one,
Whose heavenly spirit covers
All lands beneath the sun.

It matters not the distance
That lies between us two,
My soul with every heart-beat
Vibrates with love for you.

At night, when all is silence,
And sleep should calm my mind,
I wander through the darkness,
A kindred soul to find.

In daytime as I labour,
Engrossed with carking care,
A sweet face comes before me,
Enriching all the air.

Mine ear is tuned to music
Which comes across the sea,
Like softest notes celestial,
'Tis heard by you and me.

Though oceans roll between us,
Distant as pole from pole,
There's still a tie betwixt us,
Uniting soul to soul.

After his removal to Lima, his labours in the office of Hayner & Company had given him a feeling of independence and contentment which he had not known before. He had then expressed himself in a different vein. When he read this, he could not fail to contrast its lofty spirit with the feeling which animated him then :—

## I LIVE IN THE HIGHEST HEAVEN.

I live in the highest heaven,
I am king of the upper air,
I float in the dreamy ether,
I acknowledge no equal there.

My soul is in close communion
With the Spirit of Life around,
And I grasp the deepest secrets
That in the upper space abound.

I can go from star to planet,
Through the unnumbered worlds on high,
The universe has no limit
Beyond the broad range of my eye.

Every day I speak unto God,
I tell Him my thoughts like a child ;
He answers with fatherly care,
In accents most loving and mild.

I often descend unto earth,
To mix in the affairs of men,
But my soul unerringly yearns
To return to its realm again.

When I leave this kingdom of mine,
This fanciful region above,
'Twill be but a step at the most
To the home of infinite love.

For I live in the highest heaven,
I am king of the upper air,
I float in the dreamy ether,
I acknowledge no equal there.

The next one in his desk was written while at Ancon. On the top of the hill overlooking the bay he found a retired nook, from which he enjoyed a fine view of the sea, with its restless moaning, its ever-varying moods, and its dark, treacherous bosom hiding numberless secrets. The spirit that pervaded his musings was not the most cheerful as it was embodied in these lines:—

## FROM OUT OF THE SEA.

From the crest of the rock I can gaze on the sea,
On the limitless blue stretching far from the fore;
I can hear all the day, like the drone of the bee,
The sad moan of the waves as they wash on the shore.

While I sit on the rock when the sun has gone down,
The dull shadows of night rise in silent review;
One by one, like dim stars, shine the lights of the town,
And I watch the grey ghosts that the shadows pursue.

There's a form that keeps rising from out of the deep,
It is one that has haunted me many a year;
It's a regular visitor now when I sleep,
And I look for its coming without any fear.

It's a face that an angel might have when at prayer,
The soft eyes speak of love in its tenderest tone,
While the sunshine is hid in the wealth of her hair,
As she pleadingly lays her small hand in my own.

It's so odd that she never grows old or is changed
In the lapse of the years, since we parted that day,
And each followed a different pathway estranged,
Through the world—ah! so long and so weary the way!

When I see her pale face in the still of the night,
All my doubts and repinings are swept clear away;
For she answers my thoughts with a faith clear and bright,
And my storm-beaten soul wakes as calm as the day.

Through the mists of the future I look for the end,
When the burden of life shall be lifted from me.
May it come in the night when that presence can lend
The sweet light of its love and I wake with the free.

From the crest of the rock I still gaze on the sea,
On the limitless blue stretching far from the fore;
I can hear all the day, like the drone of the bee,
The sad moan of the waves as they wash on the shore.

While he was following the train of thought suggested by the subject, the bells on the distant tower of San Pedro began to toll, filling the air with their soft music.

There is a tradition in Lima that when the money was being raised to pay for the bells now in San Pedro's tower, there was a strife among the women as to which should give the most for the bells, and many of the señoras brought silver candlesticks, silver cups, and even large pieces of plate, all of which were melted with the metal which formed the bells.

Whether this is true or not, the bells have a peculiarly soft sound, always noted by travellers.

Turning to his desk, he wrote this about

## THE BELLS OF SAN PEDRO.

It is past the early dinner-hour, and the stars begin to shine,
As I'm sitting in my easy-chair, with my fragrant cigarette
While I watch the waves of curling smoke as above my head they twine,
And my thoughts will turn on other lands and scenes I can't forget.

There's a little home I know so well in the land across the sea,
It's a cottage by the roadside, where the poplars shade the lawn ;
There's a garden filled with flowers, and their fragrance floats to me,
As the robin pipes his cheery song to greet the early dawn.

I've a friend whose kindly presence comes to meet and cheer me now,
With the softest words of welcome, on the wings of memory ;
And I'm looking for her features in the smoke above my brow,
While mine anxious ear is listening to the distant melody.

Oh ! my soul is filled with sadness and my heart is like to break,
When the music sounds the sweetest and the absent seem so near,
And I listen still in silence, while the smoke rings seem to make
A sad image and an outline of the face I hold so dear.

What is life that I should care to add a day to my existence ?
Does the morrow bring the promise of a single joy to me ?
I confess I have no strength to make the slightest bold resistance
To the sorrows and the heart-aches that now weigh so heavily.

Hark ! across the summer stillness comes the sound of distant bells,
Gently floating in the quiet of the calm Arcadian night,
Silver bells of old San Pedro, whose low cadence softly tells
Of the prayers in cloistered recess by the nuns in spotless white.

Ah, the prayers ! They remind me of the time so long ago,
When I knelt beside my mother, and in childish innocence
Asked of God as of a Father His protection here below,
While mine eyes looked up to heaven with a faith the most intense.

This poor heart is dead and wasted in the progress of the years,
Like an old Peruvian church deserted with its walls decayed,
Emblem only of departed goodness, worthy but of tears,
And in vain I seek the future, for my every hope will fade.

I am taught by worldly science, by the lips of men profound,
That the God of my poor childhood is an essence, nothing more,
That the human heart is matter, like the seed placed in the ground,
And we perish like the flowers when this hurried life is o'er.

Oh, the prayers of my boyhood ! how they come to me to-night !
Gently floating o'er the shadows of this life's tempestuous sea,
Giving promise of a future of serene eternal light,
Like the sound of distant bells rung in celestial harmony.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### *HE WATCHES AN EXPLOSION*

Mr. Juniper was crossing the Plaza one Saturday in October when he noticed that a small wooden booth had been erected immediately in front of the Cathedral. This he learned was a polling-place for the election, which was to begin the next day. The election for President occurred once every four years, unless interrupted by a revolution.

On Sunday morning the election began with a bloody riot. The friends of the rival candidates gathered at the opening of the polls, and the party which was strongest took possession by force of the tables and ballot-boxes, and thus entrenched, its adherents manipulated the election in favour of its own candidate. The polls were kept open for one week, but the friends of the opposing candidates opened rival polling-places, where votes were received for each of the others. Each new polling-place was established only at the end of a desperate struggle, and when the election closed on the second Sunday, it was found that five candidates had been represented by five different sets of polling-places, and each of the five candidates claimed to have carried the city. More than half a hundred men had been wounded and bruised in the several struggles at the polls, and over twenty had been killed.

Congress was the final judge and arbiter of the elections, and Congress did not meet until the following July. Political feeling was very bitter. The

President, Colonel Balta, had accomplished many great national improvements for Peru, constructing railroads, bridges, and public buildings, and he had decided to permit the election of his successor without interference from the Government. But the people seemed so incompetent to settle such a question that they threatened to overturn the whole political fabric in their quarrels over the election.

Accordingly, President Balta was compelled to interfere. He issued a proclamation announcing that none of the candidates appeared to have a majority, and to quiet the discord and bring about a peace, he proposed a new candidate for the Presidency, a man who would unite all parties and completely satisfy the country, Dr. Antonio Arenas.

It was then charged that the name of Dr. Arenas was only a cover for one of the other candidates, General Echenique, and the friends of General Pardo and General Ureta denounced in no very delicate terms the interference of the Government. So the strife seemed as far as ever from a peaceable settlement.

When the electoral colleges met, it was found that each candidate had a set of electoral colleges of his own, and the six different candidates were each declared elected in the returns which were forwarded to Congress. Thus, as the time approached for the meeting of Congress, the political excitement increased, and the friends of the rival candidates studied to augment the bitterness, in the hope that in the general confusion something might happen which would open the way to a favourable settlement of the succession.

The favour of the Government had notably forwarded the chances of Dr. Arenas, and in March he was considered the fortunate candidate. Certain complications growing out of the sale of guano by the Balta Government had seemed to put General Pardo in violent opposition to the Government, and every effort

was made for months by the Government and its friends to defeat General Pardo and elect Dr. Arenas. Colonel Balta was recognised as an honourable man, and his opposition to General Pardo carried great weight among the sensible Peruvians who were not directly interested in the outcome of the election.

But when the Congress assembled on the 15th of July, it was evident that the friends of General Pardo were largely in the majority. The only candidates really considered were General Pardo and Dr. Arenas, the other four having been dropped on account of the overpowering strength of the first. President Balta was not long in deciding upon the proper course for the Government to pursue. General Pardo was one of the ablest men in Peru, and had the confidence of the younger element to a wonderful extent. The President decided to withdraw his opposition and assist in the peaceable installation of General Pardo as his successor.

Mr. Juniper was sitting on one of the benches of the Plaza one evening shortly after the meeting of the Congress. The night was dark and cloudy. A slight mist had just begun to fall, and the few lamps burning in the Plaza seemed to give out a dirty yellowish light surrounded by a halo of foggy mist.

Two men crossed the street from the Palace and came up the stone walk toward the little garden in the centre of the Plaza. Both were smoking cigarettes, as he could see by the two little sparks of red light as they approached, and one was speaking Spanish rapidly and gesticulating wildly, moving both hands in an excited manner.

"*Caramba!* he won't dare to!" said the man, who wore the red cap and uniform of a Peruvian officer.

"Yes, but he will," said his companion. He was in citizen's clothes and had on a broad-brimmed Panama hat with a black ribbon. "From what I can learn he has already decided to do it."

"By the bones of the Virgin, if he does it I'll kill him! I've a mind to kill him anyway!"

"Sh-sh!" said the other; "some one is listening."

The officer started wildly as he saw that they were close beside the man sitting upon the stone bench. The two men walked on a few feet, then turned directly around and paused a second time, closely examining the man on the bench.

After they had gone, Mr. Juniper heard the younger one say to the officer—

"It is only a *gringo*. I don't believe he can understand what we say."

Then they turned and crossed the street in the direction of the *Municipalidad*, and were lost to sight in the darkness.

Two days after, Mr. Juniper was on the Calle Mercaderes with Mr. Bloss, when a handsomely dressed officer rode by on a white Arabian horse, closely followed by two aids. A glance showed him that the officer was the one who made the violent threats that night in the Plaza.

"Who is the officer on the white horse?" he asked of Mr. Bloss.

"That is Colonel Gutierrez, the Minister of War. He is a great favourite of the President. The other two are his brothers. They are a bad lot, all of them."

He afterwards learned that there were four brothers of this family, who came from Arequipa, and the four had been advanced to important positions in the army through the friendship of President Balta.

The National Exposition had been opened in the new Exposition Palace. The country was prosperous, and the political excitement was about to be ended by the election of a good man to the Presidency.

President Balta was glad to lay aside the cares of office. Before doing so, he had issued invitations to more than a thousand of the people of Lima, to attend the wedding reception of his daughter, who was to

marry a prominent young Peruvian on the evening of the 22nd. A wedding-feast was arranged to be given in the grand dining-hall of the Palace, and under beautiful decorations of flowers and banners, tables were prepared for three hundred guests. It was to be the final social event of the Balta administration, and the President and his family looked forward to it as the end of a season which had not been entirely free from annoyance. The 10th of August would see the peaceful inauguration of his successor, and then Colonel Balta would retire to his estate and spend the remainder of his days in well-earned peace and quiet.

Standing at his desk about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 22nd, Mr. Juniper was surprised when the porter entered with a broad grin on his face and exclaimed—

"Dere's a revolution, sah. De President's been carried off, sah!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Revolution in de Palace, sah. Didn't you hear de guns?"

The sound of the machinery had effectually drowned the noise of the guns, if there had been any noise.

In a few minutes one of the clerks came in, and then it was learned that the Minister of War, Colonel Gutierrez, had declared himself dictator, seized the President, and taken possession of the Palace.

It transpired that Colonel Gutierrez had advocated a scheme by which President Balta was to issue a proclamation declaring the elections void, calling a new election and appointing a Provisional President. Gutierrez had hoped to be named as the Provisional President, and once installed, he had planned to make himself President for the full term. It was when President Balta finally decided to acquiesce in the choice of Colonel Pardo that the wicked Gutierrez resolved to slay his benefactor and grasp the Presidency by force.

Consternation seized upon every one. Work was stopped, and the office closed and put in condition so that it could be protected against a mob. The men were dismissed, except those employed in the office.

Later in the afternoon, Mr. Juniper went to the Plaza, where he found a detachment of troops in possession, with the corners protected by small cannon, and two or three Gatling guns ready for action. The soldiers stood around as if watching for an attack, and Mr. Juniper did not tarry long within range of the guns. The shops on the street were closed. Many of the large doors of the residences had been shut, as if it were night, and men stood on the corners talking in an undertone. Carriages were running around at a lively rate, and everything indicated an impending crisis.

He learned that at two o'clock, Colonel Gutierrez, at the head of a regiment, had proceeded to the President's room and taken him prisoner. The President was marched under guard to the convent of San Francisco, then used as a *cuartel*, but in an hour afterwards he was removed to the fort of Santa Catalina, where he was placed in one of the cells under a heavy guard.

Colonel Gutierrez, with the assistance of his three brothers, believed that he had the army on his side, and the dictatorship seemed within his grasp. When he had the President in his power, and had possession of the Palace, he despatched another strong force to the Plaza de Independencia, where the two Houses of Congress were in session. A regiment of men with fixed bayonets, in command of a younger Gutierrez, appeared at the door of the Chamber of Deputies, where the two Houses had convened to protest against the revolution. Gutierrez jumped upon a chair, and, waving his sword, ordered the Congress to disperse in the name of the supreme chief; and then the soldiers tramped in, each holding his bayonet in a menacing

position in front. In ten minutes the hall was cleared, the dignified senators and *diputados* falling over each other in the attempt to get out of the door in advance of the guard behind.

Colonel Pardo, the choice of Congress for the presidential chair, took the first train for Callao as soon as the disturbance commenced, and when he was safe on board a Peruvian man-of-war, the entire fleet of four ships, the *Independencia*, *Apurimac*, *Huascar*, and *Chalaco*, disappeared from the harbour and sailed for the south.

For three days Lima was in the hands of the dictator. All business was suspended, and guards of armed men patrolled the streets. Colonel Tomas Gutierrez had announced himself supreme chief, appointed a cabinet, and issued a circular to the diplomatic corps. His Minister of the Treasury took possession of the public funds, and in the three days of power abstracted for his own use $180,000 from the Peruvian treasury.

On the 26th came the climax. One of the brothers, Silvester Gutierrez, came up from Callao, where he was at the head of a revolutionary force, but at the station in Lima he was shot and killed. On hearing of his death, another brother, Marcelino, placed himself at the head of a company of soldiers, and marched to the cell at Santa Catalina, where President Balta was confined. The prisoner was in bed, having succumbed to a severe attack of illness. Gutierrez stalked into the room, revolver in hand, and with his own weapon shot the unfortunate Balta in the head, when a volley from the soldiers riddled the body with bullets.

Satisfied with his bloody work, Marcelino went immediately to Callao, where he took command of the fort in place of his brother Silvester. Here he amused himself by shooting down defenceless citizens from the top of the fort.

One of his captains approached him on the wall of the fort, and kindly suggested that he should not thus expose himself, as he was liable to be shot from below.

"You are a coward," said Marcelino, "take that!" and he shot him down with a bullet from his revolver.

Five minutes later, while he was arranging a cannon so as to sweep the principal street of Callao, a rifle-shot from below penetrated his breast, and he dropped dead. With his death the revolutionary movement in Callao fell to pieces.

Almost at the same time the dictator himself began to fear for his personal safety, and after dark he sought refuge in the fort of Santa Catalina. A force of soldiers which had remained loyal to President Balta had been firing into the embrasures of Santa Catalina at intervals during the day. About ten o'clock in the evening, one of the officers in command, Captain Domingo Ayarza, while walking around the fort, met two men. Ordering them to halt, he discovered that one of them was Tomas Gutierrez, the dictator himself.

Gutierrez begged piteously for his life. Captain Ayarza promised to save him if he could, and started with him for the house of General Canseco, the second Vice-President of the Republic. On the way thither, a mob surrounded the defeated dictator, and to avoid harsh treatment, he ran into a drug store near the church of the Merced. Here he was followed by a motley crowd of Indians, *cholos*, and soldiers, who found him trying to conceal himself in a bath-tub. Two or three shots from a revolver were heard, and then the corpse of the ambitious Gutierrez was drawn into the street by a rope tied around the neck, and the howling mob started with it in a frenzy towards the Plaza. The body was submitted to every public indignity, cut, hammered, and slashed with knives, and finally hanged to a lamp-post in the Plaza.

On his way to the office the next morning, Mr.

Juniper passed in view of the Plaza, which he saw was filled with an excited mob. Walking towards the centre, he beheld the corpse of a man dangling from a beam which had been left extending from the front of the Cathedral near the roof, and on the opposite side in the same position hung a second body.

The mob had fastened a rope to the beam used by the labourers working upon the roof of the Cathedral, and hauled up the body of the late dictator, and soon after the remains of his brother, Silvester, were elevated in the same manner on the other corner.

Wolves are maddened by the sight of blood, and the demon in human beings is often aroused by any exhibition of brutality.

All the morning the angry crowd surrounded the Cathedral. Boys and men threw stones at the bodies suspended in the air. Cries were heard of "Burn the rascals! Hanging is too good for them!"

There were low-browed Indians from the sierras, wearing ponchos and sandals on their feet, negroes with thick lips and ugly eyes, Spaniards, Portuguese, Chinese, and Cholos, the scum and dregs of the city. Bottles of *aguadiente* were passed from mouth to mouth among the crowd, and with each drink the anger and rage and thirst for blood seemed to increase.

"Oh, you villain!" shouted an old crone, a *chola* whose son had been shot in front of Santa Catalina. "If I was a man I'd burn your carcass if I died for it!" and she shook her fist at the body of the dictator.

"Let's burn his house! Burn the rascal's house!" and the cry passed from one to the other, and forty or fifty men started off on the run.

The policemen, armed with gun and bayonet, stood at their accustomed place on the street corner near the *Municipalidad* and around the Palace, but not one of them made the slightest attempt to restrain the crowd, which seemed to grow in numbers and violence.

Soon a great cry was heard from the corner of the

Plaza, and a cart came in sight, hauled by three mules, and driven by two or three *cholos*, who were yelling in a loud voice, and beating the mules as they marched along over the rough pavement. The cart was heaped high with furniture. There were tables, chairs, and pieces of bookcases, a piano bottom up, with the legs straight up in the air, and two or three lace curtains.

Almost at the same moment a loud noise was heard on the other side of the Plaza. A crowd of men appeared hauling a rope. Loud *vivas* could be heard among the infuriated wretches in the Plaza as the end of the rope came in view, showing something dragging in the street.

At Callao, the mob, on learning of the death of the dictator and the hanging of his remains, had gone to the cemetery where Marcelino Gutierrez was buried and dug up his body. It was found at the bottom of a pit, with six other corpses on top of it. With a rope around the neck it was drawn through the streets to the railroad station and brought to Lima.

The mob at the dictator's residence broke in the doors, smashed the windows, and destroyed everything in sight. A load of the furniture was taken to the Plaza, where it was soon arranged in a big heap.

Two or three priests made their appearance. They walked directly and authoritatively to the place where the men were piling up the furniture and began talking to the leaders, urging them in the name of God to stop their devilish work.

"Away with the priests!" shouted a tall negro, who was lifting the piano towards the pile. Then motioning to three or four of his associates, he dropped the piano, and grasped the priest by his robe, and by a concerted movement the two priests were pulled away from the Plaza so quickly that their fat legs had to run, or they would have been dragged bodily over the rough stones.

As soon as the priests were out of the way, a con-

sultation was held. Half-a-dozen men were sent to each corner of the Cathedral. The body of Tomas Gutierrez was let down from the beam, dropping upon the marble pavement with a severity which would have extinguished life had any life remained in the body. With a savage cry, and amid the *vivas* of the crowd, it was hauled down the steps and on to where the pile of furniture had been stacked up. Then the remains of Silvester and Marcelino were placed with it on the top of the broken piano, the chairs and tables from the dictator's house.

One of the Gutierrez brothers had been a baker, and from his bakery the mob had brought pine-wood and kindlings, and the pine-wood and kindlings with the lace curtains and pieces of broken furniture were all in in readiness when the third body had been placed on the pile.

A dense black smoke rose and soon a bright red light appeared, then a sharp crackling sound. The mob began to fall aside. Some of the braver called for more *aguadiente* and continued cheering, but as soon as the fire was started many left the Plaza, some because they were satisfied that the bodies of the usurpers were to be burned, and others sickened with the horrible barbarity of the scene.

The Plaza was soon partially cleared of the crowd. A wide space was left immediately surrounding the fire, but the long marble steps of the Cathedral, the two Portals, and the Plaza near the *Municipalidad* were yet packed with a dirty mass of humanity, while the balconies on the two sides of the Plaza were thronged with spectators.

On the Plaza towards the Palace there were very few people, for the wind drove the smoke in that direction, and it was noticed that however vindictive and bloodthirsty the mob appeared to be, few members of it were able to endure the sickening odour of burned flesh, as the crackling flames wreathed around the

victims, and scorched the bodies into a shapeless and disgusting mass.

An hour or two later the Plaza was partially deserted, the flames had spent their force, the smoke had blown away, and the charred bodies rested on a few smouldering coals.

The old woman who lost her son at Santa Catalina was seen approaching the pile. From under her *manta* she drew a long knife, and reaching toward one of the bodies, cut and hacked it for a moment, then with her claw-like fingers she lifted a piece of the burned flesh to her lips and ate it.

An old negro from Callao followed her. One arm was in a sling, for he had been shot by Marcelino Gutierrez from the walls of the fort. With a long-bladed pocket-knife, he cut into one of the corpses until he found the heart, which he removed and brought out sticking on the end of his knife. With a muttered curse in Spanish, he bit off a piece with his teeth, and then spat out the piece and threw the whole back into the fire.

The next day men with big carts cleared up the ashes and partially consumed bones, and quiet reigned at Lima as if nothing had happened.

On the 3rd of August Colonel Pardo returned to the city and was inaugurated President amid the joyful acclamations of the multitude.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### *A JOLLY OLD FRIAR*

MR. JUNIPER was walking one Sunday afternoon with Mr. Santa Cruz, and when they reached the Plaza de Independencia they took a seat on one of the benches.

"It is hard to realise, isn't it," said Mr. Santa Cruz, "that on this spot hundreds of human beings have been burned alive."

"Burned alive?"

"Yes. This is the old Plaza of the Inquisition. Those buildings across the street were part of a convent, and that door next to the carpenter's shop was the gateway to the grand hall of the Inquisition. The room where the trials were held, and where many a poor wretch was sentenced to his *auto da fé*, is now used for the Peruvian Senate-chamber. What a story those old walls could tell!"

"It does not seem possible that any one could be so cruel," said Mr. Juniper. "I cannot understand how men professing Christianity could deliberately take the life of another man simply because he did not believe as they did."

"It was all a perversion of the system of religion then predominating. The Church taught that it held the keys of heaven, and could send men to eternal happiness or eternal misery. Those who doubted were committing sin, and should be removed to save others from doubting."

"Surely it was a practical way of removing them to burn them."

"Yes, but I don't suppose this country suffered nearly as much as the European countries. France, Spain, and Italy probably suffered most. The countrymen of Torquemada settled Peru, and the Inquisition came over with the first of the priests, but the season of persecution did not last long."

"I do not see whom they had to work upon," said Mr. Juniper. "In a new country like Peru the Inquisitors must have dealt with the Indians."

"Not at all. The Inquisition was often used by corrupt men for their own advancement. Many a good Spaniard was accused before the Inquisition in Lima and punished with death in order that his property might fall into the hands of his enemies. Even priests were cited before the Inquisitorial tribunal, and sometimes condemned and executed.

"My cousin has told me of one case that is always mentioned among the traditions of this Plaza. While the Inquisition was in full blast, the Count X., one of the Viceroys, had a young and beautiful wife, whose residence in the country was distasteful to her. She sighed for her old home in Andalusia, and refused to be comforted. The Viceroy was an old man, who had served with distinction in the Netherlands under the Duke of Alva, and his wife's discontented disposition was a great annoyance to him. He was from Barcelona, and the original harshness of his Catalonian disposition had not been softened by his training under the vindictive and hard-hearted Alva. The married life of the two became a condition of wretchedness for both, when Father Felipe appeared on the scene. Father Felipe was a Franciscan monk who came out from Andalusia in company with the new Bishop of Lima. He is described as a young priest of excellent family, handsome, learned, and pious, and he soon became a general favourite with both the people and the clergy. In the discharge of his duties in the Cathedral at Lima, he became the spiritual adviser of the Condesa X., wife of

the Viceroy. Soon he was attentive in his visits to the Condesa at the viceregal palace, and even the common people began to remark upon the singular devotion exhibited by Father Felipe towards the charming Condesa.

"The truth was that the attachment between the two had been of long standing. In the beautiful valley of the Guadalquivir, on the slope of the sierra near the city of Cordova, in Andalusia, Father Felipe was born. His father was a wealthy *hacendado*, who traced his descent through many generations to a Roman knight of the same name, who settled there before the Moorish conquest. Upon an adjoining *hacienda* lived the Condesa, then the Señorita Mercedes; and as they approached the age of maturity, the two young people became enamoured of each other, and secretly exchanged pledges of their mutual affection, which were afterwards ratified by their parents. When Felipe reached the age of twenty, a dispute arose between the beautiful Mercedes and himself, growing out of the smiles she had bestowed upon a rival when riding home from the *misa*. Mercedes resented the scolding of the fiery young cavalier, and Felipe, in an outburst of youthful frenzy, violently rebuked her, dissolved their betrothment, returned to his own home and settled up his affairs, and on the next day started for Seville, where he entered a seminary and afterwards became a priest. The fair Mercedes mourned for him seven years, and then, at the urgent solicitation of her father, she gave her hand in marriage to the valiant General X., who offered her wealth, an honourable position, and as much love as could be expected from a man old enough to be her father. Two years after the marriage, the King sent the Count to Lima as his Viceroy, and, as if impelled by a fate which controlled him in every movement, no sooner had Father Felipe learned of her removal than he sought and obtained an order to transfer his labours to Lima, under the patronage of the bishop.

"In the loneliness and misery following her removal to Peru, and from the moroseness and lack of congeniality of the Viceroy's disposition, the poor lady spent her time alternately in tears and the duties of the Church. What wonder was it, then, that the advent of Father Felipe caused her to take an interest in the handsome young *clerigo*, who had been her playmate in childhood, her companion in the happy days of youth, and the only man she had ever loved?

"It must not be supposed, however, that the relations between the Condesa and her confessor, equivocal as they were, escaped the notice of the Viceroy. On the contrary, he had been made aware of every step in the whole affair, from the Sunday when the Condesa had first met Father Felipe at the Cathedral down to each day's meeting either at church or the viceregal residence.

"Nothing had ever passed between the priest and his fair parishioner which was in the slightest degree wrong, in spite of their great intimacy. He was the friend and confidant of early days, and this made his ministrations as her confessor all the more soothing and comforting to her. Both were young, and the danger line was soon passed. Father Felipe, in his conscientious fear that trouble might result from his frequent visits at the Viceroy's, absented himself for two days. Just after dark on the second day, he received a note from the Condesa, delivered by a serving-maid disguised in a *saya-manta*, asking him to call at three o'clock in the morning—the maid would meet him, and secure an entrance for him. In spite of his pious resolutions, he decided to go, but luckily he destroyed the Condesa's note before starting.

"Just before three o'clock the next morning, he met the maid in the *saya-manta*, repaired to the house of the Viceroy, passed the porter, who gave him entrance through the small door, and, following the young woman across the *patio*, he ascended a rear stairway, and soon found himself at the door of the Condesa's room.

"The Count had retired as usual about one o'clock, and by all analogy should have been soundly slumbering, for he was generally a good sleeper; but through some strange misfortune he had just awakened from his first nap, when he was surprised to hear the sound of the padre's stealthy step in the upper *patio* outside. His listening ear soon discovered that the mysterious visitor had stopped at his wife's room adjoining. In an instant the Count had arisen, and at the communicating door of the Condesa's room his suspicions were confirmed by the sound of suppressed whispering, which he could hear. He hurriedly burst open the door, only to see a dark figure glide out of the room, spring over the railing, and let himself down to the *patio* below. A large black hat, with the brim turned up on either side, worn by the padre, was lying on a chair—a tell-tale witness, which spoke no word, yet carried conviction to the mind of the Count.

"The Condesa, in her white robe, sat in her arm-chair bitterly weeping, with her face covered with her hands. She made no explanation, and attempted no apology, and indeed nothing of the kind was solicited by the Count. Without a word he secured the padre's hat and retired to his own room.

"The next day he did not meet the Condesa at breakfast, and from that time on he refused to see her, but the scandal was not made public.

"In the afternoon the Inquisitor-General, in his full robes, paid a visit to the Viceroy, and for an hour they were closeted together in the private room of the latter.

"A week later, Father Felipe was arrested by an officer of the Inquisition, and in a month he was tried and found guilty of heresy. He made no defence, and even seemed anxious to criminate himself. The natural purity of his mind had received such a shock that nothing but death itself could remove the stain. His relations with the Condesa were never mentioned, and, while he knew that if he made known the actual

facts in the case he would be pardoned, his sense of duty, combined with his regard for the lady, sealed his mouth.

"It did not require more than the hatred of the Viceroy and the jealousy of some of the *clerigos* connected with the Inquisition against the popular young padre to bring about his conviction and condemnation. The penalty was death, with the awful accompaniment of the *auto publico general.*

"On a Sunday between Pentecost and Advent, Father Felipe, with three others, was publicly burned in this Plaza. The unfortunate priest wore a *zamarra* of sheepskin, and a *coroza* on his head, both painted with horrible pictures of devils incarnate. It was said that the poor *clerigo* became unconscious when the faggots were first lighted, and it is believed to this day that angels took away the spirit, so that what was burned was simply the fleshly body.

"The Condesa left for Spain by the next ship which sailed to Panama, and in a convent in Seville she ended her days, a melancholy example of the punishment wrought by sin."

"That story sounds well enough to put in a book," said Mr. Juniper.

"The only defect about it," said his companion, "is that it is probably true."

Just then the church-bells at San Pedro began ringing for six o'clock, when Mr. Santa Cruz rose in a reverent manner, and stood with his head bare while the bells rang. More than a dozen others in the Plaza did the same.

"Still," said Mr. Juniper, "I don't suppose that the Church of to-day is to be condemned on account of its errors committed two hundred and fifty years ago. If it is, then Protestantism has much to answer for. Intolerance of opinion was about as bad among the early Protestants as among the Catholics."

"In the early years of civilisation men were like

children. Truths which to us are trite and commonplace were arrived at only after ages of bitter experience. The Inquisition, however, was of comparatively modern growth, for the early fathers of the Church distinctly refused to punish heresy. Even the first convictions for this offence brought great scandal upon the Church authorities, and it was only when the clergy became corrupted by amassing great wealth that the Inquisition secured a foothold. It was part of the same movement in Spain that resulted in the expulsion of the Moors, the greatest misfortune, in my opinion, that ever happened to the prosperity of Spain."

"The Moors of Spain were the scholars of the Middle Ages."

"Yes; and if the Spanish rulers had encouraged tolerance of opinion, and kept the Moors and the Jews, Spain would to-day be a first-class power in Europe, instead of one of the weakest."

"It seems strange that a race which discovered the New World and conquered two-thirds of its territory should so completely have lost its characteristics of bravery and commercial sagacity."

"When Spain lost the Moors, the whole nation sank into that imbecility which always comes with a lack of intellectual life. Complete unanimity of opinion is mental darkness; and when Isabella secured religious uniformity, she did it at the expense of intellectual vigour. Since then, Spain has lived the life of a man whose mind is diseased; the impetus and mainspring of her existence has been lacking, and the race is in its decline."

The two young men arose and walked towards the Cathedral. Just before parting Mr. Santa Cruz said—

"I want you to dine with me on Thursday evening, Mr. Juniper; I have a surprise for you."

Mr. Juniper accepted, and the young men separated.

When he went to the Santa Cruz residence on Thursday evening, his friend met him at the door.

"My cousin, Father Geronimo, has invited us to dine with him to-night," said Mr. Santa Cruz. "If you can put up with the rigid accommodations of a monastery, we will go there and accept his invitation."

"Nothing would please me better," said Mr. Juniper; and in five minutes they were on their way to the convent.

It was an old building situated not far from the bank of the Rimac, and with its numerous additions occupied more than half a square. In the earthquake of 1746 it had been partially destroyed, but it was afterwards rebuilt, and the earthquake of 1868 had made great cracks in the tower of the principal building which still remained. There was a large church and three or four smaller chapels, and in the Plaza in front there was a small fountain surrounded by plants and flowers.

The two young men passed through a small door near one of the chapels, and entered a long shabby room paved with large clay tiles. At the farther end was a large door containing a wicket. Mr. Santa Cruz tapped on the door, when the wicket was opened, and after a few words in Spanish, the door itself was opened to admit the visitors. They could see that the attendant was a *cholo*, whose countenance could be distinguished by the light of a single candle on a small table near the door. Placing a silver coin in the hand of the *cholo*, and passing through another door, they found themselves in the cloisters of the convent, with a beautiful garden occupying the centre of the large inner court. This court was more than a hundred feet square, and surrounded on four sides by a row of pillars supporting the balcony, fifteen feet wide, which extended entirely around the garden. Beneath the balcony the floor of the cloisters was paved with the same large diamond-shaped red tiles they had seen in the outer room, while the wall to the height of six feet was faced with fine blue tiling brought from Italy in the seventeenth century.

As they walked around the cloisters, the scene was one of quiet beauty which appealed forcibly to the mind of Mr. Juniper. The air was soft and spring-like, and laden with the odour of thousands of flowers. The monastery was so completely cut off from the noise and bustle of the street that it might have been in the heart of a primeval forest, so secluded it seemed, and in the bit of sky overhead the brilliant white stars of the tropics were just beginning to show themselves in the twilight. A second time they made the circuit of the cloisters, admiring the garden, the long mysterious vista formed by the row of pillars, the quaint designs in the antique china-blue tiles, and the two or three shadowy figures of bareheaded monks, silently moving in the balconies above, prayer-book in hand, and Mr. Juniper could not refrain from saying—

"There have been times in my life when I would have been delighted to bury myself, at least for a time, in just such a quiet spot as this."

"It is rather pleasant to look at," said Mr. Santa Cruz, "but I fancy that if you were a prisoner here the attractiveness of the place would soon disappear."

At the farther corner of the court, Mr. Santa Cruz rapped at a small door which opened into a long passage. Near the end of the passage, on the right, was another door, also guarded by an attendant, this time a monk, and then they passed into a second court, much smaller than the other, and having in the centre a hydrant. On the farther side of this court they entered an arched door, and were shown to seats by the monk who received them.

The room where they sat was about thirty feet long and half as wide, with an arched ceiling newly white-washed, and the wall towards the court, as they could see from the door, was nearly two feet in thickness. Large red clay tiles covered the floor, and the only furniture was a pine table and four or five old-fashioned arm-chairs with seats made of coarsely-woven willows.

All seemed scrupulously clean. From some interior room came a most agreeable odour, as of a stew or other compound, and as the visitors were both sufficiently hungry, they sniffed the fragrance from afar. They were alone about five minutes when the Padre Geronimo made his appearance through an inner door, and after warmly saluting the young men, took his seat by their side.

"I am very glad you came," he said to Mr. Juniper, "for I have many things to say to you. It is a long time since I have seen you, and our last conversation interested me greatly."

"I have been very ill since I met you last," said Mr. Juniper, with a shudder as he remembered what he had passed through. "My friend took the yellow fever and died of it, and I was near to death with it myself."

"Jesus!" said Father Geronimo, "that was very bad."

"I had an opportunity to see what the Sisters of Charity can do in a great emergency. Many hundreds of lives were saved by their labours in Lima. Wherever the danger was greatest the Sisters were to be found, and I believe they did more good with their nursing than the doctors did with their medicine."

"No doubt their practical efforts to relieve suffering accomplished wonders," said Father Geronimo, "but the many prayers which went up every day from the faithful had something to do with checking the great scourge."

"Did the monasteries suffer much?" asked Mr. Juniper, for the monk's conversation was getting professional.

"I believe the fever did not get into any of the convents, but many of the brothers lost their lives in caring for the sick."

While they were talking, the monk who received the visitors at the door had spread a white cloth on the pine table and put on three plates and two candles.

He now brought the bread and a huge white dish filled with a thick compound which threw off great rings of hot steaming vapour more fragrant than the odour of flowers or the attar of roses.

The monk, who seemed to be a novice or a member of one of the subordinate orders, motioned Padre Geronimo to take the place at the head of the table, while the two young men seated themselves one on either side. The novice was a young man aged about twenty-two. He wore a plain gown of coarse grey material that reached to his feet, which were only partially covered with a pair of sandals. Around his waist was a belt from which was suspended a long, narrow piece of black enamelled leather. He took his place immediately back of the padre's chair.

"I am sorry I cannot offer you an elaborate dinner," said the padre after a short prayer in Latin, "but our rules prohibit any indulgence at the table."

Mr. Juniper thought he detected a slight twinkle in the black eye of the padre as he said this.

With a large ladle the padre filled each of the plates from the smoking dish in the middle of the table, which proved to be *cazuela de carnero*. Like a skilled host as he was, the padre placed on each of the plates a generous piece of the mutton, the round end of one ear of corn, a fragment of tomato, part of a stalk of celery, two or three small onions, the flattened hemisphere of an egg, more than a dozen green peas, several pieces of string beans, two small yellow potatoes, a little *aji*, the half of a tender white leaf of cabbage, and several thin slices of white turnip, while the juicy mass floated in a sea of the yellow liquid.

"I am very fond of the *cazuela*," said the padre, "and I think it might well be called the national dish of Peru."

"It is meat and drink at the same time," said Mr. Juniper. "We have no dish in North America like it."

"Do you know," the padre continued, "that food is the great civiliser of humanity? If I could furnish the food supply of the world, it would be only a short time when religion would conquer infidelity, virtue would take the place of vice, and the millennium would be at hand. The stomach is far more vulnerable than the brain, and it is a waste of labour to try to convert a man without satisfying his hunger. Fill his stomach, and his brain is under your control."

"We have societies in the United States which provide soup-houses for the poor," said Mr. Juniper, "and I think it the best possible preparation for religious work."

Whenever Mr. Juniper made any allusion to religion or religious work, the padre invariably changed the subject.

"Man is an alembic," said he. "The stomach is the cucurbit. Thought is distillation. Without food there can be no thought, as an empty alembic produces no steam. The quantity and character of the food determines the thought, just as the liquid in the cucurbit produces one or the other kind of vapour."

When the three plates had been cleared of their contents by the three men, the silent novice removed them and also the huge white tureen. In a few minutes he returned with three more plates and three glasses. Another journey into the mysterious inner apartment provided him with a flat covered dish and a flagon containing a dark liquid which he placed before the padre, and then took his stand at the back of the padre's chair as before.

The padre raised the cover from the dish and discovered the bodies of two chickens, nicely broiled to a delicious brown, and around the dish, arranged like the outer spokes in a wheel, were slices of the *papa amarillo*, a yellow potato from the mountains, each delicately fried, so as to retain the peculiar flavour of the vegetable with the crispness which adds so much to the delight of

cating them, while the summit of each piece of the birds was crowned with a slice of scarlet tomato.

After he had served his guests and himself, the padre took the flagon and filled each of the glasses with the liquid. Then raising his glass in front of him so that the light from the nearest candle shone through the beautiful dark-red wine, he said—

"Just before the great earthquake which destroyed the city of Lisbon in 1755, the Bishop of Oporto sent to his brother, the Father Superior of our order in Lima, a puncheon of the famous wine of that city. This wine is carefully treasured by the brotherhood, and is rarely used, save at the ordination of a bishop, or a jubilee of some kind, but I ask you now to join me in a glass of it, and we will drink to the happiness of mankind."

After the chicken came fruit and coffee, and over the cigarettes the three men spent an hour or more, and it was nearly ten o'clock when the two visitors arose to depart.

"I am going to the sierras next month," said Padre Geronimo, "and if you and my cousin can spend the time, I would like to have you go with me. You can then see something of the interior, and I promise you that you will come back well satisfied with the journey."

Mr. Juniper thanked him, and said he would consider the matter. On the way towards the Cathedral Mr. Santa Cruz said—

"I think we had better go with him. Then we can look up the story about the lost llamas."

After he had reached his room, Mr. Juniper sat for several minutes with his cigarette, thinking over his dinner with the padre, and then, whether it was the old port working in the alembic of his system or the words of the padre, he turned to his desk and spent an hour in writing. When he had concluded he read to himself the following:—

## A JOLLY OLD FRIAR AM I.

Oh, a jolly old friar am I,
And I live on the top of the pile ;
You can tell by the wink of my eye,
Or the grin on my face when I smile,
That I never am sorry to drink,
And that eatin's entirely my forte,
From the table I never can shrink,
So it's somethin' that's good for a sport.
Sing Hullaballoo,
Sing Hullaballoo.

Only one life was given to man,
Only one chance on earth here to try,
Only once in eternity's plan,
Only once that a swallow can fly.
Sing Hullaballoo,
Sing Hullaballoo.

Let the wisest of men preach of death,
Let philosophers cant if they must,
Let the cowards expend all their breath,
Let the dust then return unto dust.
Sing Hullaballoo,
Sing Hullaballoo.

Then let's fill up the glass to the brim,
And we'll drink to the health of us all,
With a bumper of wine now to him
Who will give us no more of the Fall.
Here's to honest good eatin' and drinkin',
Here's to friendship so kind and so true,
Here's to honest ripe talkin' and thinkin',
Here's to livin' with heaven in view.
Sing Hullaballoo,
Sing Hullaballoo.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### *SONG OF THE INGRATE*

MR. JUNIPER went with Mr. Santa Cruz, a short time later, to call on the Señoritas Manzana. The young ladies were daughters of Señor Manzana, a Chilian who was largely interested in the guano business. There was a romantic story about one of them, which added to the interest of the family, and induced Mr. Juniper to make the visit.

It seems that Señorita Clotilde, the elder, had been the recipient of many polite attentions from a young South American, the secretary of one of the legations in Lima. The friendship ripened into love, and culminated in a betrothal, but, with the inconstancy for which so many young men are noted, the secretary took offence at some fancied grievance, broke the engagement, and applying to his Government for a transfer, he left at once for Buenos Aires. The young lady was heartbroken at the cruel injustice, and for a time it appeared as if her young life would be brought to a close by quick consumption; but she rallied, and was now on the way to recovery.

At the Manzana residence, in the Calle Barcelona, a coloured shade was over the gaslight at the door, and in the *sala* each of the globes in the crystal chandelier was enclosed in a pink shade, giving the room a warm, cheerful light. There was a piano and a guitar in the room, and on the stand was a large album of photographic views of Valparaiso and Santiago, while a cabinet in the corner held a fine collection of *huacos*.

The Señora Manzana and her two daughters received the young men with polite dignity. The señora was a short lively little woman with brown eyes and black hair, and she exhibited much more vivacity and a livelier flow of spirits than many of the Peruvian ladies.

Señorita Clotilde was short, like her mother, but plump and attractive, with brown eyes and brown hair. Her sister Elena had the same general features, but was more delicate, and appeared to have a slight imperfection in her speech, perhaps caused by too much attention to the lisping sound of the pure Spanish language. Both were dressed in frocks of light pink, and the cheerfulness at times approached to the boisterous in their evident efforts to appear lively.

"Do you know Chili?" asked the mother of Mr. Juniper.

"I am sorry to say I do not—only Peru."

"You are of English descent?"

"No; I am an American."

"But you were born in the country?"

"No; I have been here only nine years."

"Of course you learned the language before you came—no?"

"Oh, no. What little I know of it I learned in Lima."

"Jesus! You speak it like a native."

Mr. Juniper had heard the word so frequently from ladies and refined people that he had ceased to notice it. It was used as a simple exclamation, like *Goodness!* or, as the French say, *Dieu!* or *Mon Dieu!* Besides, the Spanish pronunciation, *Haysoos!* made an entirely different word of it; and from the lips of one of the señoras it had a peculiarly feminine sound, as if it concealed something blasphemous under cover of a strictly proper and even devout form of expression.

Mr. Juniper found the young ladies very interesting. Clotilde especially was very lively, and her cheerful laugh seemed to give the lie to any imputation of suffering or disappointment. She told Mr. Juniper that she spoke English "vary leetle," although she really conversed in it with ease, and she had also good control of the French and knew a little Italian.

After a half hour of pleasant conversation, Mr. Juniper asked Clotilde to sing. The young lady, not waiting to be urged, and without the usual vapid excuses with which young ladies often preface such performances, at once took up her guitar and sang. The piece, she explained, was a "*triste*," one of the native songs expressing a subdued melancholy. The notes were in accordance with the nature of the song, and altogether the effect was exceedingly interesting.

As she sang, the señorita held her guitar in her lap, with one foot coquettishly crossed on the other, and as she bent forward, singing in a soft low tone, with a finely modulated voice, Mr. Juniper was forcibly struck with the music.

"It is a Chilian song?" he asked.

"Yes, one of the songs of the common people, '*La Palomita.*'"

"I like it very much. Where can I get a copy of it?"

"Oh, it is never printed. I learned it from a friend."

"But the music is printed?"

"No, it is always played by ear. It was never set to music."

Afterwards, at his solicitation, the señorita furnished him written copies of some of her songs, which he translated. Without attempting to arrange them into English verse, for that would rob them of their quaintness and characteristic flavour, even the prose version was not without a rude sort of beauty. "*La Palomita*" he wrote out as follows:—

LITTLE DOVE.

Who flies with the light of the sun, little love,
And bright to thy window will come, little dove,
To bring unto thee "Good morning," little love?
Bright star of the earlier dawn, little dove!
The mountain orange bears no fruit, little love,
But it gives the blossom of hope, little dove.
For you told me that you loved me, little love!
I shall die when you forget me, little dove!

With flushed face and sparkling eye, the señorita bent over her guitar and sang another of the "*tristes.*" Translated, it read something like this:—

I LOVED THE NIGHT.

I made love to the night
And the moon deceived me.
Alas! the next time I made love
It was with the sun!
And now comes the evil adviser,
She who counsels her son not to love me!
Not to love me? Alas! holy heaven!
He has condemned me to suffer so! Alas!
And this is my lot until death!
Alas! alas! alas!

"Sing '*El Yngrato,*' Clotilde," said Elena; and turning to Mr. Juniper, Elena explained—

"Clotilde thinks '*El Yngrato*' is the best of all the '*tristes.*' I do not like them so well; they are all so sad."

And, with her voice sinking soft and low, she sang "*El Yngrato;*" and when Mr. Juniper came to translate it, he could see why it was a favourite with Clotilde, with the story of her disappointment before him:—

THE INGRATE.

Ungrateful, unthankful,
Why don't you confess
That my soul is yours?
(And he does not confess),
And it calls you loudly.
And thus you reward me,
You Ingrate.

Till now every lover
Who with smiles came to woo
Found my heart like a flint.
'Twas easy to forget—
Now, alas! I cannot!
And thus you reward me,
You Ingrate.

I'm told to forget thee,
But I can't forget thee.
They know how I wish to,
My sad heart answers them,
They urge me to do it.
And thus you reward me,
You Ingrate.

With firmness and courage
I govern my poor eyes
Not to look upon thee.
I forget for a time
And at once they seek thee!
And thus you reward me,
You Ingrate.

The next was a trifle more cheerful. It was explained that the *Tortillera* is a woman who sells *tortillas* or little cakes on the street corner, and this was her song:—

LA TORTILLERA.

The night is dark, I cannot see,
But I carry a good lantern
To sell my tortillas,
Or to exchange them for love.
But still I sing in sadness
Of good hot tortillas, fresh from the embers.

You heard me, you called me,
You bought me with love.
When they say "Tortillera!"
Alas! they steal my heart.
Still I sing in sadness
Of good hot tortillas, fresh from the embers.

My tortillas give consolation,
My tortillas give love!
When they say "Tortillera!"
Alas! they steal my heart.
Still I sing in sadness
Of good hot tortillas, fresh from the embers.

Alas! who will trade with me?
Take my basket for kisses?
Sir, if you desire them
Fresh and warm, here they are!
Still I sing in sadness
Of good hot tortillas, fresh from the embers.

The next was "El Corazon," or "The Heart":—

## EL CORAZON.

Heart, in thy torment
Thou livest so dissembling,
For he who sees thee silent
Believes thee content.

I admire thy patience,
Although thou deservest not comfort.
I know not how thou diest,
Heart, in thy torment,
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Heart, in thy torment.

Yet, to thy owner adored,
Thou hidest thy suffering,
And appearing to please,
Thou livest so dissembling.
Alas! yes, yes, yes, yes,
Thou livest so dissembling.

Only he that observes thee attentive
Will know thy pain,
For he who knows not of love
Believes thee content;
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
He believes thee content.

"La Paloma," or "The Dove," was the last of her songs, and the expression which she gave to it showed that the singer felt the force of the words:—

LA PALOMA.

Pure dove, tranquil fount
Of my love! ray of light!
Soft odour of languishing air!
White lily, innocent girl!
All this art thou!
Bird that mourns far from its nest,
Far from the wood where it was born;
Erring bird, that, by the darkness surprised,
Wanders and is lost,
All this am I—all this am I.

Flower the most beautiful of all the flowers,
Sweet morning star in the heavenly blue,
Precious emblem of my love,
Dear messenger of better hours,
All this art thou.
Bird that mourns far from its nest,
Far from the wood where it was born!
Erring bird, that, by the darkness surprised,
Wanders and is lost,
All this am I—all this am I.

I cross thy pathway alone and in the dark,
Give me a beam of your pure light.
I am a withered tree, I wish new life;
I am miserable, I want happiness,
Give me yourself.
Bird that mourns far from its nest,
Far from the wood where it was born!
Erring bird, that, by the darkness surprised,
Wanders and is lost,
All this am I—all this am I.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### *A PERUVIAN COASTER*

On the forward deck of the English steamer *Casapalca*, as she raised her anchor and steamed slowly out of the harbour of Callao, stood three men watching the slowly receding shores of the bay, the custom-house and churches of the city, and the shipping in the harbour. The first was a priest or friar of the country. On his head was the broad black hat so universally worn by the *clerigos*, with its brim rolled up on either side and fastened to the crown. His single visible garment was of black, and reached to his feet, with a red cross marked on the right breast. His smoothly-shaven face showed intelligence and sagacity, and when he became interested in conversation, his piercing black eyes seemed to scintillate with flashes of white light. The second was a Peruvian, a young man wearing a Panama hat and a grey suit of English cloth; while the third was an American, about thirty years old, Peruvian as to his eyes and hair, although the latter was lightly streaked with grey. His forehead was high and broad, and the lines about his mouth indicated firmness and decision of character. He wore a Panama hat and a dark suit, and his movements as he paced the deck showed a degree of restless activity which was not shared by his companions. The bay was filled with shipping. The flags of the leading commercial nations of Europe were displayed from the vessels anchored under the protecting lee of the island. The *muelle darsena* had been constructed a few years before, and ships were now moored to the dock, where the cargo was loaded

or unloaded, instead of being transhipped into small lighters in the bay. A narrow railroad track had been extended to the different parts of the mole, and merchandise was carried directly from the steamer to the custom-house. Farther inland, in the valley of the Rimac, could be seen the smoke of the locomotive on the new American railroad, extended from Callao to Lima, and rapidly reaching towards the summit of the Andes.

"If we could read correctly the book of nature," said the monk, "what an interesting story it would tell! There is the island of San Lorenzo, one of the largest on the whole western coast of South America, and yet we know almost nothing of its history. When the Spanish first visited this country, the island was not there. Either it formed part of the mainland, and the Boqueron Channel was afterwards cut through by some volcanic action, or else the island subsequently rose from the bottom of the sea. I have heard both theories ably sustained by scientific men.

"In the first place, the island corresponds geologically with the mainland immediately adjoining, and it is easy to see that some time in the past it was a part of the continent itself. Geologists find on the island the same rocks, the same fossils, and the same soils as on the adjacent shore. On the other hand, tradition says that the island arose from the bottom of the sea. The story is that on the night of the 28th of October 1746, Lorenzo Villalta, a Spanish fisherman, was setting his nets in the bay, when the sea was disturbed by a prodigious commotion, and at the end of two hours he found himself stranded on the land. Not daring to stir from his post in the darkness, he remained silent and alone all night long, and when day dawned, found himself on the top of a mountain which was entirely surrounded by water. His boat and nets first met his eye in the early light of morning, and looking around, he could see the shore in the distance, but Callao had disappeared. With difficulty he made his way down to

the water with his boat, leaving his nets on the mountain top, and soon reached the mainland. There he found that the city had been destroyed by an earthquake, and more than 5000 of its inhabitants had lost their lives. At low tide the submerged buildings of the old city can still be seen in the bay near the Punta. In gratitude to God for his happy deliverance, he named the island after his *santo*, and San Lorenzo it will be to the end of time."

"I have seen the buildings in the bay myself," said the American, "but I never heard the explanation you have given."

"It must have been an exciting time when the earthquake occurred," continued the monk. "I have read an account of it in one of the old records of our order. Padre Arispe, who wrote it, was an intelligent Spanish monk, who came to Lima in 1740. When the earthquake occurred he was at Callao, and out of more than two hundred monks in six different convents, he was the only one who was saved.

"It seems that the first shock came in the afternoon, just before dark. As soon as he felt the trembling of the earth he rushed to the door of the convent, and from the *patio* he could see the distant summits of the Andes wave to and fro like the tops of the trees in a storm, and whole sections of the mountains were loosened and dropped into the valleys below, while the surface of the earth between Callao and Lima seemed to rock and tremble like the undulations of the sea

"Believing that the end of the world had come, he was about to sink upon his knees in prayer, when it occurred to him that he would like his silver crucifix and rosary that he had left in Lima, and without stopping to consider the inconsistency of his action, he started immediately for Lima. Once on the plain above the city he was out of danger, and later, when the worst shock came, he was well on the road to the capital.

"From the safety of his position, he could hear the

loud roar of the earthquake like the discharge of powerful artillery, and at times the motion of the earth under his feet was so violent that he became dizzy, and was forced to lie flat upon his face.

"The next day he learned that the buildings in Callao had crumbled into fragments, and in the night a whole section of the city subsided under the water, and the shore of the bay advanced inland more than half a mile, leaving many of the churches, four of the convents, and some of the more pretentious of the buildings on the sea front a mass of ruins, with forty feet of water flowing above them. Naturally Padre Arispe thanked God for his providential rescue."

"Undoubtedly he had reason to be thankful," said Mr. Santa Cruz, "but how was it with the other one hundred and ninety-nine who perished?"

The monk made no reply. While his conversation frequently touched upon religious matters, he was careful not to be drawn into a discussion of the subject or to countenance the expression of antagonistic views from others.

"One product of the island of San Lorenzo that I saw interested me greatly," said Mr. Juniper. "It was a little purple flower about half as large as a violet, growing from a potato-vine three inches high, to which was attached a potato almost as large as a small plum. From this insignificant plant, a native of Peru, the potato has been developed, and is now cultivated in every part of the world."

"Peru not only gave to the world the potato, but cotton and flax were indigenous here. The prehistoric tombs of the Incas contain specimens of cotton cloth equal in fineness and in colouring to any fabric of modern times. The tomato also originated in Peru."

Mr. Juniper had accepted the invitation of Padre Geronimo, and, in company with Mr. Santa Cruz, they were on their way to the sierra in the north. From Callao the journey took them to Pacasmayo, a port

about four hundred miles, and thence they were to go by rail about sixty miles towards the interior. Beyond the railroad, mules and donkeys were to furnish the motive power.

Mr. Hayner had returned from his vacation in England, and Mr. Juniper had secured a leave of absence for six months, which he purposed to spend with Father Geronimo.

His object in taking this vacation was twofold. First, his long residence in the country, with its mild unvarying temperature, had undermined his health, which had never been robust since his experience with the yellow fever. He felt the necessity of a change and the tonic effects of a colder climate. The second object he had in view was one he was not quite ready to acknowledge to himself, although it was probably the principal inducement which led him to undertake the long journey. Whenever he had met Mr. Santa Cruz since the dinner in the convent, that gentleman had urged him to go to Cajamarca to investigate the story of the llamas and the buried treasure of the Incas. He had finally decided to go, and in going he had provided himself with money for an extensive outlay, for he carried with him half of his accumulations since his recovery from the fever. With this sum he felt that he could make an investigation of the case; yet he had but little confidence that anything of importance would come of it.

The little coasting steamer was one of the most uncomfortable that could be well imagined. The saloon was low and narrow, without state-rooms or cabins, beds being made up on the floor and a curtain separating the men from the women. Outside, the main deck had no covering, and very little attention seemed to have been paid to the comfort of the passengers. Those of the first class numbered about twenty. They slept in the main saloon, while the remainder, Indians, Cholos, and Chinamen, slept outside on the deck, and

each carried a blanket or mattress and provided himself with food.

The next morning the passengers awoke to find the little steamer in a thick fog. No land could be seen, but one of the sailors stood at the bow with the lead taking soundings in order to enter the port of Huacho, about a hundred miles north of Callao. The thick mist made the deck wet as if in a rain-storm. Occasionally through the dense fog came the sound of screaming and bellowing, as if some animal was in distress, and then followed groans and a roaring noise, like the voice of a lion. This was soon explained as the fighting of the seals on the small islands along the coast, and in the thick weather prevailing during the winter season the noise of these animals often served a useful purpose by warning navigators of their near approach to the land.

The little steamer anchored in three fathoms of water, fired a gun and waited. About ten o'clock in the forenoon a light breeze sprang up, and soon the fog was dissipated, revealing a high bank about a mile long, delightfully green, and marked at either extremity by a high barren cliff. The village of Huacho had about 5000 inhabitants. It was the centre of a large trade in fowls, cattle, and pigs, for shipment to Lima, and near by was one of the natural curiosities of the world. It was a natural salt factory. By the constant evaporation of the sea-water, salt is formed in almost a pure state, and after removal a new supply is found, and the process continues indefinitely. This salt is shipped to Lima and the interior, where it is principally used by the Indians, and quantities of it are exported to Chili, Ecuador, and Columbia.

On the fifth day the *Casapalca* dropped anchor in the open roadstead opposite Pacasmayo. In the distance, about a mile away, could be seen a small village, but the surf rolled so high and the little steamer tumbled about in such a lively manner, that the problem of landing seemed to be very difficult.

A cannon was fired from the steamer, and a signal from the masthead showed that four launches were needed; and when every one on board had become tired of waiting, the launches made their appearance. They were great awkward flat-bottomed scows, propelled by ten or twelve men, who moved their long oars, five or six on a side, with regularity, the lumbering hulk moving over the high waves at the rate of about two miles an hour. Besides the launches, the steamer was soon surrounded by a crowd of Indians in the native boats called *caballitos* or little horses. These are probably the same as Pizarro met when he made his first voyage down the coast from Panama. They were made of bunches of reeds or flags tied together like bundles of straw into a kind of raft about twenty feet long, with tapering ends, and are pushed through the water by a man who sits astride and handles very skilfully a double-bladed oar, striking the water alternately on the right and left side.

Father Geronimo and his two companions had their luggage in readiness. As soon as one of the launches was alongside, it was partially loaded with boxes and bales of merchandise let down by a tackle, the unwieldy scow bobbing around in the most boisterous manner possible. When it was two-thirds full, the chain of the tackle was fastened to a strong barrel, with one side cut off, leaving an apparatus resembling a chair. In this barrel the first of the passengers took his seat, and was securely tied down. Then the chair was wound up on the tackle, the barrel hoisted in mid-air, and then it slowly descended, until it was landed on the top of the pile of boxes and barrels in the launch.

This process was repeated until the dozen or more passengers were dropped into the launch. Father Geronimo was the last to make the trip, and the figure he cut, with his long black robes and broad black hat swaying from right to left at the end of the long chain, was so ludicrous that even Mr. Juniper was forced to smile at the sight.

Once in the launch, the passengers settled down as comfortably as they could, while the men at the sweeps began to row, the long oars sometimes ploughing deep through a bank of water, and then scarcely touching the top, as the rolling surf lifted the boat on its crest. The swell of the sea came at regular intervals, and to the passengers the awkward craft appeared to be standing still, yet when they looked at the steamer, it was plain to be seen that they were slowly moving away.

Soon after leaving the side of the ship, the launch struck a school of *pecareyes*, a small fish resembling the sardine, and for a mile the water appeared to be almost a solid mass of fish. Men scooped them up in their hats and women filled their aprons with the wriggling little fish, which seemed to be driven towards the shore by their larger enemies in the deeper water.

Nearing the shore, the surf became more violent in its dashings, and the boxes and bales of the launch began to roll around as the boat reared on end and threatened to capsize. As it would inevitably be turned bottom upwards by the roll of the sea, the passengers and cargo had to be taken on shore, while the boat itself remained just outside of the line of breakers. Then came the disembarkation, and if the elevation in the chair hoisted by the derrick made the passenger cut a comical figure, the ride from the launch to the shore was a far more ludicrous sight. When the huge launch had been paddled as near as it could go in safety towards the shore, about a dozen natives came off from the land, boldly wading into the water to the side of the launch. These men were naked, except that each one wore a breech-cloth, and they breasted the rolling breakers as if accustomed to the work. The first passenger who undertook the perilous journey was the good Father Geronimo. Placing one foot on the gunwale of the launch, with his bag in one hand, he gathered up his flowing skirt with the other and gave a leap, as if about to mount a horse. He landed safely

astride of the copper-coloured shoulders of the *cholo*, one leg in front and the other behind, his stomach closely pressed against the native's ear. Off went the *cholo* as fast as he could make his way through the surf, which almost submerged him, and in fifteen minutes the padre was safe on shore, with no more damage than the wetting of his feet and legs.

Two of the passengers were native women, who made their way to the shore in the same awkward fashion. When it came to the two young men, Mr. Santa Cruz boldly made the dash, in imitation of the leap which carried the padre safely on shore; but whether it was that the brown shoulders of the *cholo* had become wet and slippery from the surf, or the native desired to play a trick on the young man, this chronicle is unable to determine; but whatever may have been the cause, the young man missed his hold, and fell head first into the sea. The *cholo* assisted him into the boat again, and he then mounted the shoulders of the native, and was carried safely, but very wet, to the shore, Mr. Juniper was fortunate enough to be carried to the land with only a slight wetting of his feet. The luggage was soon transferred to the shore without damage, for the men carried it upon their heads, out of reach of the surf.

Pacasmayo was a small village, whose only importance arose from the fact that it was the terminus of a line of railroad extending inland fifty or sixty miles to Magdalena. It was the port through which the sugar, rice, and other products of the fertile valleys in the interior found their way to market.

The train did not leave until the next morning, so the three travellers secured quarters at the small apology for a hotel. A dinner of soup, fish, chicken, and eggs, with a cup of strong coffee, put them in good humour at once, and at an early hour they retired. Three beds in one small room were the best the hotel afforded; but before morning the travellers discovered that the ravages of the industrious little insect known as the *pulga* were not confined to Lima.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### *CROSSING THE CORDILLERA*

At nine o'clock the next morning the noisy American locomotive, attached to a train of three cars, puffed slowly out of the little station at Pacasmayo. The first car carried cargo; the next was a second-class car, seated like an omnibus, and containing about twenty-five men, women, and children, principally *cholos* and Indians. The third was a first-class car, with about thirty passengers, including our three travellers from Lima.

From Pacasmayo to Magdalena the track followed the valley of the Magdalene River, and the ascent was so severe that it was nearly dark before the little engine pulled into the station near Magdalena. In the valley, and wherever water could be obtained, the *haciendas* were green with vegetation. Fields of rice, sugar, and cotton showed the richness of the soil, but the inadequacy of the system of cultivation was such that not more than half as much was produced as the land was capable of raising.

At Magdalena the only place of shelter was a *fonda* kept by a Chinaman. Here the three travellers found a room in which to spread their blankets, for beds were not provided by the proprietor. Passing through a room where a black kettle filled with lard was boiling away over a charcoal fire, for the purpose of cooking bits of meat on the end of a stick, the party entered a dirty and ill-kept dining-room. At the table the persuasive voice of the friar had secured the only luxury

obtainable in the *fonda*, namely, a fried chicken. This, with a few eggs, some bread and rice, and a bottle of *pisco*, in lieu of wine, made up a dinner which was eaten with a relish.

The village was two miles from the end of the railroad, in a deep cañon, with the mountains rising high on either side, and the rushing, gurgling little stream in the middle. In the morning, after a hasty lunch of bread and coffee, without milk or sugar, the party started for the ride over the mountains. Four mules had been hired for the purpose, one to carry the luggage. Mr. Juniper had not been in the habit of riding, and he viewed the preparations for the journey with a certain degree of trepidation, but he soon discovered that the animals were perfectly safe and reliable, and so slow in their movements that no thought of danger was possible.

When the saddles had all been adjusted and the luggage securely strapped to the sumpter mule, Father Geronimo jumped on his animal, a large grey mule with a tail like a paint-brush, and the procession started, the pack mule ahead, closely followed by the monk on the grey, with Mr. Santa Cruz and Mr. Juniper bringing up the rear.

Now close along the brink of the river, so near that the spray from the mountain-stream dashed upon the feet of the travellers, the mule-path wound slowly around the side of the defile, rising sometimes a hundred feet above the stream, and then for a time losing sight of it altogether, all the time slowly rising to a height of 10,000 feet, until the three travellers halted for a few moments to rest themselves. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, a clear bracing day, with a strong wind blowing

It was the friar who spoke—

"Gentlemen, you are now on the summit of the Andes. On this side lies the slope leading to the Pacific, and on that the streams lead to the Amazon, and thence to the Atlantic."

They were standing on the pathway stretching along the side of a mountain, which towered above them several hundred feet. All around was a succession of mountain peaks, and looking east or west the scene was almost the same. The mountain top was composed of sand, gravel, and stone, with occasional huge boulders of granite. No vegetation was in sight, except an occasional cactus, whose dry and torpid leaves made it doubtful whether it deserved to rank as a vegetable or a mineral. All was desolation itself. No animal life could be seen, except an occasional condor sailing in silent majesty through the upper air, and sometimes coming so close to the travellers that the white ruff about its neck could be plainly seen. Mr. Santa Cruz attempted to shoot one with his revolver, but the great lazy bird sailed leisurely overhead, its extended wings apparently twenty feet across, until within a few hundred yards, when it suddenly wheeled, as if it had caught sight of its enemy, and then floated like a leaf carried by a current of wind until it became a mere speck in the distance, and then faded from sight.

Securing the mules to the rocks, so that they could not stray, Father Geronimo produced from his supplies two bottles of beer, a piece of the native cheese, and some bread. The weary travellers fell to with a will, and never was food eaten with greater relish. Under the grateful shade of a projecting rock they rested half an hour before proceeding. Here it was noticed that the extreme rarity of the atmosphere showed itself by the intense heat of the sun and by its peculiar magnifying property. A white cumulus cloud floating above seemed only a few feet distant, and mountain peaks which the friar said were seventy-five miles distant appeared so close that they might be almost reached by a revolver-shot.

For an hour farther the pathway followed along the mountain, with slightly descending trend, and then the descent became more abrupt and the streams seemed

to be going in an easterly direction. Even the mules seemed to understand that they were approaching a more agreeable atmosphere, and the strong symptoms of *siroche* which they showed near the summit began to leave them.

Coming to a turn in the road, on the side of a mountain peak which showed an occasional spot of green, Father Geronimo called to the young men—

"There is Cajamarca!"

Far away on the distant plain, in the direction in which he pointed, they could see the rows of white houses, the tower of a church, and the general outline of a city in miniature.

Whipping their jaded mules, the party started again, and going down the crooked path as fast as the poor animals could be made to go, it was not long before the party reached the city. Through the narrow, dirty streets, past the market, along the main thoroughfare, they rode until they drew up before a one-storey building, and the friar joyfully announced that they would rest there for the night.

An Indian servant appeared at the door and took charge of the animals, which were led in through the *patio* and thence by the *callejon* to the corral in the rear, the luggage being left at the front door.

It was the residence of the curé, who came out and embraced the friar with considerable warmth. He was a little fat-faced man in a dirty brown-black gown, with his long black hair hanging down below his collar. In his hand he held a prayer-book printed in red and black lines, and on his feet could be seen a pair of the rude shoes of the *seranos*, made from the skin of the guinea-pig. A good-natured, well-fed little man he seemed, and when Father Geronimo introduced the young men to him, he called him Father Santiago. Father Santiago was profuse in his welcome. He gave each of the young men the Spanish embrace with the characteristic assurance—

"My house is yours; come in and take it."

After ten hours in the saddle the invitation was most welcome, and the three weary travellers were soon comfortably located in the priest's house.

It was a low, rambling, one-storey building, with a *patio* paved with small stones. Built of adobe in the Spanish fashion, with grated windows and large doors opening on the street, it resembled the usual houses seen in Lima. A room was given to Father Geronimo, and another containing two beds to the young men.

An excellent dinner was soon smoking on the table, and after a substantial meal, closing with a bottle of claret, the four men enjoyed their cigarettes until nine o'clock, when they separated. The young men retired, leaving the priests together.

Early the next morning Mr. Juniper took a walk around the city so famous in the prehistoric days of Peru as the ancient capital of the Incas and the residence of Atahualpa, the last sovereign of that unfortunate race. It contained about 15,000 inhabitants, and was situated about 9000 feet above sea-level in a broad level plain, apparently surrounded on all sides by mountains. There were three or four large churches, a fine Plaza with a good fountain made of granite, and five or six smaller Plazas, besides two or three convents and hospitals. To the west the high cordillera could be seen, the tops of the mountains mingling with the bank of white clouds floating in the azure sky above.

After the coffee, and with numerous expressions of gratitude to the kind-hearted Father Santiago, the mules were brought out, and again the travellers took up their line of march.

The route lay along the plain of Cajamarca, which was green with vegetation. To the east, at a distance of six or eight leagues, was the river Marañon or Upper Amazon, and in that direction the mountain tops could be seen much lower than those on the west. Droves of horses, cattle, mules, and donkeys were met as the

party rode along the pathway, here widened into a waggon-road, and occasionally a waggon was encountered drawn by two heavy bullocks, the yoke fastened to the horns, and the driver walking along the roadside, occasionally punching his animals with a long-handled goad.

At mid-day another stop was made for half an hour, and again the friar's supplies were brought forth to stay the ravages of hunger, which seemed to develop amazingly in the bracing air of this elevated region.

Just as the sun was sinking over the western cordillera, the spire of a little church came in sight, and around it could be seen the hamlet of San Carlos.

In half an hour the tired mules had wound slowly through the village and along a dirty road near a small creek until they halted in front of a farm-house on a slight elevation. The house was built of adobe, and was evidently many generations old. It had but a single storey, with a long veranda on one side, and seemed to contain rooms enough for half-a-dozen families; surrounding it were corrals for horses and mules, other enclosures for the cows, and near by a large flock of sheep and goats were quartered.

"Ave Maria purisima! Here we are at last!" said Father Geronimo, jumping from his grey mule and rushing into the house.

Three or four Indian servants were at hand, and to them were left the care of the luggage, and the two young men followed the padre into the house.

Opening from the veranda, the *sala* was a long, narrow, uncarpeted room, containing a dozen chairs and a sofa, all of very ancient design. On the walls were two or three oil portraits and half-a-dozen coloured prints of religious subjects.

Father Geronimo came in from the dining-room with his arm around the waist of an old lady of sixty, whom he introduced to the young men as his mother. Mr. Santa Cruz had not seen his aunt since he was ten

years old, and she failed to recognise him until his name was spoken by the padre, and then he was warmly embraced.

The old lady had the clear black eyes of her son, and a fat, good-natured appearance, which, with the kindness of her manner, endeared her at once to Mr. Juniper. Her hair, which was once black as coal, was now slightly streaked with grey. She wore a frock of some black material, and her general appearance was well kept and presentable. Two younger brothers of the padre also made their appearance, and were presented to the young men.

It required but a few moments to prepare for the dinner, and the evening was spent in a general jollification by the padre and his family over his return to the parental home after an absence of fifteen years. The party broke up at an early hour, and the travellers retired to rest with a feeling of intense satisfaction that the long journey was at an end.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### *HE GOES TO LOOK FOR TREASURE*

It was a week before Mr. Juniper had recovered from the effects of his long ride sufficiently so that he could walk without discomfort. The time was spent in strolling about the little village, in viewing the herds of cattle and horses, and in talking with the padre, whose joy at being once more among the scenes of his childhood made him a most interesting companion.

On Saturday, after breakfast, Father Geronimo proposed to Mr. Juniper to take a ride. Two handsome white horses were saddled and brought to the veranda by the servants, and in a few minutes they were moving down the road towards the village. The animals were unshod, and they had the peculiar "single-foot" gait of the Spanish horses, moving quietly and steadily, so that the rider sat as smoothly in the saddle as if he had been riding in a carriage.

They stopped a moment in crossing the little creek in the village to let the animals drink.

"My horse seems almost ready to speak," said the American, patting the arched neck of the animal, whose large intelligent eyes, with long grey lashes, and small finely-formed head, gave him an appearance of great beauty.

"I suppose these horses are of the finest blood in the world," said the friar.

"Native stock?" asked Mr. Juniper.

"There is no such thing as native stock," said Father Geronimo. "When the Spanish conquerors came to

this country they brought the best Arabian horses from Andalusia. The only native beasts of burden were the llamas, and although the horses on the coast have become contaminated by mixture with inferior animals, the horses in this valley are of the finest Arabian blood."

Leaving the village, the friar led the way in a westerly direction. He had not mentioned the subject of the concealed treasure since they left Lima, but when they started in the direction of the cordillera, Mr. Juniper suspected that the monk had the matter in his mind.

A ride of two or three miles brought them to a range of foot-hills, whose sides showed something of green, where hundreds of sheep and goats were feeding.

"Do you see the path where it winds up the hill near that grey rock?" asked the friar. "If I am not mistaken, that is the direction where the train of llamas was stopped, and where the cargo was concealed. I was but a small boy at the time, and many things have happened since my father pointed it out to me. That is the road taken by the train of llamas, I am sure; but how far from here the llamas were killed, and just where the spot was, I cannot tell."

"Was there no clue to the locality?" asked Mr. Juniper, as they sat in the saddle looking toward the mountains.

"I have but an indistinct outline of the story in my memory, and no actual knowledge of the place; and yet in my imagination I feel as if I could go directly to the spot. I have heard it so often, and fancied how the place looks so many times, that it seems as if I had actually seen it."

"Perhaps you have dreamed about it," said the American. "I have heard of people who have discovered secrets in dreams."

"I have dreamed about it, but I am not confounding my dreams with the portion of the story which comes

to me through my memory. At any rate, I am quite anxious to test the matter, and I feel confident that I can go to the spot without much difficulty."

"And yet you cannot tell anything of the distance?"

"No. It may be two miles from that pathway as it rises up yonder mountain side, or it may be twenty, or thirty, or even more."

"What is to guide us in the search?"

"Only the general features of the story. You remember that Cajamarca, Cuzco, and Quito were the three great capitals of the Inca country. Atahualpa, after succeeding to the throne, resided in Cajamarca, and at that place he was captured by our ancestors, the Spanish conquerors under Pizarro, and by them held in prison. He undertook to fill with gold the room in which he was confined, but he was cruelly assassinated just before the task was entirely completed. Now the train of llamas was met by the messenger announcing Atahualpa's death near the creek just above San Carlos. This is a point which we may consider settled. My father has told it, and he received it from his father, and each was thoroughly convinced of the fact. Then, instead of going in that direction," and the friar pointed with the whip-end of his bridle, "to strike the grand highway between Quito and Cajamarca, the train moved westerly to the foot-hills, and disappeared up the path by the big stone. After climbing the mountains long enough to reach a point ordinarily inaccessible and out of reach of the Spaniards, the train stopped, and the animals and their burden were buried in the sand. The spot must have been near the side of a frightful precipice, for the story goes that one of the *arrieros* in attempting to cut the throat of a llama missed his footing, and it was only by grasping the feet of the faithful animal that his life was saved, for had he fallen it would have been instant death."

"After the treasure had been concealed, the men separated. Did they come out of the valley together, or

did they separate, taking different directions immediately after burying the llamas?"

Mr. Juniper asked this with the air of an advocate examining a witness.

"As it was told me, the men did not separate until they reached the valley."

"Your mother's ancestor was in command. He returned to his home when the llamas were killed. Was it the same day or the next day?"

"I never thought to mention it, but it was the day following, and later in the day too."

"How were the bodies of the animals concealed? simply by allowing the sand to cover them?"

"It was in a *quebrado* between two high mountains, and yet it was so situated that the sand could be made to cover the bodies. They used no tools. The bodies and the packs carried by the llamas were stacked together, and then by means of the stream of sand started from above, all was concealed from sight."

"Many thanks. I think we now have a basis to work on. And yet the time which has elapsed is so long that the narrative may be indistinct and incorrect, and the precise spot will probably be hard to locate."

"Very true. The whole story is only a tradition, although to me it is almost in the nature of a bequest, and I feel it my duty to investigate the matter."

They turned the heads of their horses and started back towards San Carlos.

"I cannot understand why your ancestors did not make an effort to find the place," said Mr. Juniper.

"At the time when the story was fresh, my Inca ancestors were bound by the oath of secrecy. Later the precise location was not easy to find, and fear of the Spaniards prevented the Indians from disturbing it. I have reason to believe that my father intended to search for it, but I am not certain that he ever made the attempt."

The two men rode back to the *hacienda* discussing

the subject. It was finally agreed that on the following Monday they would start for the mountains and commence the search.

Early on Monday morning, Mr. Santa Cruz and Mr. Juniper began to make preparations for the expedition. It was decided, after some discussion, that they would take the four mules which had been brought from Magdalena. The mules were more sure-footed in the mountains than horses, and, if the expedition was delayed, the long-eared animals would be able to endure fatigue and lack of food much better. Andres, a stout *mozo* from the *hacienda*, was to accompany the party to look after the animals and do the digging.

The sumpter mule was loaded with tools for digging, blankets and supplies, including a stock of *charca*, the dried flesh of a sheep or goat, a staple article of food in the mountains, and abundance of bread in small loaves, a case of bottled beer, *queso*, and coffee. Sufficient food was provided to last a week, including a bundle of pressed *alfalfa* for the mules. Each of the young men was provided with a revolver, matches, candles, and a pocket-compass, with an abundance of heavy clothing. When the party was all ready to start, just after breakfast, the mother of Padre Geronimo came out, as well as the two younger brothers, and the procession moved off in fine style. Don Alfredo, the oldest of the two brothers, accompanied the party on his fiery little roan across the plain, and just before entering the mule-path by the rock, he took leave of the others, shaking hands with each in the most affectionate manner.

There was but one road in sight. The friar on the big white mule took the lead, followed by the pack-mule, Andres bringing up the rear, and for half an hour the animals walked steadily forward up the side of the mountain.

The friar was on the look-out for a *quebrado* which corresponded to the one he had described to Mr. Juniper, and it was understood that the party would

proceed until something of the kind came in sight. The day was clear, with a strong wind, and each of the men found his poncho quite necessary for comfort. As the track left the plain and proceeded farther into the interior of the range and higher in altitude, less and less vegetation was seen. The road was sandy, with now and then a huge boulder, and often the way was precipitous and rough.

About four o'clock, the friar, who was several rods in advance of the others, stopped and began to take observations. When the others came up he pointed out to them that the cañon to the right in many respects corresponded to the description. Immediately in front was a steep precipice, while on either side the mountain towered above to the height of several hundred feet, while the surface was covered with loosely moving sand.

In half an hour the mules had been tethered and Andres had advanced to the centre of the ravine and commenced digging. The friar stood by in anxious expectancy, watching every shovelful of sand as it was thrown out. Mr. Juniper and Mr. Santa Cruz climbed upwards in the middle of the *quebrado* for half a mile, closely examining the ground, but so far as could be seen there was no evidence of what they were seeking. In three or four places Andres sunk a great pit in the loose sand to the depth of six or seven feet, but each time the friar directed him to stop, for nothing had been found which would warrant a continuance of the excavation. All at once the shovel struck a solid substance which was not stone or earth, and the friar, who was at the top of the opening, called to his companions with a loud shout. The two young men hurried to the spot. It was only a foot or two from the surface, and when Mr. Juniper arrived Andres was scraping the sand away from something white. It was evidently the skull of some animal, and the whole skeleton was soon unearthed.

"*Caramba!*" ejaculated the monk. "It is only a mule!"

He turned from it in disgust, and then a consultation was held. The mule had evidently dropped down on the road, and after the condors had stripped the bones the sand had gathered around the skeleton and afterwards concealed it from sight. It was plain that the discovery had no possible connection with the Inca deposit, and sorrowfully the work of digging was suspended and the procession again started.

It was almost sundown, and at the next sheltered spot which was wide enough for the purpose, a halt was made for the night. The animals were relieved of their burdens and fastened to the rocks. A fire was lighted with pieces of *taquia* or llama dung and dried tops of the cactus collected by Andres, and soon the coffee was ready and dinner was eaten. Wrapped in ponchos, under the lee of the mountain, with the fire burning brightly in front, the animals feeding on the dry *alfalfa* near by, and the brilliant stars of the tropics shining overhead, the situation was one of thrilling interest, and yet the laborious events of the day made rest a welcome visitor. After the cigarettes had been finished, it was not long before sleep had descended upon the whole party.

At sunrise the next morning, while Andres was heating the coffee, which had been prepared in advance and was brought in bottles ready for use, Mr. Juniper started on a stroll along the side of the mountain. Immediately below was the bed of what was once a mighty river. Huge rocks alternated with gravel which had been brought down from the mountains farther up, and it was evident that at one time a great torrent must have filled the bed of the river.

Three-quarters of a mile from the camp and from the river-bed, his eye caught sight of a peculiar rock a few rods above on the opposite side of the *quebrado*. Mounting to the spot, an opening could be seen, and

once inside, he was surprised to find that he had entered a cave which seemed to extend farther into the mountain. At a distance of five or six rods from the mouth there was a sharp angle in the passage, and after turning, he was surprised to see light at a short distance ahead. Just then his nerves received a severe shock on hearing a peculiar fluttering sound behind, but immediately an immense flock of small birds darted past him in the direction of the light, and his feelings at once resumed their natural quiet. Climbing down to the opening which admitted the light, he discovered that it opened upon another ravine much higher up than the level of the camp. Here the mouth of the cave was wide and the ceiling high, and on the side of the *quebrado*, a few rods distant, he could see a green spot, and trailing down the side of the mountain was a ribbon of verdure, showing the presence of water. Evidently here was the place for the camp.

He fired his revolver once or twice to attract the attention of his companions, but no response followed. The silence as he listened was painfully oppressive. A sickening sense of loneliness came over him in the solitude. Except for the tiny line of green from the spring in front, not a blade of grass or sign of vegetation was to be seen in any direction, and no evidence was present of animal life in any form. Not a bird or insect was in sight. Even the giant condor and the pigeons which had frightened him in the cave were out of sight. He shuddered as he looked around, and started to join his friends in the camp.

Following the ravine in the direction of the river-bed, he was surprised to find the pathway suddenly stopped. At no very remote time in the past, the torrent of water coming down the *quebrado* had carried away the side of the mountain, and completely annihilated the road. Below, for a hundred feet, the descent was almost perpendicular, but to advance was impossible. His only recourse was to return to the mouth

of the cave. He could pass through it as he had come, but his present object was to find a route from the second opening of the cave to the camp, and this proved to be an easy matter. By ascending the *quebrado* about a hundred rods, he was enabled to cross it, and then a good but circuitous pathway led down to the old river-bed, and in a few minutes he was in sight of the camp. The roundabout way of reaching the cave had its advantage, making it much more difficult to find, and this, in all probability, accounted for the fact that it was rarely, if ever, visited in recent times.

While taking the frugal lunch of coffee and bread, Mr. Juniper explained to his companions the discovery he had made. It was then decided to remove the luggage to the cave, and remain in the vicinity for a few days, making it a base of operations.

Looking up the *quebrado*, the mouth of the cave was entirely concealed; but by following the track to the end of the ravine, and returning on the other side, it was easily reached. The sun was higher, and a better view was obtained of the interior. Just inside the mouth was a room about twenty feet wide, and thirty or forty feet long. The ceiling was high, and hung with stalactites, which glistened like broken glass. In one part near the door, the white bicarbonate of lime was blackened with smoke, showing that the cave had been visited before. The floor was level, the air was cool and fresh, and with the adjacent spring of fresh water, it appeared to be exactly the place for the camp.

Farther towards the interior the passage narrowed, so that it was only five or six feet wide, and of the same height, but the roof was smooth and dark. Without stopping to explore it completely, the luggage was disposed of, the animals were tethered in one corner, and the party sallied forth again in the journey of discovery.

The day was spent in unsuccessful search. With an intermission of scarcely an hour for breakfast, the work was prosecuted with untiring vigilance. Every ravine

in the vicinity was closely examined, and nothing but disappointment was the result. Once, in a gully near the river, Andres' shovel turned up the skeleton of a llama; but there was nothing else there, no treasure, or no other remains, except fragments of an earthen jar, and the weary adventurers again retired to dream and mourn their ill-fortune.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### *HE RETURNS DISAPPOINTED*

THAT night the friar and his two companions smoked their cigarettes after the dinner with a feeling of disappointment. The monk had been quite confident that he could locate the place where the llamas were buried from his recollection of the story, and yet he had spent two days in the search without the slightest evidence that he was near the spot. Father Geronimo was confident that it was in the vicinity of their present encampment, but every spot had been searched that was at all like the place described, and yet unsuccessfully. It was decided to continue the examination in the vicinity one day longer, and then, if nothing was found, they would advance farther into the interior.

Soon after he had fallen asleep, Mr. Juniper was startled by a strange sight. Celia appeared at the door of the cave. She wore a dress of brown that he had never seen, and there was a bunch of violets at her waist, and her hair was dressed differently, but still the soft wavy lines were there as in the old days. Strange to say, as she came nearer, he could see that it was a riding-habit she wore, and the odd-looking hat was evidently a part of her costume, for in her hand was a little whip, and her gloves were long and reached halfway to her elbows.

She advanced toward him as he lay by the side of Mr. Santa Cruz, and smiled with the old affectionate greeting that he remembered so well. In the most natural way in the world she held out her gloved hand

to him as he rose to greet her, and without any expression of surprise or astonishment she said —

"Right here, Mr. Juniper, right here——"

"Why, Celia," he gasped, "how did you come?"

Just then Mr. Santa Cruz uttered an exclamation of pain and anger, for some one had stepped on his toes. Turning for an instant towards him, Mr. Juniper lost sight of his visitor, and Mr. Santa Cruz called out—

"Carajo! Qué tienes?" and struck a match.

"Nothing," said Mr. Juniper, as the flickering light of the Swedish match blazed up and revealed the weird outlines of the cave, with the other two men quietly sleeping. The mules opened their eyes at the light, but plainly there was no one else to be seen.

"It is nothing," said Mr. Juniper; "I must have been dreaming." Then he threw himself upon the ground again and was soon asleep.

Before the coffee was ready in the morning he walked out to the *quebrado* to see if there were tracks of a horse to be seen. Not that he expected to find them, for of course it was all a dream, but somehow he felt that Celia had actually been there. He had seen her, and in his own mind he was convinced of it, but he knew that he could not make any one else believe it.

About ten feet from the door of the cave, near a large flat rock, he found in the hard gravelly sand footprints of a horse. The animal evidently had been shod, and the shape of the foot was so different from that of the mule's foot that it was easy to distinguish it. The horse seemed to have been ridden to the side of the rock, where it had stood for several minutes, as the tracks showed. Then it had gone back up the *quebrado* as it came. He followed it to the end of the gulch, where it crossed over and passed down the other side to the main track near the river-bed. Thus far the marks showed two tracks, one coming towards the mouth of the cave and the other going away from it. Reaching the main road, however, the tracks separated.

It was evident that the horse had come down from the mountains above and had gone away in the direction of San Carlos.

Without mentioning the matter to his companions, he called the servant, and pointing to the tracks said, "Andres, what are those?"

Andres examined the tracks minutely, and answered, "Some one has been here on horseback."

"When was it?"

"Must have been in the night."

"Isn't it an old track?"

"There was nothing there yesterday but the mule tracks. I noticed the tracks carefully, and you can see it is fresher than the tracks of our animals."

"Who do you suppose would come here in the night?"

"Quien sabe?"

"No one knows where the cave is but ourselves, for the old track to it was washed away. How could any one else find the place?"

"There's somebody that can find any place, no matter where you go."

"What do you mean, Andres?"

"The *hentiles*, Señor."

Among the Indians of the sierra, the *hentiles* are little people who commit all sorts of pranks in the night-time. They have been known to steal chickens, to milk cows, to trample down the maize and the *cebada*, and even to run off with llamas and burros. Sometimes they make cows give bloody milk, and if you try to milk a cow or a goat in the night without crossing yourself three times, they will give you warts on your hands. The *hentiles* are a bad lot, as everybody knows.

Amused at this explanation, Mr. Juniper called his two friends, and showed them the tracks.

The friar did not pay much attention to the discovery, but retired to the cave. Mr. Santa Cruz, how-

ever, gazed upon the tracks with bated breath. "Some one is watching us," he said.

The day was spent farther from the cave. This time the party rode on the mules to a distance of three or four miles, and then began the search as before. Every *quebrádo* in the vicinity like the one described in the story was tested with the shovel, and when the sand was sufficiently free from gravel and stone, a long iron rod was forced into the soil. Still no evidence was discovered of the llamas.

Again the disappointed treasure-seekers ate their dinner almost in silence, and again as they lay around the fire they smoked their cigarettes, and neither seemed to have any encouragement to offer to the others. Mr. Santa Cruz began to sing one of the mournful songs of the natives, called a *yaravi*. Originally it was sung in the Aymará dialect, which expressed in powerful terms the melancholy of the deserted lover, but Mr. Santa Cruz sang the Spanish version. The first verse was as follows:—

"Perdida ya la esperanza,
Y el corazon palpitante,
Llora sin intermission,
Fuentes, rios, golfos, mares."

The melancholy language was made more effective by the decidedly doleful air in which it was sung, and the friar begged of him to desist. The spirits of the party needed something to cheer and encourage, rather than to depress. At an early hour, after deciding on a change of camp in the morning, the candle was extinguished, and in a short time sleep again reigned supreme. Once more Celia appeared as before, a veil on her face, a jaunty hat with a black feather setting off the contour of her face to good advantage, and one hand holding her skirt and riding-whip. With the other hand she pointed towards the earth, her eyes fastened directly on the young man. She started to

speak to him, and he heard her say "Here——" when he arose to welcome her, and found himself in the darkness of the cave. The only sounds were the heavy breathing of the men and occasionally the stirring of the mules on the farther side of the cave. Outside he could see a little patch of grey sky, but all was still, and clearly he had been dreaming again.

And yet, when he tried to compose himself to sleep, the incident had made such an impression upon his mind, that he tossed on the hard earth for half an hour, and sleep came not. He tried the Lord's Prayer, and repeated it a dozen times, and still he could not sleep. It finally occurred to him that possibly there might be something concealed in the cave, and he decided to make an investigation in the morning. Why had he not thought of it before? Of course he did not believe in the ordinary nonsense about dreams and events being foretold by visions in the night. He was as free from superstition as any one could be, and he had always discredited such stories. But this seemed different. He had long ago arrived at the conclusion that there were many things in one's experience which violate the ordinary rules of evidence, and set at naught the accepted theories of life. The more he thought of it, the stronger became the conviction that his experience of the last two nights was not to be explained in the light of a dream, but he was convinced that Celia had actually been in the cave. Ridiculous as such a statement must appear to any one else, and impossible as it was to demonstrate, his belief in it was positive. Finally, he determined to test the whole matter by the evidence of the tracks. If Celia had actually made the second visit, of course the tracks of her horse outside would show it, and he was confident that the tracks were there. Gratified at this disposition of the subject, he dropped asleep.

He was the last one to rise in the morning. Outside, through the mouth of the cave, he could see the

barren side of the *quebrado* opposite, and the mules were nibbling the dried *alfalfa* in the rear of the cave, while the fire, where the coffee was heating, near the door, sent up a long slender spiral smoke. He arose hastily, and the first purpose in his mind was to search for the tracks of Celia's horse. Closely examining the ground near the big rock, and along the *quebrado* for five or six rods, he came back thoroughly disgusted, for there were no new tracks to be seen. It must have been a dream, as he might have known. Disappointed, and somewhat chagrined, he decided to favour an immediate abandonment of the cave, if not of the whole expedition.

The morning lunch was taken as usual, the friar suggesting an entirely new route after they had left the cave. He had not given up his confidence in their ultimate success, although considerably disappointed. Mr. Santa Cruz favoured the return to the *hacienda* at once, and a new start after a few days of rest. Both turned to Mr. Juniper for his judgment in the case.

Before he could reply, a loud exclamation from Andres attracted their attention. The man had been looking after the mules and getting the luggage in readiness for the start. They saw him staring at something on the ground where the mules had been standing, and in an instant he had a shovel in his hands and was digging industriously. Then he pulled up some object with considerable care and labour, and came forward to the men drinking their coffee. In his hand he had some kind of a flat dish ten or twelve inches long, which he had dug up.

"What is it, Andres?" asked the friar.

"Copper, señor padre."

"Where did you get it?"

"The mule wore a hole in the ground with his feet, and I saw the edge of it sticking up, so I dug it out."

"Maybe there is more there."

"Quien sabe?"

"Let's try it, anyway," said the friar, as they all arose in a tremor of excitement.

"Perhaps this is the place we have been looking for," said Mr. Santa Cruz. "Why did we not think of it before?"

Andres had led the mules outside, where they were safely tethered, and then with the shovel he renewed the digging. It was no easy task, for the soil was composed of gravel and sand mixed, and it had become solidified, so that it was almost like stone.

"If we have found it," said the padre, "my old mother shall go to Lima to live. Besides, there is a hospital in Lima that will be provided for. Every centavo of my share shall be devoted to these two objects."

"My sisters shall go to Paris," said Mr. Santa Cruz. "They ought to go there to finish their education. Terese is such a good musician that it seems a pity she cannot have better advantages than are afforded in Lima. And Enriquita has never been outside of Lima, poor thing! Now, please God, they shall hold up their heads with any girls in Lima."

Mr. Juniper did not care to express himself on the subject. He had met with so many disappointments that he did not feel much confidence in the outcome of this discovery.

Andres laboured with a will in turning up the rigid earth. In ten minutes he had bared a spot three or four feet square and had lowered it two or three inches. Right next to the hole where the copper dish had been, he found two round implements of dark granite which he threw aside in disgust. Next his shovel struck a metal substance. It proved to be another dish of the same material, but round and smaller. In a few minutes more he unearthed three pieces of pottery, similar to those taken from the tombs of the Incas at Ancon or Truxillo. They were in a good state of preservation, but as the men were seeking gold and not antiquities,

they expressed but little interest in the jars. Andres said nothing, but kept on digging. In half an hour he had thrown out a dozen different dishes and ornaments made of copper, and as many more pieces of pottery, all of which seemed to have been piled together. Still nothing came out like the bones of the llamas or the stock of gold which they had expected to find. It seemed as if the friar and his friends were doomed to disappointment.

The excavation was vigorously pushed. It was decided to remain there for the day at least, and shortly after the usual hour the breakfast was eaten in a state of mind mid-way between hope and despondency. Confidence that they might still strike the Inca deposit which would make them all wealthy was struggling with the conviction that they had encountered simply a burial-place of some of the old Indian curiosities.

All day Andres worked at the digging, and at night, when he was compelled to stop, the floor of the cave was torn up for a distance of ten or twelve feet wide, and nearly as deep. On one side were arranged the articles which had been obtained. They numbered more than a hundred. There were jars and vases like those found in the *huacos* or tombs, of curious and grotesque designs, faces of men and of monkeys, birds and fishes, representations of fruits, reptiles, and vegetables, and groups of men and animals. All these were made of earthenware, often finely finished, and always executed with considerable artistic skill. The articles of metal constituted more than three-quarters of the whole. They included eight or ten dishes, ranging in size from that of a small plate to an immense bowl, all very heavy, and of the crudest workmanship, as if they had been beaten out by hand. Several plain bands or strips two or three feet long and two feet wide had the appearance of having been attached to the side of a house or an altar, as they bore the marks of nails or screws, and the surface was embellished with rude engraving, which

still showed through the dirt and corrosion of time. Heads of condors were repeated around the margin in a species of frieze or border, and the well-known figure of the llama and the *vicuña* mingled with the face of the sun and representations of tall mountains whose tops were crowned with snow. Other vessels had the shape of urns or vases, some were manifestly used for incense, and in two or three with long narrow necks grains of corn were found. Some of the pieces, which were very heavy, had evidently been intended for idols or statuettes, as they bore a faint resemblance to the life-size human bust, but the workmanship was exceedingly defective, strongly in contrast with the artistic execution of the heads and faces in the earthenware. Numerous small articles were in the form of rings, tweezers, boxes, knives and spoons, and articles of personal adornment.

As the different articles had been thrown out, they were carefully examined by the friar and his two friends, and while expectation was running high, the three were continually watching for some traces of the llamas. The pottery excited only disgust, and the copper articles were looked at simply as antiquities having little actual value. The great object of the search still eluded them.

Just as the sun was going down Andres ceased digging and began to prepare the dinner. When the meal was concluded, the three men smoked their cigarettes, and began to consider what was best to do. It was plainly to be seen that Father Geronimo was disappointed, and his feelings had been intuitively communicated to the others. At last he felt disposed to abandon the enterprise, anyway for the present, and return to the *hacienda*. Whether they should renew it was a question.

"To think," said Mr. Santa Cruz, "that we should have gone to all this labour and annoyance just for a lot of *huacos!* I am ready to cry quits and go home."

"We must have enough *huacos* at least to pay our expenses," said Mr. Juniper.

"I don't believe they are worth carrying to Lima," replied Mr. Santa Cruz.

"I think you are greatly mistaken," said the monk. "You and Mr. Juniper may have my share of the things, and I venture to say that you can easily get five hundred soles for the lot in Lima, and if you had them in London or Paris they would be worth a thousand."

"A thousand soles for a lot of old *huacos!* If the copper was gold, I dare say you are right, but copper isn't worth anything; and as for the pottery, I wouldn't be to the expense of getting it to Magdalena for all it is worth. Why, these jars can be bought in Lima for two soles a piece!"

"The pottery is not worth much, I am sure," said Mr. Juniper, "but the copper things are curious, and show what the old Inca workmen could do without tools or machinery. Any antiquarian would be delighted with them, and I believe we can easily get five hundred soles for them in Lima."

"Then suppose we take the copper and leave the pottery, and start for the *hacienda* in the morning."

"Let us take everything," said the friar.

"But one mule cannot carry the whole lot. Those copper things are frightfully heavy. I am in favour of smashing the pottery, and leaving all the copper we cannot carry. The sooner we can get out of this place the better it will suit me."

"Not so fast, my boy," said the monk. Then turning to the servant he said—

"Andres Avelino, come here a moment!"

Andres wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and approached the good father.

"Andres, do you think we have found everything that was buried in this cave?"

"No, señor padre. The llamas must be close by."

Mr. Santa Cruz burst out in a derisive laugh.

"You think we have not yet found the treasure?"

'The *hentiles* told me last night we should find

gold here in this cave. I am sure we will reach it to-morrow."

"Then you want to keep on digging?"

"Como no!"

"Very well, then." And turning to Mr. Santa Cruz he said—

"Mariano, you go back to the *hacienda* to-morrow and get another mule. Bring me also a little more bread and some *charca*, and tell my good mother to put in a couple of bottles of the claret. And don't forget some *alfalfa* for the animals and some strong sacks. Mr. Juniper and I will remain here until you come back, and then perhaps we shall have something to show you that will make your eyes stick out."

That night Mr. Juniper slept quietly, and in the morning he had an impression that he had seen Celia in his sleep. She was under the trees in the Wolf River country again, wearing the cotton frock and the Shaker bonnet, and when she looked at him it was with a laughing, teasing expression, half in amusement and half in kindness. The effect of the dream was cheering, and he arose fully determined to follow out the directions of Father Geronimo.

After the coffee, Mr. Santa Cruz started off for San Carlos. Andres resumed his digging, and the other two, after examining again the objects unearthed on the previous day, sat down to watch the digging. In half an hour, Andres' shovel struck something hard. After excavating for ten or fifteen minutes, he lifted out the largest piece yet found. It was a metal dish more than two feet long, a foot high, and so heavy that he raised it to the surface with considerable exertion. The dirt adhered to its sides, which were evidently closely covered with engraved ornamentation, and the friar, as he tapped it with his knife and listened to its clear metallic ring, was delighted beyond expression.

Nothing more was found. Andres toiled all day

with the desperation of a great discoverer, but at sunset he was compelled to desist.

The next day with undiminished vigour he renewed his work, but after turning up almost the whole interior of the cave, he gave up the task completely discouraged.

At four o'clock, Mr. Santa Cruz came up the *quebrado* with an extra mule. There was some important news from the *hacienda*. Father Santiago, from Cajamarca, had been up to see Father Geronimo and had gone back disappointed, and the pretty white horse that Mr. Juniper had ridden broke its leg in the mountains and had to be shot. The *señora madre* was very anxious for them all to return and give up their wild scheme of gold-hunting.

Father Geronimo showed Mr. Santa Cruz the large vessel they had found. The latter simply said—

"Only if it was gold!"

The dinner was eaten with a relish. Mr. Santa Cruz was in good spirits. The cigarette smoke rolled up in volumes to the ceiling. They were compelled to spread their blankets almost at the mouth of the cave, where it was colder, for so much of the ground had been torn up that it was rough and dirty. Not a word was said as to their movements on the next day.

After the coffee the monk called again—

"Andres Avelino! What do you say? Have we found everything that was in the cave?"

"Si, señor padre!"

"How is that? Where are the llamas? Where is the gold you promised?"

"Gold is gone. The llamas are gone."

"Gone, you say. Where have they gone?"

"The *hentiles* have taken them all!"

"Very well," smiled the padre. "I think we had better go, else they will take us too!"

So it was at once decided that they should pack the copper articles and the pottery as well as they could in the bags, and with the two sumpter mules loaded they

would start for the *hacienda*. It required more than two hours to get the stuff loaded, for the copper was awkward to handle. A small piece seemed to weigh as much as a whole bagful of the pottery, for it was very heavy. By wrapping the pottery in their blankets it was safely packed, and then by filling the *alforja* which was carried by each of the men on his saddle, the whole collection was at last stowed away. By this arrangement each of the five mules carried a heavy burden, and Andres was compelled to walk much of the distance.

When all was loaded, they gave a long look at the cave, the scene of so many bright hopes and bitter disappointments, and the procession started.

Of course the expedition had been a failure. They had laboured faithfully, and had followed implicitly the points mentioned by the padre, and yet they had found no trace of the buried treasure. What they had found was probably a collection of *huacos* from some of the tombs, and the great Inca treasure which was to enrich them was still undiscovered. Even Father Geronimo rode along with little of his accustomed vivacity. He realised that he had proposed the expedition, and that upon his head lay the responsibility for its failure.

On the other hand, Mr. Santa Cruz seemed so delighted to give up the search that he was in excellent spirits. He began to talk about the importance in an archæological sense of the articles they had exhumed, and even proposed to make a donation of the whole collection to Professor Raimondi when he should organise the new national museum.

"You and Mr. Juniper may do as you like with the whole lot," said the padre.

"Mr. Juniper may have my share too," laughed Mr. Santa Cruz, "on condition that he takes it to Lima."

"I think you are both mistaken as to the value of the collection," said the North American. "I believe that the Government will buy the lot, and give us

enough for it so that we shall have quite a little sum over all expenses."

Mr. Santa Cruz laughed, and the monk reiterated his purpose of turning it all over to the other two.

Before they reached the *hacienda*, however, it was agreed that the collection should be kept together, that when the three should return to Lima the *huacos* were to be taken along, and that in Lima the best disposition was to be made of them, and the proceeds divided. As the friar refused to receive his share, the other two decided to send the money to his mother.

Very little conversation was indulged in on the ride homeward. All were so disappointed that they preferred their own thoughts.

Just before sunset, the good friar rode into the gate near his mother's residence, amid the loud and vociferous barking of half-a-dozen dogs. He was followed by the other two men, and poor Andres limped along in the rear, holding a big stick, with which he was industriously belabouring the sides of the new mule.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### *A STRUGGLE IN THE ANDES*

REACHING the house, Mr. Juniper found a letter which had been left there the previous day. It had come by a special messenger from Cajamarca, and was marked *Urgente* on the envelope. Opening it, he read as follows:—

"MR. H. P. JUNIPER.—DEAR SIR,—I have just received a cable from England notifying me of the death of my father. I must start for Liverpool at once. Please come back immediately, and I will wait until you return.—Your obedient servant, ARTHUR N. M. HAYNER, *Gerente.*

"LIMA, *July 25th*, 1875."

When the letter was read to the good friar and his mother, there was a general outburst of disappointment that Mr. Juniper's visit should be thus summarily cut short. Neither was disposed to urge him to remain, for they realised the importance of the summons, but their regret was unlimited at the misfortune.

"We had better send back old San Diego's mules," said Mr. Santa Cruz to the friar. "We shall not go back for two months, and we don't need the animals here."

"If we return the mules, why not send down the *huacos* too?"

"Exactly! Then we shall be rid of the last evidences of our unfortunate expedition."

So, at the dinner, it was resolved to rest the next

day, and on the succeeding day the *huacos*, safely packed, were to be loaded on the three mules. Then a fourth was to be given to Mr. Juniper for his use. All three were to ride over to Cajamarca, and spend the night with Father Santiago. Then Andres was to go in charge of the train as far as Magdalena to look after the mules, see that the *huacos* were safely transferred to the railroad, and then bring back Mr. Juniper's mule.

After many kindly expressions from the señora and the younger brothers of the padre, the procession again took up its line of march. Cajamarca was reached early in the afternoon. Father Santiago in his dirty *sotana* and guinea-pig slippers greeted them with the same lavish expressions of affection and the same offers of his house. Another good dinner was disposed of, and the padre's claret seemed particularly palatable.

Father Geronimo told him the story of the expedition in search of the Inca treasure and their disappointment, the *huacos* and the outcome.

"I am sorry you did not tell me your purpose when you were here before," said the Cajamarca priest. "I could have given you some important information."

"I was ashamed to speak of it," said Father Geronimo.

"The llamas have been found! A party from Cajamarca went to that same range of hills last year and dug up the whole lot of llama bones."

"Did they get the gold?"

"If they did, they kept it secret. They insisted that they found only the bones, but expected to reach the treasure next time."

"Did they go again?"

"They had to come down for supplies, and when they went back the track was lost, and they never reached the spot again. A freshet had destroyed the *quebrado*, and the men returned disappointed."

Father Geronimo looked at Mr. Santa Cruz and Mr. Juniper without saying a word.

"Well," remarked the padre, "we found neither bones nor gold, but we secured a fine lot of *huacos*."

On the succeeding morning the three pack-mules were loaded, and Mr. Juniper took his leave of Father Santiago and his two companions after many protestations of friendship and promises to meet the latter in Lima in a couple of months. He was authorised to sell the *huacos* to the best advantage in Lima, and after taking out the necessary expenses the proceeds were to be divided between Mr. Juniper and Mr. Santa Cruz. Riding at the head of the procession, Mr. Juniper set off in good spirits. Andres brought up the rear, driving the sumpter mules just ahead, and the train moved off across the plain in the direction of the cordillera.

At one o'clock they had reached a high point in the mountains, where the air was cool and bracing. The mules seemed weary with the heavy load they carried, so Mr. Juniper decided to stop for an hour to breakfast and rest. The remainder of the journey to Magdalena was a continuous descent, so it would be easier for the animals.

A good meal was served by Andres from the cold meat, bread, cheese, and cold chicken put up at the *hacienda*, and, lying under the shadow of a tall rock with his cigarette, Mr. Juniper was soon in a condition to fall asleep. He notified Andres to look after the animals for a few minutes, as he wanted a *siesta*, and then closed his eyes.

He was awakened by a shock the most violent he had ever experienced in a lifetime of many vicissitudes. Sleep was first interrupted by the sense of smell. A most potent and offensive odour assailed him, and involuntarily he raised his hands to his face, when he received a painful blow upon the back of his hand near the thumb, as if struck by a spear or point of an arrow. Opening his eyes, his breath almost forsook him as he beheld a monster whose hideous head and eyes resembled

those of a devil more than any earthly animal. It was a gigantic bird, with a long pointed bill, large ugly eyes, and immense nostrils, with its head and neck entirely bald, save for a few long hairs, and around its breast was a white ruff of soft downy feathers.

Striking out with both hands, in the desperation of his awakening, he found himself in a hand-to-hand struggle with the ferocious animal. A long, painful wound from his wrist to his elbow came next, and then he felt the huge claws of the bird on his leg, above his knee, closing into his flesh like the points of a pair of scissors, and next his right shoulder received another blow from the angry beak of the bird. But the blows from his hand stunned and surprised the animal, so that he had time to draw his revolver, and pointing it as well as he could at the breast of the bird, he fired twice. The noise seemed to be more effective than the bullets, for the thick mass of coarse feathers acted as a shield, but the ugly demon seemed dazed for an instant, and then with a loud hiss it hopped away, its head crouching near the ground, the long wings trailing behind, and hopping along like a lame man running a race.

The third shot from his revolver failed, and he pulled it up to look at the cartridge, so that the fourth was fired just as the bird leaped away. It passed through the lower part of the left wing near the body, but did not stop the movement of the bird, which tumbled from the edge of the rock, and bounding from the ledge below, it seemed to take a new start, and in a few minutes had spread its wings and was sailing away in the clear air as if nothing had happened. A black feather measuring thirty inches in length remained on the ground, cut off by his bullet. The noise of the shooting brought Andres running to the spot.

"Jesus! Maria purisima!" he shouted, "what a condor!"

"Where have you been?" asked Mr. Juniper languidly.

"There was a big lizard on the rock, señor, and I followed him just around on the other side."

"I wish you would get me some of the *pisco*. I am badly scratched."

"*Caramba!* If the condor scratches you it means death." And Andres hurriedly produced the bottle of *pisco* which he handed to the American. Then sinking on his knees at the side of his companion, the Indian proceeded to suck the wound with his mouth, spitting out the blood in great mouthfuls. First, the long scratch on the arm, then the wound in the hand and shoulder, and finally the place on the leg where the talons of the condor had pierced the skin.

From its habit of feeding upon carrion the condor is exceedingly filthy, and gives out a most distressing odour. From this fact, wounds made by the bird often produce blood-poisoning, and are popularly supposed to be fatal. Besides, the birds are themselves infested with voracious parasites, so that personal contact with them is strenuously avoided.

The condor prefers the flesh of dead animals, and begins its work of feasting by attacking the eyes and tongue, which are considered great dainties. It is only when pressed by hunger that it attacks living animals; but it has been known to kill sheep, and even bulls, by well-directed blows from its claws and beak. It rarely attacks man.

It was another hour before Mr. Juniper felt able to resume his journey. Then he could hardly move enough to mount his mule, for his leg and arm were beginning to stiffen; but at last the cavalcade resumed its march.

The sun was just passing out of sight towards the Pacific when the mules drew up at the Chinese *fonda* in Magdalena. Fortunately, no train left for the coast until the second day, so Mr. Juniper had one day in which to recover from his accident. So stiff was he that he was compelled to ask Andres to lift him from the saddle, and he walked with difficulty to his room.

Unquestionably the vigorous treatment administered by Andres had saved his life.

On the morning of the second day the hire of the mules had been settled for, the *huacos* safely transferred to the cars, and Mr. Juniper went aboard the train, after giving Andres fifty soles as a present, and many messages for his friends at the *hacienda*. As the train left the station, he discovered that his watch was missing. As no one could have taken it but Andres, he decided that the Indian had abstracted it before starting. On account of its association, he deplored his loss, but unavailingly.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### *HE SELLS SOME COPPER*

By the time the steamer reached Callao his wounds were nearly healed. He found Mr. Hayner anxiously awaiting his return. He had missed the connection for the royal mail steamer by two days, so it would be more than ten days before he could start for England.

At the Mess in the Calle Cadiz his old place was waiting for him. There were one or two new members —young men just out from England—and, on the whole, the company seemed as lively and good-natured as before, and after a few days he felt quite at home again.

There were many important duties at the office of Hayner & Company before the manager could leave, and for a few days he was very busy.

The *huacos* were stored at the office. One afternoon, at the close of the business, he went into the room, and, opening one of the sacks, took out a small cup. It was one of the copper utensils, and he had a curiosity to see what the dealers would say about it.

On the Portal he stopped at a small shop where money was exchanged, and old jewels, gold and silver, diamonds and curiosities were bought and sold. In a show-case was a tempting display of gold coins, and along the walls other show-cases contained pottery and curios from the tombs of the Incas.

"I have a piece of copper here I want you to look at," he said, producing the cup.

The man took the cup and eyed it curiously. Then,

without speaking, he walked back to his bench, sat down, adjusted his glasses, and then examined it on all sides. Next he took a small file and rasped the edge until it was bright, and took up a small bottle with a glass stopper, and turned it bottom upwards. Removing the stopper, he touched with it the bright spot on the cup, and then watched it for a moment, when he rubbed it dry with a piece of paper, laid it on his bench, and came to the counter again.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"I don't know what it is, or what it is worth."

"Where did you get it?"

"In the sierras with a lot of *huacos*."

"Have you any more like it?"

"Yes, several pieces. What is it?"

"It is very good copper."

"What will you give me for it?"

The man went back to his bench for the cup, which he placed in one side of a pair of balancing scales. In the other he piled silver soles until the scales balanced.

"I'll give you just what it weighs in silver, twenty-seven soles."

Mr. Jupiter was surprised at his liberality, for copper was almost worthless in comparison with silver. He began to suspect that the workmanship of the piece was valuable.

"I want more than that," said he. "It is finely made."

"Yes, it is rather pretty. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make it fifty soles. That is almost double what it weighs in silver. Fifty soles is a great deal of money for one little *huaco*."

"Very well; you may have it."

The man counted out the money, and Mr. Juniper walked to his room in a comfortable frame of mind. If the other copper pieces should prove of equal value, the despised *huacos* might turn out worth something after all.

When he reached the corner by the Cathedral a thought struck him, and this is the way he mused:—

"Now, Mr. Hayner goes to Liverpool on the next steamer. Why not ship the whole lot of *huacos* to London? If I sell them here by piecemeal, no one knows what I will get for them. If they are worth anything here, especially the copper ones, they will be worth far more in London, for London is the best market in the world, even for copper. I'll do it, and ask Mr. Hayner to negotiate the best sale he can. Perhaps some museum might take the whole lot."

Mr. Hayner expressed his willingness to undertake the commission. Three or four *peones* were set at work immediately to pack the *huacos* with plenty of straw in huge cases, which were made doubly secure by means of stout iron bands. Two days before the steamer sailed, they were safely on board at Callao.

In Mr. Hayner's absence his labours at the office were naturally more exacting. His long connection with the work had made him familiar with all its details, and he was much pleased when Mr. Hayner notified him, just before departing, that his salary had been increased, and that the manager's confidence in his ability and integrity was such that there was no doubt that the business would proceed just as well as when Mr. Hayner was present.

He notified good Father Geronimo of his sale of the cup, and his subsequent determination to ship the *huacos* to Europe.

When the padre and Mr. Santa Cruz returned, they called at the office and made him a long visit. Both were burned and reddened by exposure to the mountain winds and weather, and both greeted him most cordially.

The padre presented him with a beautiful *vicuña* shawl, the work of the natives in the sierra. It was the gift of his *señora madre*, and Mr. Juniper promised to keep it for ever.

"I congratulate you and my cousin on the good disposition you have made of the *huacos*," said the padre.

"I hope you will get a good price for them. They belong to you two, and you are entitled to good pay for your labour."

"When I get returns on the sale, I will talk with you," said Mr. Juniper. He had not forgotten the good padre's brilliant hopes for a gift to the Lima hospital and the surprise for the *señora madre*. His purpose was unchanged to make an equal division, whatever the amount might be.

## CHAPTER XL

### *HE RECEIVES ANOTHER LETTER*

Mr. Hayner had been gone more than four months. His letters announced the arrival in Liverpool, the receipt of the boxes of *huacos*, and the disposition of the elder Hayner's estate. No particulars had been received of the sale of the curiosities, and Mr. Juniper was beginning to feel a little apprehensive. Possibly the *huacos* could not be sold at all in London. Then the rest of the copper might not be as valuable as the small cup which he sold, and very likely he could have disposed of the whole collection at a better price in Lima. Peruvian curiosities, he had been told, commanded a better price in Lima than in Europe or the United States, where they were not appreciated.

The subject was on his mind latest at night and first in the morning, and he was beginning to believe that, like too many other brilliant schemes he had cherished, this one was about to be dissolved into nothing.

On Saturday morning a boy brought to the office a message which had come by cable. It was addressed to Tracy Brothers & Company, but had been opened. He glanced at it and handed it back to the boy.

"This is not for Hayner & Company," said he; "it is for Tracy Brothers & Company."

"Yes, they have read it, and they sent it over to you to read. It is something about you."

The telegram was in cipher, except the address and signature. He could see it was dated in New York,

December 10th, 1875, and signed by W. R. Tracy & Company, the New York branch of Tracy Brothers & Company. It read as follows:—

"Alabaster—Sangster—mule—bobbin—Horatio—Juniper—delegate—soup—hog—Juniper—wind—seat—diamond—slow—bub—now—how—Juniper—speak—seat—ox—bow."

With the telegraph code before him, the jumble of words was made to give the following meaning:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Alabaster | Congressman |
| Sangster | Sangster |
| mule | directs us |
| bobbin | to notify |
| Horatio | Horatio |
| Juniper | Juniper |
| delegate | in Lima |
| soup | that |
| hog | he wants |
| Juniper | Juniper |
| wind | to come home |
| seat | immediately |
| diamond | very important business |
| slow | awaits |
| bub | his |
| now | coming |
| how | ask |
| Juniper | Juniper |
| speak | to reply |
| seat | at once |
| ox | on receipt |
| bow | of this |

Mr. Juniper read the message a second and third time. What did it mean? Congressman Sangster wanted him to return to Oshkosh! Why did he not explain his meaning?

Then through the mists of the past ten years came to his mind the scene in the office of the sturdy old

lumberman, the negotiations about the land, and the payment of the money which enabled him to make the voyage to South America. He laughed aloud as he thought of Larry Johnson and the old days in the pine-woods.

But the telegram required an answer. It was simply impossible to think of going back to the United States until Mr. Hayner returned. Even then he could be absent only for a flying trip. Perhaps Captain Sangster had lost money on his agreement to pay the taxes on the land and wanted Mr. Juniper to reimburse him. No, that could not be, for Captain Sangster was always a man of strict integrity. His agreement was as good as a Government bond. Still, why did the Captain want him to come back? He could form no plausible explanation of the request.

After a half-hour's cogitation with the cablegram in his hand, he was just as far from a solution of the problem as in the beginning. So, with the help of the cipher, he drew up a reply to the message. After copying it in ink on the Company's blank, it read thus:—

"W. R. Tracy & Co., New York.—Spin—alabaster—Sangster—soup—bellows—sing—gorgon—pshaw—good—push—yes—cow—plum—scant—jaw—waggon—so—waist—paul—honey. H. P. Juniper."

This being translated as before by the cipher would read like this:—

"Notify Congressman Sangster that, on account of the absence of the manager, it is impossible for me to leave here for two months at least. If it will answer, I will start for New York about the middle of February. Have sent a letter in this mail."

He read it over carefully, and with a little conscious pride in his own skill. In a cipher message of twenty words he had forwarded one containing forty-seven

words when translated, whereas the twenty-two words telegraphed from New York when put into English numbered only thirty-four.

It was a day of surprises. The Panama steamer arrived at Callao about one o'clock, and just before the office closed the porter brought in a package of letters. Running over them hastily, Mr. Juniper picked out one with an English postmark, and addressed to himself in a well-known hand. Opening it, he was confronted with another of the great surprises of his life. This is a copy of the letter, which he still preserves among the cherished memorials of a busy life:—

"London, *November* 14, 1875.

"Sir,—I have had a jolly hard time trying to dispose of your *huacos*, and I have done nothing else for the past six weeks but look after them, and try to sell them to the best advantage. In the first place, I had all the metal ones tested, and found them all of the same material and same fineness. Then I had them all weighed, and the weight of each marked on it. Then I made up my mind, if I could get more for the things as curiosities than the metal was worth, I would sell them to the museums, but otherwise they would go for old metal. Well, the first sale I made was one curious jug that went to the Royal Institution in Edinburgh for £300. This was a trifle more than what it came to by weight, so I was well satisfied. Then I sold the pieces of pottery to a gentleman who had lived in Peru, and knew all about *huacos*. He wanted them for his office, and when he offered me £5 for them I jumped at his offer. Then I had a long session with a couple of German professors with spectacles. After three weeks' talk they took six pieces for the Royal Museum at Berlin and paid me £3700. But the best sale was the one I made to the British Museum. You remember a big soup-dish or foot-bath, or something of the kind? Well, it was the largest piece in the invoice, anyway. This is now in the Museum, and I received a cheque for £5000 to pay for it. This was all I could do with the museums without wasting too much

time, so I was forced to close out all the rest for old metal to a house in Threadneedle Street. They weighed it out, and gave me the ruling price for the metal, and it came to £42,229, 5s. 3d. It was eighteen carat gold, and they will undoubtedly make money by the purchase, but I am satisfied. I enclose in this letter a cheque on Baring Brothers for £51,222, 5s. 3d., the total proceeds of your *huacos* after taking out cost of transportation, storage, &c., which I consider a very good return, being as how you thought the metal was only copper. I congratulate you, my boy, on your good luck. You deserve it, and you cannot feel more pleased over it than I do for you. Tell Mr. Meiggs I have ordered his sherry, and it will go on the next steamer. I hope to get through so as to sail by the royal mail of Wednesday month. My remembrance to Don Enrique and Don Juan.—Your humble servant,

"ARTHUR N. M. HAYNER, *Gerente.*

"H. P. JUNIPER, Esq., Lima."

In the letter was a thin piece of paper which he had not noticed. Now, scarcely knowing what he did, he glanced at it, and saw it was really a cheque payable to his order for the sum named. He quietly folded the letter, replaced it in the envelope, and then put it away in the safe and sat down. As he did so, the revulsion in his feelings was so great that his head swam, and for an instant he was hardly conscious of what he was doing. Then a great gush of tears came to his eyes, and he felt relieved. It was well that he was alone, for he would not care to have the clerks witness this outburst. The porter entered in a few minutes, and he placed the rest of the letters in the safe and went out.

A long walk to the stone bridge, and then to the Exposition, cooled his brow and quieted the excitement produced by the letter.

## CHAPTER XLI

### *A DOUBLE EGO*

MR. HAYNER returned about January 20th. As soon as he came Mr. Juniper notified him of his intended journey to the United States, and explained the cablegram and the probable nature of the business. It was, of course, something about the land, but just what it was he did not know.

"But you will come back?" said Mr. Hayner.

"I do not know. Possibly not. It will depend upon the condition I find my affairs in. I will close up everything here, in any event, and then I will return if it seems best."

As soon as he had read Mr. Hayner's letter containing the cheque, he realised that the long anticipated fortune had come to him at last. He could now return to his old home with the consciousness that he had accomplished what he had attempted. A portion, at least, of his anticipated success had come to him. Whether he should give himself credit for accomplishing this success, or whether it ought to be attributed simply and solely to good luck, he did not stop to inquire. With his natural modesty, a strange counterpart to his overweening confidence in himself, he was inclined to believe that he had been favoured by Providence, and that he had been only a blind instrument in the hands of a superior power. His good fortune had been slowly worked out by a succession of apparently trivial incidents, culminating in the grand realisation of his hopes, but he could not conscientiously say that

he was entitled to much credit for any particular part in the whole scheme.

At any rate, fortune had really smiled on him. He had deposited the cheque at the house of Tracy Brothers & Company. Then he placed to the credit of Mr. Hayner the sum of £500 for his kind assistance in so successfully negotiating the sale. When the balance was divided equally between himself, Father Geronimo, and Mr. Santa Cruz, it left to each £16,907, 8s. 5d. This amount was deposited to the credit of each, and Mr. Juniper had the great pleasure of handing to each of his friends the certificate entitling him to the little fortune which it represented.

The good friar was bewildered. At first he indignantly refused the paper, and it was only when Mr. Juniper reminded him of the great good he might do with it that he consented to touch it. Then, with tears in his eyes, he spoke of his *señora madre*, and the pleasure it would give her to live in Lima, where she could be near him, and where she could spend the remainder of her days enjoying the comforts of religion and doing good to those around her.

Soon there was great activity in the hospital of Santa Eulalie. A force of workmen began tearing down one of the half-ruined walls and extending the wing so that it could take in the garden near the street and build a double row of apartments around it. The walls were to be all renewed, and surely they needed it, for no repairs had been made on them since the great earthquake; and then a dozen more of the sisters were coming over from France to help care for the patients, for they had been crowded for room these many years. When asked for an explanation, the pale-faced Mother Superior could only say that some kind-hearted friend had sent her 45,000 soles with which to carry on the good work of the hospital.

A week later he met Mr. Santa Cruz.

"I have some good news, my dear friend," he said.

"Terese is to be married next month, and we want you to come to the wedding. The day she is married I shall give her 10,000 soles. I offered to send her to Paris, but Alfonso would not hear of it. He says she knows enough of music now, and so they are to be married as soon as she can get ready her clothes. Little Enriquita is going to Paris in May with my aunt to spend there three years. Both my little sisters send you their best love, and want you to call on the mamma and them."

His evident happiness was so contagious that Mr. Juniper could not help imbibing a little of it. The two friends parted with the Spanish salute.

Mr. Juniper engaged passage for Panama and New York by the steamer of the 18th of February.

While his return to the United States under such favourable auspices was exactly what he had long hoped for, and while his success in a financial point of view had been far greater than his highest anticipations, still, as he made preparations for the voyage and began to think of bidding adieu to the well-known scenes of the past ten years, it was impossible to repress a sigh of regret. The feeling of utter loneliness and home-sickness of his first few months in Peru had given place to contentment, and even happiness, as he had fallen into congenial labour, and, in spite of his numerous mishaps and difficulties, his residence on the whole had been agreeable. Now, as he thought of the delightful climate, the many warm-hearted friends he had made, the quaint and picturesque scenes which met his gaze every day, and, more than all, the triumph he had at last achieved in the country—for he realised that in one sense at least it was a triumph—he looked forward to his departure with sadness.

Yet this was only momentary. The thought of Celia again came to him as a balm to all his sorrow. In the ten years since they had separated he had heard about her only once. Some one had sent him a Wisconsin

newspaper containing a report of the election of General Grant in 1868, and in a paragraph about the Appleton College he had seen her name mentioned as a participant in some college exercise. Perhaps she was dead; but that could not be. Did he not see her when he was in the mountains? He was forced to laugh at himself as the thought struck him, for somehow he appeared to have a dual nature, and one element in his mind seemed to be confident that he had seen her and talked with her face to face, while the other told him it was absurd, and he was a fool to cherish such idle notions.

Even admitting that she was alive, very likely she was married. Why should a young lady, so attractive, so brilliant, and so capable of making some man happy, remain single all these years? It was audacious in him to expect it. There was no engagement between them. On the contrary, each had expressly told the other that marriage was for ever an impossibility. True, each had expressed an intention of remaining single; but while in his case there could be no other alternative, he felt in his heart that Celia would be justified in forgetting him, and she had probably forgotten him long ago. When he thought of the great awkward boy who had made love in such a clumsy manner to the dear, gentle, innocent creature, he did not wonder that she had ultimately refused him. The only wonder was that she should have ever listened to him.

That was one part of the duplex machinery of his mind. Then the other part took it up.

He loved Celia as the best and purest being he had ever known. He could be happy with her, and only the hope of some time being with her had kept him from total wretchedness. Once assure him that this hope was extinguished, and life itself would have no charm for him. He felt this as strongly then as on the day when he received her letter breaking their engagement. His life in the past ten years of their separation

had been cheered by the actual consciousness that Celia, in spirit, at least, had always been with him. It was Celia who had encouraged him when he was on the verge of despair, and it was Celia who had kept him from evil when the natural passions and weaknesses of human nature had led him close to danger; and in the darkness of death itself Celia had come to him like the fluttering of an angel's wings. True, all this was secret, and not to be made known to the public, but nevertheless, he believed it as firmly as he believed any abstract proposition.

"Married," continued the duplex, "Celia married? Don't you know she is not married? Didn't she come to see you in the mountains? Don't you always feel that she is near you? Would she be fooling around you in your dreams if she was married to some other fellow and was raising a family of children? Be of good cheer, for Celia is not married. Get back to Wisconsin as soon as you can and see if I am not right about it."

Mr. Juniper was laughing to himself when Mr. Hayner came in. This conversation with himself was so comical, and at the same time so satisfactory, that he could scarcely conceal his pleasure. In order to hide it from the manager, he pleaded a business errand for himself and left the office.

He directed his steps to the house of Tracy Brothers & Company. Walking to the cashier's desk, he asked—

"What is the rate of exchange on New York?"

"I cannot just tell you, but I will send you word in half an hour."

"I think I will put that account of mine into American money."

"Will you allow me to make a suggestion?"

"Certainly, and I will be glad of any information on the subject."

"Well, I well tell you. American money is all paper, and gold is at a premium. The rate of premium is going down and always fluctuates. It will be better for you

to take a draft on London, which is payable in gold. Then, when you get to New York, you can easily get it cashed, for London exchange always brings the highest premium."

Mr. Juniper thanked him warmly for the advice, which was timely. Adding his savings since he had been in Peru, or rather since the yellow fever season, to his London cheque for the *huacos*, after taking out five hundred soles for his voyage home and expenses of getting ready, his account stood £18,307, 8s. 5d.

When this was sold to the bank in New York, with the current premium in gold, it made just $109,842.50 to his credit.

## CHAPTER XLII

### *SOME FIGURES IN A BOOK*

It was a cold blustering March day in Oshkosh. On the side-streets snow lay on the ground in great dirty heaps, despised and abhorred alike by the pedestrian and the man who was driving. There was no sleighing, and yet the snow lingered uselessly by the roadside, and the air was pinching and clammy with its cold breath. The sun shone occasionally, but the wind was so fierce that the air did not get warm before sunset. It was a late spring in Wisconsin. The spring is always late there, but this year it was unusually slow about coming.

The cashier of the First National Bank sat at his desk with a pile of letters from other cashiers before him, and his nimble fingers selected the bank drafts on New York and Chicago which had been sent in payment of collections, and separated them from drafts on individuals which had been sent him to collect. From his desk in the brown stone building on the corner he could see the office of the new hotel opposite, and occasionally his eye wandered to the entrance, and it was said that it mattered not how busy the cashier was, he always kept one eye on the hotel and the busy street corner opposite.

In the directors' room adjoining sat a stout old gentleman with a florid complexion, blue eyes, and a large head nearly bald. His hands were full of papers, which he was studying intently through a pair of eye-glasses perched on his fat nose. Occasionally he stopped to make a calculation, and with his chubby

fingers grasping a pencil he took up the back of a discarded envelope and soon had it covered with a series of black figures.

About eleven o'clock a stranger entered the bank and walked directly to the cashier's window. He was a young man about thirty years old, with a fierce black moustache, dark eyes, and hair of the same colour, but slightly tinged with grey. He was well dressed, but there was about him a foreign air, and when he spoke his words had a strong English accent.

"Is Congressman Sangster here?" he asked of the cashier.

"You will find him in the directors' room, around there," and the cashier pointed to the left.

The stranger walked past the row of tellers and bookkeepers to the directors' room, where through the open door he could see the stout old gentleman with his eyes closely studying the back of an envelope which he was fast covering with crooked black figures.

"I believe this is Captain Sangster," said the young man, advancing into the room and extending his hand to the old gentleman at the table.

"Yes, that is my name," and he looked up at the visitor, removing at the same time the eye-glasses, which he continued to hold in his left hand, while he involuntarily began to rub the glasses with his silk handkerchief, all the time gazing fixedly under his shaggy eyebrows at the young man. He returned the salute of the visitor rather stiffly, and then motioned him to a chair.

"Thank you," said the other, seating himself. "I have been to your house to see you, but they told me there that I would find you at the bank. I see you don't remember me. I had a little business with you ten or eleven years ago about some pine land. My name is Juniper. I have just come from South America."

Captain Sangster's face broke out in a broad smile. He arose and warmly grasped the hand of his visitor,

which he shook in a manner that made up for his previous coolness. "Well, Mr. Juniper," he said, "I'm dreadful glad to see you. Do you know who I took you for? I thought you was a life insurance agent, and I wasn't going to waste any time on you. How you have changed since you went away! When did you come in?"

"Last evening."

"Now, about that land. I have got a good chance to sell it, and I want to explain it all to you. Can you come in to-morrow? Just now I am very busy, but I'll meet you here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Will that do?"

"Certainly. I will be here at that time," and the young man arose, and shaking the congressman's hand, he withdrew, contrasting in his own mind the good-natured abruptness of Captain Sangster with the more deliberate habits of the South Americans.

After the noonday meal at the hotel he walked around the streets for an hour or two. Everything had been changed since his departure. The long row of wooden buildings on either side of the principal street had been removed by fire, and stately brick and stone had replaced them, while the streets themselves had been paved and the old rickety float bridge across the river had given way to four or five imposing structures of steel and iron.

The walk on Algoma Street puzzled him more than anything else, for the country road, as it was ten years before, had become a fashionable avenue lined with elegant residences. In his ride to the residence of Captain Sangster he had noticed nothing of the changes on this street, but now he saw everything with astonishment.

He looked in vain for the old wood-coloured house surrounded by Lombardy poplars. It had been removed to give place to a large factory. Two or three of the mills looked as they did in the old days, but the others had either been burned down and rebuilt, or else had been enlarged past all recognition.

Returning, he passed down Algoma Street, and stopped a moment to look at a large brick building in the middle of a spacious yard. This he learned was the State Normal School, and the throng of students passing in and out showed him that it was in active session.

Starting again for the hotel, he did not look up until he came opposite the gate in the old wooden fence surrounding the school campus. Then came to him another of the great surprises of his life, for he found himself face to face with Celia Branford.

It was no dream this time. Celia had come down the broad walk from the Normal School and passed out of the gate just as he reached it, and the recognition was mutual.

They walked down the street together. By the time they reached the Elm Street corner each had told the other many things. Mr. Juniper had learned that Celia was a teacher in the Normal School, that her parents were both dead, and that her brother was a successful lawyer in Milwaukee. He had sent her to the Appleton College on his return from the army, and she had graduated at the head of her class, and had been a teacher ever since.

To Mr. Juniper she had not changed much. There were the same soft eyes and pure white complexion, with the fluffy reddish-brown hair and delicate baby throat and neck, and the soothing gentle voice, while her manner was as attractive as ever. The truth was that she had been with him so much in imagination that the meeting seemed only a continuance of their intercourse, and he was amused to see how naturally he met her and talked with her, manifesting but little surprise or astonishment.

"And dear old Larry Johnson, where is he?"

"Mr. Johnson was killed last year in Chicago by a street-car accident. He was the managing editor of one of the newspapers and had a brilliant prospect before him."

When he parted with Celia, he had asked permission to call upon her that evening. Celia was living at Mrs. Hamilton's on Church Street, and it was the most natural thing in the world for him to call upon her.

Promptly at ten o'clock the next morning, Mr. Juniper met Captain Sangster in the directors' room at the bank. Captain Sangster greeted him warmly, and the two sat down for a long and confidential interchange of ideas.

Captain Sangster explained to him that his ten years' service as a member of Congress had expired on the 4th of March the year before. Some of his friends had wanted him to become a candidate for the United States Senate, but he had too much business of his own to want to go down to Washington again to do chores for the people and board himself.

The difficulty about the land was this. He had two parties ready to take it. That is to say, he had a trade worked up with a St. Louis concern to buy a lot of the land on the Upper Wolf, and then an Oshkosh company had taken an option on all the rest, but the lawyers had decided that the title would be more complete if Mr. Juniper would sign the deeds. Of course he expected to give a warranty-deed himself, but as long as Mr. Juniper was living, it was thought best to have him execute the deed, or at least join with Captain Sangster in a quit-claim. He did not know how it would be about executing a deed in South America, so he concluded to have him come home for the purpose.

With the usual intermission at mid-day, the two men were busily engaged in the directors' room until long after the close of banking hours. Captain Sangster was vice-president of the bank, and carried a private key to the door. As they walked down the stone steps he said—

"Well, I am glad it is all settled, Mr. Juniper, and I think we got every cent it's worth."

A week later the *Daily North-Western* published the following piece of news:—

"PINE LAND SALE.—A large pine land deal was closed to-day. A portion of the tract of land on the Upper Wolf, known as the Juniper land, in which ex-Congressman Sangster was interested, was sold to the Kant, Strong Co. of St. Louis for the consideration of $115,000."

Another page of the newspaper contained this paragraph:—

"A large portion of the stock of the Ray Manufacturing Company changed hands to-day. Mr. Horatio Jubilee, of Lima, Peru, purchased the interest of A. W. Jacobs. Mr. Jubilee has lived in South America for the past ten years, but has been engaged in the manufacture of sash, doors, and blinds all his life. He will take possession January 1st, and then assume the management of the business."

Several days later, the same paper had more news of the same kind:—

"ANOTHER PINE LAND SALE.—The *North-Western* has it from good authority that the Bragg & Sloat Lumber Company to-day purchased the remainder of the magnificent tract of white pine near Keshena, known as the Juniper land, paying for it the snug sum of $135,000. Ex-Congressman Sangster had an interest in the land, and negotiated the sale. The B. & S. Company will commence cutting the logs next Fall, and they will all be run down the Wolf River, and give employment to our metropolitan mills."

Mr. Juniper walked into the First National Bank on Saturday morning, and was warmly greeted by the cashier, who invited him to step inside the private enclosure.

"I will have your book ready in a few minutes, Mr. Juniper. Have a seat."

In five minutes the worthy cashier, his face suffused with smiles, returned with a small leather-covered pass-book. On the outside cover he read, "The First National Bank in account with H. P. Juniper;" and inside the ink was scarcely dry where the book-keeper had written, "Cr. By Cheque—Sangster, $166,666.67."

"That's a pretty good item to start with," said the cashier.

His sister Samantha had died in Minnesota the second year he was in Peru.

## CHAPTER XLIII

### *A REALISED IDEAL*

ABOUT the middle of May an open carriage drove up to the Hotel Europa in the Piazza della Trinita in Florence. In a few minutes a lady and gentleman emerged from the hotel, entered the carriage, and were driven slowly past the old church of SS. Trinita to the Lung Arno.

The air was mild and clear. In the distance the lofty Apennines seemed to touch the soft blue clouds floating dreamily in the sky overhead. Near at hand were buildings whose ancient style of architecture marked them as relics of the Middle Ages, while along the banks of the Arno the houses seemed to rise out of the river, with their soft tints of colour, each different from its neighbour, irregular, picturesque, and strongly individual in character, the continuity of the front ever broken into uneven projections of balconies, loggias, spires, and stairways.

It was an American bridal couple. The carriage took its way past the Uffizi Palace, and across the Arno by the Ponte Vecchio to the Pitti Palace, and then to the Boboli Gardens.

The horses walked slowly. As the carriage turned into the gardens, the young man took from his pocket a letter bearing an American stamp, tore off the envelope, and, apologising to his wife, glanced at the contents.

"Good news, Celia!" said he; "it is ours! Mr. Sanderson has accepted my offer for his house on

Algoma Street. You may read the letter," and he handed it to her.

The lady read it through carefully.

"How strange it seems, Horatio," she said, returning the letter, "that events have shaped themselves just as we wanted them. Do you remember the day that we became engaged—how you promised me a house on Algoma Street? I did not suppose then that it would be any such house as Mr. Sanderson's, and in fact the promise seemed a very rash one at the time."

"I never had any doubt that it would some time come to pass," said the young man, "that is, if I lived. Of course, there have been times when life itself appeared doubtful, but otherwise my faith has never wavered."

"Poor boy! You will never know how I missed you."

"But I cannot say that I missed you. It was your presence that gave me life, or at least hope, which is all that sustains life; and I feel now that my acquaintance with you has lasted ten or twelve years, instead of as many months. Every day of this life only assures me that the ideal which I carried with me to South America was a correct representation of the original as it now exists."

The carriage drove slowly back to the Hotel Europa.

# PLAYS

WE keep in stock one of the largest and best assorted lines of plays to be found in the country.

We can furnish any play published. Individuals and societies interested in this class of publications should first examine our lists before ordering elsewhere.

Full descriptive catalogue, giving titles, number of characters, time required for production, etc., will be sent free on application.

606

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,

358 Dearborn Street,

CHICAGO.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00022067503